

The Girl Who Lived

It was a normal day in London at Kingcross station, or at least it was for the muggles. For unknown to them many magical families were rushing in a hurry to get their children to platform nine and three quarters. Among them was an eleven-year-old girl named Siliveya Hexington. With no parents to guide her she made her own way through the wall leading to the platform and the train leaving for Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. She was early and picked whatever cabin she wanted once aboard the train.

Siliveya put her luggage away and slumped onto the seat behind her. She was already dressed in her Hogwarts attire consisting of a black robe, a gray sweater, a gray skirt that went down to her knees, and a black tie embroidered with the insignias of all four houses. A black ribbon was tied around her head and her dark brown hair was wrapped in a bun with some of down reaching to her mid-back. A set of bangs covered her forehead highlighting her dark tan skin and bright blue eyes.

“I can’t believe this is happening to me.” Siliveya thought as she looked towards the window and her thoughts drifted to past memories.

Her eyes gleamed with a sudden sadness from whatever she remembered, but her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of other students boarding the train. The door to her cabin suddenly slid open and from the hallway entered three first year boys. One was a bit tall and tough looking, the second was more on the chubby side, and neither one looked too bright. However it was the smallest one in the middle that caught Siliveya’s eye. He had platinum blonde hair that was slicked back, silver gray eyes, pale skin, and a sense of arrogance that could easily be read of his face. The blonde boy immediately turned his attention to Siliveya.

“What are you doing in my cabin?” the blonde boy asked in a rude tone.

“Your cabin? If I remember correctly I was here first and seeing that you are clearly a first year student like me you couldn’t have possibly claimed it before hand.” Siliveya retorted.

“How dare you speak to me like that?! Do you know who I am?” the blond boy shouted clearly annoyed.

“No, and I couldn’t care less.” Siliveya stated firmly.

“You mean you haven’t heard of the rich and powerful Malfoy family?” the blond boy said.

“Malfoy huh? So that is his son.” Siliveya thought while staring at the three boys standing in front of her.

“I’ll take that as a no. What’s your name girl?” the blond boy asked.

“Sorry, but I don’t give my name to rude morons like you.” Siliveya replied glaring at him.

“Why you...I get it now you’re a mudblood aren’t you? Well you’re gonna pay for not respecting your superiors. Crabbe, Goyle teach her a lesson.” the blond boy ordered.

The two larger boys surrounded Siliveya who stood on her seat while taking out her wand, and aiming it at the three boys with a mischievous glint in her eye. The boys' backed up a bit from her actions, but were not intimidated.

“I don’t think so.” Siliveya said darkly before unleashing a spell on them.

Siliveya gathered her things, and walked out the cabin leaving the three boys frozen to the floor. She came across another cabin that had two other first years in it. One was a brunette haired boy with glasses, green eyes, a lightning bolt shaped scar on his forehead, and was dressed in a plaid jacket with khaki pants. The other was a redhead boy with freckles and dressed in a green jacket and jeans.

“Excuse me is this cabin full? I have nowhere else to sit.” Siliveya asked.

“No, come on in.” the brunette said. “I’m Harry Potter by the way.” he added.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Siliveya Hexington.” she replied after putting her stuff away and sitting down beside him.

“Hexington? You’re a Hexington?” the redhead said shocked with his mouth slightly full of food.

“Yes, and your name is...?” Siliveya inquired.

“Sorry. Ron Weasley.” he replied. “I overheard my parents talking about some girl named Hexington that the Ministry had found who had gone missing for years .” he added.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked.

“I don’t know the whole story, but it’s a little too painful to talk about.” Siliveya explained looking away.

“Oh sorry.” Harry apologized.

“Hey do you two want to see a spell my brother Fred showed me?” Ron asked.

“Sure.” Harry said while Siliveya simply nodded.

Ron was about to say the incantation when the cabin door opened, and a first year girl stood in the open gap. She had long, bushy dirty-blonde hair, brown eyes, and was already in her Hogwarts uniform.

“Have any of you seen a toad? A boy name Neville lost one.” she asked resulting in everyone shaking their head no. “Oh are you doing magic? Let’s see then.” the girl continued after seeing Ron with his wand pointed at his pet rat.

“*Sunshine daises, butter mellow, turn this stupid fat rat yellow.*” Ron said but the spell failed.

“Is that a real spell? Well it’s not very good is it? I’ve tried a few simple ones myself, but they’ve all worked for me.” the girl said as she walked into the cabin and beside Ron. “For example, *Oculus Reparo.*” she said as the spell fixed Harry’s glasses. “Holy Cricket,

you're Harry Potter. I'm Hermione Granger and you two are?" she asked.

"Ron Weasley." Ron replied.

"Siliveya Hexington." Siliveya introduced.

"Pleasure." Hermione said looking at Ron with distaste. "You two better change into your robes. I expect we'll be arriving soon." she added before getting up and heading out of the cabin.

"That girl has definitely got some of her wires wound too tight." Siliveya stated causing the boys to laugh.

Chapter Two- The Sorting

Night had fallen when the train finally reached its destination, and the students filed out of the train doors taking their own means of transportation to the school. The first years specifically took small boats across the lake led by a large man with bushy long hair and beard named Hagrid. The first years soon found themselves within the enormous castle and were waiting at the top of the stairs that led to the Great Hall. Before them stood an old woman dressed in a large black witch hat and a green robe.

“Welcome to Hogwarts. I am Professor Mcgonagall” she introduced. “Before you may join your classmates you must first be sorted into your houses. They are Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin. The sorting ceremony will begin momentarily.” she continued. “While you’re here your house will be like your family. Triumphs will earn you points. If there is any rule breaking then you will lose points. At the end of the year the house with the most points is awarded the house cup.” she concluded and walked away.

“So it’s true then...what they were saying on the train? Harry Potter has come to Hogwarts.” the blond boy from before said causing everyone to murmur amongst themselves. “This is Crabbe and Goyle. And I’m Malfoy. Draco Malfoy.” the boy introduced while standing in front of Harry.

Ron snickered when he said his name making Draco glare in his direction.

“Think my name’s funny do you? ‘fraid to ask yours? Red hair and a hand-me-down robe. You must be a Weasley.” Draco insulted. “You’ll soon find out that some wizarding families are better than others Potter. You don’t want to go making friends with the wrong sort. I can help you there.” he said giving Harry his hand.

“I think I can tell the wrong sort by myself thanks.” Harry dismissed making Draco take his hand back annoyed.

Professor Mcgonagall returned, and led the first years into the Great Hall. The other students were already seated amongst four separate tables while the other Professors were lined up in the front with

Headmaster Dumbledore in the center. The first years were gathered in at the front of all the student tables where a stool was standing with an old hat placed upon it.

“Before we begin the Headmaster would like to say a few words.” Professor Mcgonagall said.

“Welcome to another year at Hogwarts. Let the first years note that the dark forest is strictly forbidden to all students, and the caretaker, Mr. Filch, has asked me to remind you that the third floor corridor on the right hand side is out of bounds to those of you who do not wish to die a most painful death.” Professor Dumbledore informed.

The first years looked at each other in worry and confusion, but turned their attention towards Professor Mcgongall who had a list in one hand and the old hat in the other.

“Now when I call your name, you will come up here, I shall place the sorting hat on your head and you will be sorted into houses.” the Professor instructed. “Hermione Granger!” she called out.

Hermione walked up extremely nervous, and took her place on the stool. The hat was put on her head, and soon it began to talk and shouted the name Gryffindor. Next was Draco Malfoy and the hat barely touched his head before shouting out Slytherin. Ron came third and ended up joining his other siblings in Gryffindor.

“Harry Potter!” Professor Mcgonagall called.

The whole room fell silent as everyone wondered which house Harry would be in. The hat took a long time for it mentioned Harry being a difficult choice, but finally settled on Gryffindor. The entire Gryffindor table cheered with excitement as Harry approached them.

“Siliveya Hexington!” the Professor called again.

Siliveya came into view and walked towards the stool. Draco who had already taken his seat at the Slytherin table looked at her in shock for it was the same girl he bullied on the train. The hat was placed on Siliveya’s head and began to talk.

“Ah another difficult one I see. You have a lot of past experience that proves your bravery, loyalty, and cunning. And there’s something else. Hold on, you don’t belong here...” the hat said.

“Quiet you dumb hat. I already know I don’t belong here. So just pick a house already.” Siliveya thought spoke to the hat.

“Very well, but it’s still a difficult choice. You have something to bring to every house. Oh wait I know.” the hat replied. “Slytherin!” the hat called out.

The Slytherin table cheered as Siliveya came to their table. She sat down next to Draco, and watched as the rest of the students were sorted. Soon the feast had begun and everyone was busy eating.

“So you’re the Hexington girl. I’m sorry if I was rude to you earlier.” Draco apologized.

“Are you saying that because you’re actually sorry, or because you now know that I’m a pure-blooded witch who comes from a wealthy family, and who also kicked your butt on the train?” Siliveya questioned.

Draco faltered in his answer and turned away.

“That’s what I thought.” Siliveya replied as she looked towards the Gryffindor table where her new friends sat.

Harry spotted her and waved, and she gave a weak smile.

“Why are you waving at him for?” Draco said.

“Because he was actually nice to me unlike some people. I don’t see why you care.” Siliveya said.

“I don’t, but my father told me to look after you while we’re at school.” Draco informed.

“I’m sure he did, but I can take care of myself thank you.” Siliveya said in an annoyed tone. “Why me?” she thought in desperation.

Chapter Three- The Odd Slytherin

It was the next day and classes had started for everyone. The first class of the day for Siliveya was Potions, which was split between the Gryffindors and the Slytherins. Siliveya made her way from the Slytherin common room in the dungeons to Potions class on her own only to be followed by Draco and his goons Crabbe and Goyle.

“So are you ready for today’s classes?” Draco asked.

“I guess. I won’t really know until we get there.” Siliveya replied nonchalantly.

As they walked further through the dungeons of the castle, they finally reached the room and found Harry and Ron coming from the opposite side.

“Well, well if it isn’t Potter and Weasley.” Draco taunted.

“Good morning.” Siliveya greeted while putting her hands together and bowing.

“What are you doing?” Draco questioned. “And why are you greeting them?” he added annoyed.

“Where I come from it is respectful to bow when greeting someone.” Siliveya said simply. “Must I explain everything to you?” she inquired frowning before walking over to Harry and Ron. “Would you like to sit with me in class?” she asked.

“All right.” Harry replied as the three of them entered the classroom leaving Draco fuming.

It was awhile before class actually started when the classroom door swung open, and the Professor entered the room. He had shoulder length greasy, black hair and was dressed in all black with a long black robe that billowed behind him as he walked.

“My name is Professor Snape. Now I don’t expect any of you to appreciate the art that is potion making, but for those select few who possess the predisposition. I can teach how to bewitch the mind, and

ensnare the senses. I can teach how to bottle fame, brew glory, and even put a stopper in death." he said while eying every student until they fell on Harry who was only writing notes on what was being said. "Then again maybe some of you have come to Hogwarts with abilities so formidable that you see fit to not pay attention." Professor Snape said sternly.

Harry looked up from the notes he was taking once all eyes were on him.

"Ah Mr. Potter...our new celebrity." Professor Snape stated when Siliveya raised her hand.

"Um, excuse me Professor, but Harry was only taking notes on what you were saying." Siliveya defended.

"Is that so Ms. Hexington?" Professor Snape questioned sharply.

"Yes. They're right here." Harry said holding up his notes.

"Fine, I'll let it slide this one time. But be sure that Ms. Hexington won't always be there to speak up for you." Professor Snape sneered.

The lesson began and everyone was in pairs working on a potion to cure boils. Harry and Siliveya were paired up together and nearly finished.

"Thanks for helping me back there." Harry said.

"No problem." Siliveya replied. "Although I didn't think he'd go with it. He's the Head of Slytherin, and the older students said that he favors people in his own house so I took a shot at it." she whispered in a low voice.

"Taking advantage of your house's benefits, you truly do belong in Slytherin." Hermione scoffed from her seat on the other side of Harry.

"And what's wrong with Slytherin?" Siliveya asked.

"Slytherin house always produces the worst wizards and witches to date." Ron answered from his seat behind them.

“Talking during class. Ten points from Gryffindor.” Professor Snape sneered.

“But she was talking too.” Hermione whined pointing her finger at Siliveya.

“And giving the Professor cheek, another five points from Gryffindor.” Professor Snape added from his desk.

Hermione glared at Siliveya who merely shrugged.

Soon Potions was over, and everyone was seated in Charms with Professor Flitwick teaching them the spell for levitating objects. Siliveya sat by herself for she didn’t really want to be bothered by anyone.

“Stop, stop, you’re going to take someone’s eye out. Besides you’re saying it wrong. It’s *leviosa*, not *leviosar*.” Hermione instructed Ron from across the room.

“Well you do it then if you’re so clever.” Ron challenged.

With that Hermione took her wand, and pointed it at her feather.

“*Wingardium Leviosa*.” Hermione said and her feather immediately floated into the air.

“Look here everyone. Ms. Granger’s done it.” Professor Flitwick praised.

Siliveya looked down at her feather, and pulled out the wand she had bought.

“I don’t even know why I bother. Everytime I use a wand everything blows up in my face just like it did when I was younger.” she thought as she put the wand down and sighed. “I guess I could try the other way...” she continued to think as she stared at the feather. “*Wingardium Leviosa*. *Wingardium Leviosa*. *Wingardium Leviosa*.” she repeated over and over again in her mind.

After focusing on her feather for another few minutes it finally flew up into the air.

“Splendid Ms. Hexington has done it as well.” Professor Flitwick praised.

No one seemed to notice that she didn’t use her wand for she still had it in her hand on the desk. However Hermione saw otherwise. After class Hermione saw Siliveya walking alone and approached her.

“How did you do it?” Hermione questioned.

“Do what?” Siliveya said raising an eyebrow.

“You weren’t using your wand in class. I saw you, you cheated.” Hermione chastised.

“Listen little girl what I do is my business not yours, so beat it.” Siliveya scoffed looking the other way.

“I’ll report you to the Professors.” Hermione threatened.

“Go ahead. Dumbledore already knows about it.” Siliveya replied simply as she walked off. “I’ll never fit into this place, I stick out like a sore thumb.” she sighed. “I might have made a few new friends. Ron’s okay, and Harry’s just oblivious. But they are definitely better than the people in my own house.” she thought as she caught up with Harry, Ron, and some other Gryffindor boys.

Chapter Four-The Frown Behind Her Smile

School seemed to fly by, and before anyone knew it first term ended and it was Christmas vacation. The school's halls were covered in decorations, and filled with students elated to finally go home and see their families. However Siliveya was not one of them. She was actually dreading the day when everyone was to leave on the train, and wished she could stay at school for the holidays like Harry and Ron. The three had become close friends, and Hermione was added to the group when the two boys saved her from a troll during Halloween. Over that time Siliveya had become a Slytherin misfit for she only had Gryffindor friends. She thought that Draco was a spoiled jerk, because he picked on all the other students like Neville Longbottom. Siliveya also never shared the secret of her inability of using a wand. She was somewhat happy with her new life, but she was nowhere near close to trusting her newfound friends. It was hard for her to be at school, for she was a Slytherin who preferred to be in the company of Gryffindors. Siliveya couldn't be around them all of the time, mainly because the only time they could be together was during classes. And it was a bit demeaning to cheer for Harry when he became the seeker on the Gryffindor team, especially when they were playing against Slytherin. But despite what the other students in her house felt, Siliveya still managed to smile and have fun no matter what. However, now was not one of those times for she was on the train heading back to Platform nine and three quarters. Siliveya was sharing a cabin with Hermione who was doing most of the talking while she just stared off into space.

“Siliveya are you listening?” Hermione questioned.

“Sorry, I faded out. What did you say?” Siliveya apologized.

“I asked you where you would be staying over break?” Hermione repeated.

“Well...” Siliveya faltered when the compartment door swung open.

Neville stumbled in with his legs locked together, and fell flat on his face on the floor.

“Neville are you alright?” Hermione asked only to receive a muffled reply.

“Malfoy used the leg-locking curse again. Neville you have to learn to stand up to him.” Siliveya said as she helped Neville to his feet.

She pulled out her wand, and pretended to use it while unlocking Neville’s legs with the counter-curse.

“I know, but he caught me off-guard.” Neville explained.

“All right I’ll deal with him for you, just make sure to get back to your compartment without any more accidents.” Siliveya suggested.

“Okay. Thanks.” Neville replied as he walked back into the hallway.

“Do you think you’ll get Malfoy to let up on him?” Hermione asked.

“I’ll try. A few blows to the head ought to set Malfoy straight.” Siliveya answered sitting back in her seat. “Speaking of which, are you guys still on about Professor Snape being the one who’s after the Sorcerer’s Stone?” she inquired.

“Yeah, and I gave Harry and Ron a little assignment to look up some information about one of the stone’s makers, Nicolas Flement. Have you heard of him?” Hermione asked.

“No, I didn’t grow up in the wizarding world so a lot of this stuff is pretty new to me.” Siliveya explained.

“Why do you keep pretending?” Hermione inquired changing the subject.

“Pretending what?” Siliveya replied not really wanting to give an answer.

“Your wand. You pretend to use your wand.” Hermione said more sternly.

“How many times must we go through this?” Siliveya sighed. “I told you before it’s none of your business, and it’s still none of your business. So just drop it.” she said firmly.

Hermione kept her mouth shut although there were many things racking her brain. Soon the train reached platform nine and three quarters, and the students rushed out to meet their families. Hermione and Siliveya walked out together ready to part ways.

“By the way you never answered me before...where are staying? Are you visiting some distant relatives.” Hermione questioned.

“I guess you could say that.” Siliveya replied turning her head with a grim expression showing clearly over her features.

“Something wrong?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“No, nothing at all. I have to go now. Happy Christmas Hermione.” Siliveya said flashing her a big smile before walking away.

“Happy Christmas Siliveya.” Hermione called out before leaving herself.

“There you are Hexington.” another voice said.

Siliveya turned to see Draco walking beside her, and turned away in annoyance.

“Oh it’s you.” Siliveya grimaced.

“I’d bet you’d be happier if I was Granger or that Potter, you muggle-loving traitor. You’re a disgrace to the name Slytherin!” Draco snapped.

“And since when did it cross your mind that I care what you or anyone else thinks about me? Because honestly, I don’t give a rat’s ass!” Siliveya snapped back.

“Now, now is that proper language for a young lady to use?” a male voice spoke.

The two eleven-year-olds stopped to see a tall man with long platinum blonde hair and silver gray eyes. He was dressed in a black robe and was holding a cane in his left hand.

“Hello father.” Draco greeted.

“Hello Mr. Malfoy.” Siliveya greeted in a low and disgusted tone.

“You still haven’t answered the question my dear.” Draco’s father implored.

“No, it was not proper language for me to use sir.” Siliveya sighed.

“Fine, though I suppose it can’t be helped. Draco has told me all about your mishaps at Hogwarts. I’m sure spending some time in a more *civilized* setting will clear your attitude.” Draco’s father said. “Now come we don’t have any time to waste here.” he said leading them to another area in the wizard station that had rows of fireplaces.

The fireplaces were used as a way to travel using floo powder. Siliveya, Draco, and his father stepped into one of them and transported to Malfoy Manor. Once there, some of the house elves came to take Draco’s and Siliveya’s things.

“Dinner will be ready later. Meanwhile Draco you can show Ms. Hexington to her room.” Mr. Malfoy ordered.

“Yes Father.” Draco obeyed and led Siliveya into a higher level of the castle.

“What room is this?” Siliveya asked pointing towards a large set of doors.

“That’s my father’s study and it’s off limits.” Draco informed.

“Hmm, I’ll be sure to remember to visit that room later.” Siliveya thought as they finally reached their destination.

“Here’s your room. It’s right across from mine so just knock if you need anything or ask one of the house elves.” Draco said.

“As if I would ask you for anything.” Siliveya scoffed as she walked into her room and slammed the door in his face.

Siliveya immediately jumped onto the covers of her bed and lied there in deep thought.

“I can’t believe I have to stay here. I would rather stay at my own manor. I don’t care if I would be alone at least I would be away from these people.” Siliveya thought sadly. “There’s still some time to kill before dinner. I think all go pay a visit to that forbidden study right now.” she said aloud.

Siliveya sneaked out of her room and made it to the doors of Mr. Malfoy’s study unnoticed. She went inside and discovered that the room was filled with books. The majority of them were books of dark magic and curses. Siliveya quickly pulled a few off of the shelves, and started researching for something. She was so absorbed into what she was doing that she didn’t hear the study door open and close.

“Now I specifically remember my son telling you that this room was off limits.” Mr. Malfoy said from behind her.

“You of all people should know by now my disregard for rules, Lucius.” Siliveya replied while turning to look at him. “You should give up the charade, I know it was you.” she said with a dark expression.

“What ever do you mean?” Lucius inquired in a innocent tone.

“Don’t play dumb, I know it was you who placed this curse on me when the Ministry first introduced us. I’m not supposed to be attending Hogwarts nor am I supposed to be under your custody. I don’t know what your motive is, but I’m going to figure it out.” Siliveya said as she stood up.

“Don’t waste your time, you’ll never be able to prove it. Instead you should be practicing what it means to be a proper pure-blooded witch.” Lucius threatened.

“Not in this lifetime asshole.” Siliveya spat.

"Then allow me to do it for you." Lucius said darkly as he pulled out his wand. "Crucio!" he yelled.

Suddenly Siliveya fell to the floor in agony. Her body wriggled and writhed as if she was being electrocuted. She let out an ear-piercing scream for it to stop. Lucius merely stood by and let Siliveya be tortured like that for about half an hour.

"*Recucio.*" Lucius said lifting the curse. "Associating with that filth you call friends and ignoring those of your same level, disgraceful. You will be obedient and when you return to school you will behave as a proper pure-blood should. Do you understand?!" Lucius ordered.

"Fine, just don't use that spell again." Siliveya breathed in pain.

"Good girl. Now dinner should be ready soon. And get yourself ready, you're a mess." Lucius said in a calm tone as he walked out of the room leaving Siliveya lying on the floor.

Chapter Five-The Snitch

Christmas break was over and Siliveya couldn't have been happier. But despite her cheerful mood she was plagued by the last words Lucius shared with her before departing to Hogwarts.

"Remember to behave yourself. The spell can only be taken off by the one who placed it and it can also be made worse. And we wouldn't want you to have an accident now would we?" Lucius said smirking.

It was the end of potions class and Siliveya was walking by herself when Harry, Hermione, and Ron walked up beside her.

"Hey Siliveya would you like to come with us to the library? We're doing more research about Nicolas Flemel." Harry asked.

"I don't know. Your theories about all of this seem like a load of rubbish to me. Plus I do have some homework to finish." Siliveya rambled looking away.

"Come on Siliveya what's wrong? You've been acting weird all day." Hermione said.

"Siliveya where are you?!" Draco called from down the hall.

"I'm sorry guys, but I really should get going. Bye." Siliveya said before walking off towards Draco, Crabbe, and Goyle.

"What were you doing?" Draco asked.

"Don't worry about it. They were just asking me something stupid." Siliveya answered as she followed him.

"Siliveya's crossed over to the dark side, she has." Ron commented shaking his head. "I already thought she was weird, but now she's a true Slytherin." he added.

Harry looked to where Siliveya was walking and they exchanged glances before she was completely out of sight.

“No, not exactly.” Harry said aloud. “Come on, we’ve got work to do.” he continued and headed in the direction of the library.

“You’ve really come around since first term Siliveya. I almost thought you were going to be a blood traitor like those Weasleys.” Draco said sitting on the couch next to the fire place in the Slytherin common room.

The Slytherin common room was fancy with a greenish tint and various tables and cushions to sit upon. The stairway leading to the dorms was on the right side and the window showed a clear view of the lake beneath the surface. Siliveya sat beside Draco on the couch while Crabbe and Goyle sat opposite from them.

“Well it’s good that I’m not, right?” Siliveya replied forcing a fake smile on her face.

“Yes, and if Potter and his golden followers give you any trouble just come to me. I’ll straighten them out.” Draco assured.

“Of course. Whatever you say. Now if you’ll excuse me I’m a bit tired.” Siliveya replied yawning before retiring to the girls’ dorm.

“Later Siliveya!” Draco called out to her.

“Later Dr..a..co!” Siliveya shouted back with difficulty as if his name was poison in her mouth.

And this is how it went for the next few months. Siliveya grew more distant from Harry and the other Gryffindors. She never sat by them in class, she would always ignore them in the halls and during meals, and she made the Slytherin common room her sanctuary to hide since they couldn’t come visit her there. It seemed as if Siliveya was permanently changed, or at least until one specific night. It was already after hours and Siliveya had fallen asleep on the couch in the common room. Unfortunately, her peaceful slumber was interrupted by someone shaking her.

“Siliveya wake up.” Draco whispered.

“Huh, what ?” Siliveya responded groggily.

“Hurry get up.” Draco said.

“Why?” Siliveya asked as she sat up and rubbed her eyes.

“I need you to come with me to spy on Potter and his friends.” Draco replied.

“But it’s already after hours.” Siliveya said confused.

“Exactly.” Draco replied smirking evilly.

Draco took Siliveya by the hand and dragged her out of the common room and out of the castle to where Hagrid’s hut existed.

“Draco, what is this about?” Siliveya asked.

“Shhh. Come over here.” Draco whispered as he brought her up to the window.

Inside they saw Harry, Ron, and Hermione talking to Hagrid, and on the table in front of them was a baby dragon.

“Whoa.” Draco said a little too loudly.

“Hey who is that?” Hagrid questioned from inside the hut.

“He saw us, run.” Draco said dragging Siliveya back to the castle.

“Can’t we just go back to the common room before anyone else sees us?” Siliveya suggested.

“No, instead I think we should pay Professor McGonagall a little visit.” Draco replied smirking.

Meanwhile Harry, Ron, Hermione had left Hagrid’s hut and were reentering the castle.

“And worse now Malfoy knows.” Ron said worriedly.

“I don’t understand is that bad?” Hermione asked.

“It’s bad.” Harry said stopping in his tracks.

“Good evening.” Professor McGonagall said walking into the hall and Draco and Siliveya appeared behind her.

“Nothing gives a student the right to walk about the school at night. Therefore as punishment fifty points will be taken.” Professor McGonagall said.

“Fifty!” Harry complained.

“Each.” Professor McGonagall added receiving groans from the three Gryfindors and a smirk from Draco. “And to ensure it doesn’t happen again all five of you will receive detention.” she ordered.

“Excuse me Professor. Perhaps I heard you wrong. I thought you said the *five* of us?” Draco questioned.

“You are not mistaken Mr. Malfoy, for you see as *honorable* as your intentions were, you and Ms. Hexington were still out of bed after hours. You both will join your classmates in detention.” Professor McGonagall replied.

“Draco, the next time you wake me up in the middle of the night to go somewhere, I’m going to hit you over the head and go back to sleep.” Siliveya said glaring at him.

“Quiet.” Draco snapped while sulking under Harry’s gaze.

It was the next night that the five of them had to serve detention. They were led out of the castle by Mr. Filch, who was going on about how the old punishments used to be.

“You’ll be serving your detention with Hagrid tonight. He has some business to take care of in the dark forest.” Mr. Filch informed.

“The Forest? I thought that was a joke, we can’t go in there. Students aren’t allowed and there are...werewolves.” Draco whined earning a cold stare from Mr. Filch.

“Well you’re gonna have to serve detention otherwise you’ll be expelled.” Mr. Filch replied sternly before leaving them.

“All right you lot, let’s hurry.” Hagrid said as he walked towards the forest’s edge.

They walked for a while through the misty fog and thousands of trees until Hagrid stopped at a pool of silvery liquid. He put a finger to it drawing out a bit of the strange substance and let drip back down to the floor while he examined it.

“Hagrid, exactly what is that?” Harry asked.

“It’s what we’re here for. That right there, it’s unicorn blood that is. I found one dead a few weeks ago, this one’s been hurt bad by somethin’. Now our job is to go out and find the poor beast.” Hagrid explained. “Will split up into two groups. Hermione and Ron you’ll come with me, and Harry you’ll go with Malfoy and Hexington.” he ordered.

“Um, Hagrid are you sure it’s a good idea for us to split up? We don’t know our way around here. What if we get lost?” Siliveya asked.

“Oh right. If you get into any trouble just send up a red flare with your wands.” Hagrid answered. “Now let’s get moving we don’t have much time to waste.” he continued.

“Wait till my father hears about this. This is servant stuff.” Draco complained as Siliveya, Harry, and him were walking alone in the forest.

“Well if you didn’t go out of your way to cause trouble Malfoy, we wouldn’t be in this mess. I wanted to go back to the common room but you just had to tell Professor McGonagall.” Siliveya criticized.

“Shut your trap already.” Draco said angrily.

“Don’t treat her that way. She does have a good point.” Harry defended.

“No one asked you Potter.” Draco spat.

Soon the three of them reached a little hill in the pathway, and beyond that point they saw a dead unicorn lying on the ground. But

that was not what spooked them, for on the unicorn was some unknown creature sucking its blood. Draco screamed bloody murder and immediately ran the opposite way taking Siliveya along with him. Harry however wasn't so lucky.

"Come on Siliveya we have to get out of here!" Draco screamed as ran faster.

"No hold on." Siliveya said ripping her arm out of his grip.

"What are you doing? Did you see that thing back there? We have to go." Draco panicked.

"Yeah, but Harry is still back there." Siliveya said as she sent a red flare up with her hands.

Hagrid, Hermione and Ron came only moments later and they went back to find Harry who ended up being all right. They were able to leave the forest and return to their common rooms. Once Siliveya and Draco reached theirs, he started throwing a fit.

"Why, why do you keep helping them?!" Draco yelled.

"Because Harry was in trouble! I had to do something!" Siliveya argued.

"The *golden boy* need help? Rubbish! Everything goes smoothly for him! He was even rescued before we came back! And the nerve he had to...!" Draco ranted before he was interrupted.

Draco was standing their wide-eyed in complete shock as Siliveya had her lips firmly pressed against his in a deep kiss. Before he even realized what was happening Siliveya stopped and headed towards the girls' dormitory.

"Just shut up for once and go to bed Malfoy." Siliveya said sternly gazing at him from the corner of her eye before leaving.

Draco watched her go and as soon as she was out of sight he collapsed on the floor.

Chapter Six-The Promise

The sun rose over the eastern horizon bringing forth a new day of classes, and most importantly final exams. Hours and hours of knowledge and ink were used as students recalled all that they had learned over the year. During this time Siliveya noticed that Draco was avoiding her. She thought it might have been from last night's mishap. It was surprising that he hadn't started bragging about it to the whole school. Was it possible he was too embarrassed to? Anyway, it was after finals and Siliveya got out of Slytherin radar to hang around Harry, Hermione, and Ron. Well...not exactly hang out for she still had try, and at least keep some restraint on her Gryffindor like personality, or at least she had to in public. Siliveya spotted what Draco considered *The Golden Trio* heading out of Professor McGonagall's office, and watched them from afar.

"That was no stranger Hagrid met. It was Snape. Which means he knows how to get past Fluffy." Siliveya overheard Harry explain.

"And with Dumbledore gone..." Hermione started to say before they were interrupted.

"Good afternoon." Professor Snape said as he approached them. "Now what would three young Gryffindors such as yourselves be doing inside on a day like this?" he asked suspiciously.

Hermione stuttered in her reply while Harry slightly glared at him.

"You ought to be careful. Someone might think...you're up to something." Snape said returning Harry's gaze before leaving down the corridor with his robe billowing behind him.

"Now what do we do?" Hermione asked.

"We go down the trap door. Tonight." Harry replied.

"The trap door on the third floor corridor. Hmm." Siliveya thought as she watched them leave.

"Another student indoors? You first years are an odd bunch." Professor Snape said from behind her.

"Oh, hello Professor Snape. Did you want something?" Siliveya said nervously.

"Nothing. Just wondering why my prize potion student has the urge to be with those troublesome Gryffindors?" Professor Snape inquired.

"Be with them? I don't want to be around them. Oh that reminds me; I have something to look up in the library. See ya later Professor." Siliveya replied getting out of dodge as she ran the opposite way. "So Harry and the others are planning to sneak out again. This is the perfect chance to make up with them after what happened with Malfoy." she thought heading back down to the common room.

Nightime had finally come and Harry, Hermione, and Ron made their way to the forbidden third floor corridor with the help of an invisibility cloak Harry received for Christmas.

"Ouch Ron, you stepped on my foot." Hermione whined.

"Sorry." Ron apologized.

"When it comes to sneaking around you three aren't exactly pros." Siliveya said as she stood behind them and took hold of the cloak so that it revealed the three Gryffindors.

"Well, well, look who it is. Come to get us in trouble again have you?" Ron criticized.

"Look I'm sorry about before. It was Malfoy's idea." Siliveya replied.

"Don't give us that. You've been ignoring us all second term. Just admit that you're a back stabbing Slytherin like the rest of them and leave us alone!" Ron chastised.

"Ron." Hermione said shocked.

"Don't bother. I wanted to help you, but I guess that's not gonna happen. And just for a little advice Ron, don't judge someone before you know them completely." Siliveya said turning her back to him. "You should hurry, you're wasting time." she added.

“She’s right we have to hurry.” Harry said glancing at Siliveya sympathetically.

“*Alohomora.*” Hermione said pointing her wand at the lock on the door in front of them. “Come let’s go.” she said opening the door.

“Hey where’d she go?” Ron said looking back at the space where Siliveya stood.

They had only turned away for a brief second, but Siliveya had suddenly vanished from sight. Not knowing what to think of it, Harry, Ron, and Hermione continued on their mission. They entered the room with the three-headed dog named Fluffy only to find out that the beast was already asleep. Its peaceful slumber was caused by a self-playing harp that unfortunately stopped at the very moment they were about to head down the trap door. The three heroes hurriedly jumped down the hole in the floor, and ended up in a room with a large plant that kills its victims unless they stopped moving. Hermione and Harry made it out alright, but Ron needed a little help. Next they made it to a room filled with flying keys, and only one could open up the next door. However the moment the right key was touched Harry, Ron, and Hermione had to hightail it out of there for the other keys started chasing them down. The final challenge was the most difficult. The room they entered was a life size wizard’s chessboard. This time Ron took charge, and was able to defeat the game at the cost for his own safety. Hermione had to take Ron back to the hospital for he was too injured to continue, and now Harry was on his own.

Harry entered the last room to find not Professor Snape, but the stuttering, nerve wrecked Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, Professor Quirell. He was standing at the bottom of the stairs that surrounded him and was facing a mirror. He turned around as soon as he noticed Harry’s presence.

“No, it can’t be. Snape, he was the...” Harry stammered in disbelief.

“Yes, he does seem the type, doesn’t he? But next to him who would suspect, ppoor, sssttutttering Proffessor Quirell.” Professor Quirell mocked.

As Quirell spoke he turned his head causing the scar on Harry's forehead to burn.

"Now what does this mirror do? I see what I desire. I see myself holding the stone. But how do I get it?" Quirell said to himself in frustration.

"Use the boy." A mysterious voice spoke out of nowhere.

Quirell called Harry to him, and asked him to stand in front of the mirror. Harry obeyed and when he looked into the mirror he saw himself holding the sorcerer's stone and putting it into his pocket.

"What do you see?" Quirell asked.

"Uh, I'm shaking hands with Dumbledore...I've won the Quidditch cup." Harry fibbed.

"He lies." said the strange voice spoke again.

"Tell the truth! What do you see?!" Quirell demanded.

"Let me speak to him." the voice said once more.

"But master you are not strong enough." Quirell replied.

"I have strength enough for this." the insisted.

Quirell did as he was told and unraveled the turban he wore on his head to reveal a second face on the back of his head.

"Harry Potter. We meet again." the face said.

"Voldemort." Harry said shocked.

"Yes, you see what I've become? See what I must do to survive? Live off another and be a parasite. Unicorn blood can sustain me, but it cannot give me a body of my own. But there is something that can. Something that conveniently lies within your pocket." Voldemort explained.

Harry tried to run but Quirell put up a firewall that blocked the only exit.

“Don’t be foolish. Why suffer an horrific death, when you can join me and live?” Voldemort asked.

“Never!” Harry shouted in defiance.

“Bravery, your parents had it too.” Voldemort scoffed. Tell me...Harry, would you like to see your mother and father again?” he asked. “Together we can bring them back. All I ask is for something in return. Together we’ll do extraordinary things. Just give me the stone!” he demanded.

“You LIAR!” Harry shouted back.

“KILL him!” Voldemort ordered.

Quirell obeyed and immediately jumped for Harry’s neck and started strangling him.

“Get your hands off him you bastard!” Siliveya’s voice rang through the room.

Out of nowhere Siliveya appeared behind Quirell and jumped his back.

“Why you little brat!” Quirell yelled snatching the back of her clothes and holding her off of him.

“Let her go!” Harry said as he grabbed hold of Quirell’s arm which quickly turned to ashes at his touch.

Quirell stepped back while watching his hand disintegrate in shock. Harry caught on and took hold of Quirell’s face that burned at his touch as well. The strange spell continued to spread until Quirell was nothing but a pile of ashes.

“Harry are you alright?” Siliveya asked concerned.

“Yeah.” Harry replied. “How did you get here?” he questioned confused.

“I was silently following behind you guys in case you needed my help.” Siliveya answered.

Just as Siliveya was about to answer she saw a ghostly entity emerge from Quirell’s ashes and head straight for Harry.

“Harry behind you!” Siliveya called out.

Before Harry could react it was too late, Voldemort’s spirit phased through him knocking him to the floor and exited out of the room.

“Oh no. Harry wakeup...say something.” Siliveya panicked as she rushed to his aid.

She checked his pulse and sighed in relief that he was still alive.

“Oh Harry, trouble just seems to be drawn to you. No matter what happens I’ll always watch out for you. I promise.” Siliveya said to his unconscious form.

Chapter Seven- The Gift

Harry and Siliveya were able to make it out of the enchanted death trap, the sorcerer's stone was destroyed, and after some time in the hospital wing it was finally the last day of school. Everyone was gathered in the Great Hall. Banners for Slytherin house decorated the area representing their victory for the House Cup. Slytherin of course was excited while the other houses groaned in defeat.

“See Siliveya, thanks to me we’re now in the lead and will win the house cup. That ought to dampen Potter’s parade.” Draco said cheerfully as he placed his hand on Siliveya’s and scooted a bit closer.

“First of all number one, don’t touch me.” Siliveya said snatching her hand back. “Number two, I wouldn’t be so sure of yourself before you’ve actually crossed the finish line.” she continued earning a confused glance from Draco.

Professor McGonagall called for attention, and everyone quieted down as Professor Dumbledore stood to make his announcement.

“Another year gone. And now, as I understand it, the House Cup needs awarding. And the points stand thus.” Professor Dumbledore started to announce. “In fourth place, Gryffindor with three hundred and twelve points. Third place, Hufflepuff with three hundred and fifty-two points. In second place, Ravenclaw with four hundred and twenty-six points. And in first place with four hundred and seventy-two points, Slytherin house.” he finished listing.

The Slytherin table went into a roar of cheers while all the other tables groaned even more.

“Yes, well done, Slytherin. Well done. However, recent events must be taken into account. And I have a few last minute points to award.” Dumbledore interrupted making everyone, especially Slytherin look at him in question. “To Miss Hermione Granger, for the cool use of intellect while others were in great peril, fifty points. Second, to Mr. Ronald Weasley, for the best game of chess that Hogwarts has seen these many years, fifty points. And third to Mr. Harry Potter for pure

nerve and outstanding courage, fifty points." he awarded resulting in the Gryffindor table cheering and clapping.

"We've almost caught up to Slytherin." Hermione informed making them grow more excited with anticipation.

"And last but certainly not least, to Ms. Siliveya Hexington..." Dumbledore began to say.

"Oh no, he's giving Slytherin even more points. Now we've lost for sure." Ron complained.

"Shush." Hermione scolded wanting to hear what Dumbledore had to say.

"...For the show of true friendship and loyalty even when it meant going against others, by her request I award Gryffindor house twenty points." Dumbledore announced.

Everyone looked towards Siliveya in surprise and shock that she would betray her own house like that.

"Now if my calculations are correct I believe a change of decoration is in order." Dumbledore said aloud as he changed the Slytherin banners to Gryffindor ones. "Gryffindor wins the House Cup!" He announced.

All the tables except Slytherin stood up and cheered.

"Hexington you traitor! Why the bloody hell did you do that?! We could have won!" Draco scolded while the other Slytherins glared daggers at her.

"Like you cheaters would have deserved any points that I earned." Siliveya scoffed as she stood up and ran around tables to where everyone else was.

"Congratulations guys." Siliveya cheered.

"Siliveya why did you give us the points? You could have let your house win." Harry asked.

"Think of it as an apologetic gift for what happened before. Besides it wouldn't be right for the three of you to earn back what you lost and still not win." Siliveya replied happily.

After the ceremony everyone made ready to leave on the train to return home.

"So Siliveya are you ready to go back home?" Harry asked as Ron, Siliveya, Hermione and him were walking aboard the train.

"I guess." Siliveya answered solemnly.

"Why the glum face?." Hermione questioned.

"Nothing, I'm fine really.", Siliveya replied forcing a smile. And I must say that the three of you have really grown on me since we first met. It has been an honor hanging out with the three of you, and I hope we can do this more next year." she added as she put her right fist under her left hand and politely bowed.

"I'm sorry to say this, but you're the weirdest, pure-blooded Slytherin I've ever met." Ron said.

"That just makes me more unique.", Siliveya said grinning.

QueenofNobodies: "Hey everyone don't fall into despair the story is not over just first year. Next time we'll enter second year. I'll try to update ASAP. See ya soon."

Chapter Eight- The Reunion in Diagon Alley

Summer came and went, and soon it was time for another year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Crowds of people were bustling about Diagon Alley, the central area for shopping and banking. At the end of the summer Harry was rescued from his Aunt and Uncle by Ron, and was able to stay with him for the last few days. Now they, including Hermione and the rest of Ron's family, were in Diagon Alley at Flourish and Blotts to buy schoolbooks. At the store the famous wizard Gilderoy Lockhart was having a book signing, and as usual the moment Harry was spotted he became the celebrity again. Afterwards Harry, Ron, and Hermione decided to explore outside the store only to run into an unwanted guest.

"Well, well, if it isn't Potter. Living in the spot light as always I see." a slightly taller and older Draco chastised.

"What do you want Malfoy?" Harry spat.

"Oh nothing. Though it's curious that I don't see Ms. Traitor with you. I haven't seen her all summer." Draco replied nonchalantly.

"Why do you care where she is?" Ron asked.

"It's not me. It's my father. You see, Hexington is supposed to be living with us, but she disappeared after the train ride home and no one has seen her since." Draco informed.

"Wait, Siliveya...lives...with...you" Ron said in disbelief.

"Yes and if you see her, be sure to let to me know, because she's going to be in a world of trouble." Draco replied smirking evilly.

"As if we would." Hermione said aloud as Draco left from their sight.

"Is he gone?" another voice asked out of nowhere.

"Who said that?", Harry said looking around the area.

Suddenly Siliveya appeared out of nowhere right behind Harry.

“Siliveya.” Ron said in surprise a little too loudly.

“Quiet.” Siliveya shushed putting a hand over Ron’s mouth.

“Siliveya it’s so good to see you.” Hermione greeted.

“Yeah, we’ve been worried about you.” Harry added.

“Worried? About what?” Siliveya asked confused.

“Well no one has heard from you since school and...” Hermione faltered.

“What’s this rubbish about you living with the Malfoys!?” Ron demanded more then asked.

“Well the thing about that is...” Siliveya started to explain before she felt the presence of someone behind her.

“There you are you little brat.” Siliveya heard Lucius say behind her as he snatched her by her robe.

“Oh hello Mr. Malfoy. Long time no see.” Siliveya said nervously.

“How dare you defy me you ungrateful girl? Draco told me about what you did at the end of the school year, and then you had the nerve to run away from me like that. When I bring you home you’re going to endure the punishment of a lifetime.” Lucius scolded while Draco, who was standing off to the side from him, was smirking with satisfaction.

“You are not the boss of me!” Siliveya yelled as she bit the hand that was holding her making Lucius release his grip.

She began the run away, but took a split second to bow in front of Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

“See you guys at school.” Siliveya said as she quickly finished bowing and darted out into the crowds of people.

“Get back here you insolent girl!” Lucius shouted chasing after her with Draco following right behind him.

“Well that explains a lot.” Harry commented.

“Explains what exactly? I don’t see any questions that have been cleared up yet.” Ron argued.

“Oh Ron use your mind. Harry was saying that the fact Siliveya was living with the Malfoys explains why she was acting weird last year.” Hermione said in an obvious tone.

“But she acts weird a hundred percent of the time. And I personally don’t think that has anything to do with the Malfoys.” Ron argued disbelievingly.

“Never mind.” Hermione huffed annoyed.

“Let’s just hope Siliveya can escape him until school starts.” Harry with a worried expression.

Chapter Nine-The Slytherin Outcast

It was the night of the new school year, and everyone was gathered in the Great Hall. As everyone sat at their appropriate tables Siliveya sneaked over to the Gryffindor table, and sat beside Hermione.

“Siliveya you made it.” Hermione said happily.

“Of course I did. You didn’t think I would show up?” Siliveya asked.

“I didn’t see you on the train, and after what happened in Diagon Ally...” Hermione started to explain while giving Siliveya a concerned look.

“I was on the train, I was just hiding so Malfoy wouldn’t see me.” Siliveya replied while gazing back at Draco who had an annoyed look on his face either from the fact that she was with the rest of the Gryffindors or because his new follower Pansy Parkinson, whose face easily resembled a pug’s, was clinging to his arm possessively.

“By the way, why are you sitting over here?” Neville asked.

“Because it’s a brand new year, and that means a whole new bag of tricks for me to use to piss off the entire house of Slytherin.” Siliveya answered proudly.

“A girl after our own heart.” an older boy said who was sitting further down the table.

The boy was one of Ron’s older siblings named Fred and his identical twin George was sitting right beside him.

“You guys, don’t encourage her.” Hermione chastised.

“But she’s a pro, you should have seen the faces on those Slytherins last year when she gave us her points.” Fred defended.

“Yeah I can’t wait to see what you do next.” George chimed in.

"Plus there's also the challenge of making Hermione frown by attempting to get higher grades than her in class." Siliveya added smirking.

"Please, I got all outstandings on the exams last year." Hermione boasted.

"Well I got four O's, and the rest were E's. I just don't brag about it." Siliveya replied making Hermione sulk. "Hold on, where are Harry and Ron?" she asked realizing two of her friends were missing.

"We don't know, they never showed up on the train." Neville answered.

The ceremony was over, and everyone split up to go to their separate houses. Siliveya was sitting on her four-poster bed in the Slytherin girls' dorm. She had already changed into her pajamas, which consisted of a black silk tank top that revealed a bad bruise like scar on her left shoulder blade, and black silk pants. She was glancing at few of her schoolbooks for her new classes. One was the ridiculously large series of Gilderoy Lockhart's books for Siliveya's Defense Against the Dark Arts class.

"These books are all about him. What could we possibly be learning?" Siliveya commented as she tossed the books aside.

When she did, Siliveya noticed a book that she didn't buy. It was a small, old looking black book with no name. Siliveya opened it to find that it had nothing but blank pages.

"How odd. Maybe I'll just leave this one in the library. I'm sure Madame Pince will find something to do with it." Siliveya said softly to herself before tossing the book back into her bag, and going to sleep.

It was the next day, and Siliveya made her way to Potions when she saw Harry walking down the hall with Ron and Hermione.

"Harry, Ron, you showed up." Siliveya greeted as she rushed over to them and bowed. "Where were you yesterday?" she asked.

"They came here using Ron's father's enchanted car, and almost got themselves expelled." Hermione answered glaring at the two boys.

"We're still here aren't we?" Ron defended.

"It was irresponsible!" Hermione scolded.

"If you two keep arguing like that you'll be late to class, and you know how Professor Snape is with students that aren't in his house." Siliveya interrupted.

They agreed and the four of them left however they still ended up being late.

"The three of you are late." Professor Snape said sharply while looking towards Harry, Hermione, and Ron. "Fifteen points from Gryffindor." he announced making all the Gryffindors groan. "And Ms. Hexington, attempting to lower Slytherin's points so early in the year?" he asked.

"Of course." Siliveya replied grinning widely.

"As if I would give you the satisfaction." Professor Snape sneered. "You are so much like your father. He too was an unruly Slytherin." he continued.

"Thank you." Siliveya replied making Professor Snape frown even more.

Class was over and everyone was heading towards the Great Hall for lunch.

"So your father was in Slytherin?" Harry asked.

"Actually everyone on my father's side of the family were in Slytherin." Siliveya replied.

"And every last one of them were troublemakers like you." Draco taunted as he stood against the wall with Crabbe, Goyle, and Pansy standing beside him.

“Correct, just as you are a complete asshole like your father and all those before him.” Siliveya replied coolly making Draco’s face twitch with anger.

“Don’t you dare insult my Drakie that way!” Pansy snapped.

“Drakie huh? Well it looks like you got another mindless follower to obey your every wish. Tell me, do you find only ugly ones just to make yourself look better, cause if that’s the case your going to need a lot more people than that.” Siliveya teased.

“You should keep your little mouth shut unless you want my father to pay you a visit!” Draco yelled furiously.

“Jeez don’t get your knickers caught in a bunch I was just joking, *not*.” Siliveya replied waving him off.

“That was pretty good. That slimy git will definitely be fuming for a while.” Ron commented.

“Thanks.” Siliveya replied.

“That reminds me, why didn’t you tell us you were living with the Malfoys before?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah, and how were you able to escape Mr. Malfoy?” Harry added.

“It’s not important...just let me worry about that. In the mean time we should focus on having some fun.” Siliveya replied deterring from the subject.

“Oh all right.” Harry said getting the message.

“Siliveya Hexington, the unruly Slytherin. Why don’t you ask Dumbledore to switch houses so you don’t have to be in one where everyone hates you.” Ron suggested.

“To be perfectly honest. I actually like Slytherin house. The mascot is cool, the Slytherin colours complement me well, and the common room is wonderful. The only thing I can’t stand is the other people I have to share it all with.” Siliveya explained.

Queenof Nobodies: "Hey all you fans out there! I hope you enjoyed the update. I'm still going to keep to the chronological order of the story but more things will be changed and altered as I write further. Meanwhile I'd love to hear any ideas you guys have. Later."

Chapter Ten-The Love Triangle

The next day it was time for Defense Against the Dark Arts class, and for meeting the new DADA teacher. Everyone was waiting for him in their seats. Hermione and Ron were sitting together while Siliveya and Harry sat behind them.

“Let me introduce you to your new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. *Me.*” the man announced entering the room. “Gilderoy Lockhart, Order of Merlin third class, honorary member of the Dark Force Defense League, and five times winner of Witch Weekly’s Most-Charming Smile Award. But I won’t talk about that. I didn’t get rid of the Bandon Banshee by smiling at him.” he continued while laughing obnoxiously making most of the girls swoon and the boys plus Siliveya look at each other with raised eyebrows.

“Is this guy for real?” Siliveya whispered to Harry who shrugged in reply.

“Now be warned. It is my job to arm you against the foulest creatures known to wizard kind.” Professor Lockhart said as he gestured towards a cage covered by a cloth with his wand. “You may find yourselves facing your worst fears in this room. Know only that no harm can befall you whilst I am here. I must ask you not to scream. It might provoke them!” he explained as he ripped the cloth of the cage to reveal strange blue creatures.

“Cornish pixies?” another Gryffindor named Seamus laughed.

“Freshly caught Cornish pixies.” Professor Lockhart reiterated causing everyone to laugh. “Laugh if you will Mr. Finnegan, but pixies can be devilishly tricky little blighters. Let’s see what you make of them.” he continue letting the pixies out of their cage.

The pixies went on a rampage, and ended up attacking everyone in the room. They ripped books apart, and even hoisted poor Neville up and hung him on the ceiling. Most of the students fled from the room leaving only Siliveya, Harry, Hermione, and Ron.

“AAAh, let go of me!” Siliveya cried as three pixies were pulling her into the room before she could leave.

“Siliveya hold on.” Harry said hitting the pixies over the head with a book causing them to let her go, but it also made Siliveya fall forward on the floor. “Siliveya are you alright?” he asked helping her to her feet.

“Yeah.” Siliveya replied.

“*Peskipaksi Pesternomi!*” Professor Lockhart yelled trying to cast a spell that failed miserably for one of the pixies stole his wand and used it to cause even more damage to the room. “I’ll trust you four to just round them back into their cage.” he said quickly fleeing to his office and locking the door.

“What do we do now?” Ron said aloud trying to smack the pixies away from himself.

“*Immobulus!*” Hermione yelled pointing her wand in the air freezing the pixies in midair.

“Why is it always me?” Neville asked aloud from spot on the ceiling.

“Uh oh. Hang on Neville.” Siliveya said she pulled out her wand. “Um let’s see...*Mobilicorpus!*” she shouted while pretending to point her wand at Neville as she used her free hand.

Unfortunately for Neville her concentration wasn’t too good. He levitated in the air for a few seconds, but then landed hard on his behind on the floor.

“Oops, Neville are you alright?” Siliveya asked as she rushed over to him.

“What the bloody hell was that?” Ron inquired.

“It was an advanced levitation spell that I’ve been trying to learn, but I don’t think I did it right.”, Siliveya answered. “I guess I’ll have to practice that one some more once I get back to the Slytherin common room.” she thought while helping Neville to his feet. “Some teacher Lockhart is. We should be lucky he didn’t have something *really* dangerous to show us.” she commented.

“Yeah, let’s head out of this dump.” Ron agreed while walking towards the door.

“Are you sure you’re alright Siliveya? You fell pretty hard.” Harry asked as he walked up to her and examined her carefully.

“Yes. Harry I told you already. Stop worrying so much.” Siliveya stated when she tripped after taking a step. “Okay, maybe not so much. But I can take care of myself, really.” she reassured rubbing her ankle.

“Don’t be stubborn. Here put your arm around my shoulders, and you can use me as a crutch.” Harry offered.

“All right, fine, if you insist. But let’s not make a habit of this.” Siliveya stated sighing as she put her arm around his shoulders.

“You mean me helping you or you falling on your behind?” Harry joked.

“Don’t be an arse Harry, it’s not a good look for you. It’s better suited for people like Malfoy.” Siliveya stated laughing.

Harry laughed along with her, and they hurried off to catch up with Ron and Hermione. They headed down to the Great Hall, and found everyone else that had ran out of class. Draco was being pestered by Pansy again when he saw Harry carrying Siliveya over to Gryffindor table.

“That’s the last straw.” Draco muttered to himself angrily.

“What’s the last straw Drakey?” Pansy asked while hugging onto his arm.

“None of your business, now let go!” Draco snapped yanking his arm back and standing up. “Hey Potter!” Draco yelled with Crabbe and Goyle following faithfully behind him.

“What do you want from us now Malfoy?” Siliveya asked as they turned to look at him.

“You.” Draco replied. “You insult me, my father, and every other Slytherin at this school, you betray your own house every time there’s a competition, and so far this year you haven’t sat at the Slytherin table once! And to add to it your Golden Boy Potter’s friend! Enough’s enough Siliveya! I’m gonna make you stop this little bloody game of yours if it’s the last thing I do!” he scolded grabbing hold of Siliveya’s free wrist and dragging her towards him.

Siliveya ended up falling on the floor from loss of balance, and glared up at Draco who smirked down at her. She roughly yanked her hand out of his grip and stood up.

“Oh and you think you’re any better Malfoy!” Siliveya spat. “You insult anyone and everyone until you realize they’re someone of importance, you purposely go out of your way to try to get other students in trouble then whine and complain when it doesn’t go the way you planned, and you...” she fired back before Draco did the most unlikely thing ever.

He kissed her. He kissed her right in front of everyone in the Great Hall. Siliveya pushed him off her and wiped her mouth being completely disgusted.

“What the bloody hell are you doing you asshole?!” Siliveya shouted furiously.

“Think of it as pay back you traitor. Besides I don’t see why you’re so angry, cause you didn’t seem to have a problem kissing me last year.” Draco teased while smirking.

“What!!” Harry, Hermione, and Ron said in unison with expressions of shock.

“It was only once, and it didn’t mean anything! I only did it because your arrogant ass wouldn’t shut up about Potter and the *Golden Trio*, and how you shouldn’t have had to serve detention! But seeing as how that didn’t work, I’ll just have to try THIS!” Siliveya yelled before giving Draco a swift kick to the groin.

Draco doubled over in pain as Crabbe, Goyle, and Pansy rushed to his aid. Ignoring the pain in her ankle, Siliveya stormed out of the Great Hall completely upset.

“Siliveya! Wait!” Harry called out as he ran after her.

However when he made it through the doors Siliveya was already gone. Hermione and Ron came into the corridor soon after.

“Did you catch her?” Hermione asked.

“No, Siliveya darted out of here pretty quick. She’s probably in the Slytherin common room right now.” Harry replied.

“I swear that girl is one surprise after another.” Ron said.

“I just hope she’s alright. Siliveya did seem quite upset.” Hermione commented worriedly.

Not knowing what else to do the three Gryffindors headed back into the Great Hall. Little did they know that this specific moment would cause a chain reaction of trouble yet to come.

Chapter Eleven- The First Attack

It was a new day and Harry was heading out to the playing field with his Quidditch team led by the Captain Oliver Wood.

"I spent the summer devising a whole new Quidditch program. We're gonna train harder and longer." Wood instructed.

It was then that he saw the Slytherin team approaching from the opposite direction with their Captain Marcus Flint.

"Hey Flint where are you off to?" Wood asked.

"Quidditch practice." Flint replied.

"I booked the pitch for Gryffindor today." Wood informed.

"Easy, Wood. I've got a note." Flint replied pulling out a note.

"I, Professor Severus Snape, do hereby give the Slytherin team permission to practice today, owing to the need to train their new seeker." Wood read. "You've got a new seeker? Who?" he questioned.

Flint and the other team members moved out of the way as Draco stepped forward.

"Malfoy?", Harry said in disbelief.

"That's right and that's not all that's new this year..." Draco stated proudly.

"Those are Nimbus two thousand and ones. How did you get those?" Ron asked gazing at the broomsticks they were carrying.

"A gift from Draco's father." Flint answered.

"Yeah Weasley. Unlike some, my father can afford *the best*." Draco taunted.

"At least no one on the Gryffindor team had to *buy* their way in, they got it on pure *talent*." Hermione stated.

“No one asked your opinion, You filthy little Mudblood.” Draco insulted.

“You’ll pay for that one Malfoy. Eat slugs!” Ron yelled pointing his broken wand at Draco, which backfired and sent him flying onto the floor.

The Gryffindors ran to their fallen friend. He was all right except for the fact that he was literally throwing up slugs. Harry and Hermione quickly picked Ron up, and ran back to the school while the Slytherins laughed at them.

“Pull!” yelled a voice from the Quidditch field.

The Slytherin team walked further towards the field to see Siliveya zooming by on a broom. There were a couple of first year Gryffindors standing in the sand pit in the center of the field watching Siliveya fly. She did a few loop de loops, and managed to do a handstand while flying a few meters.

“Wow, she’s good.” Flint commented watching in awe as were the other team members.

Siliveya was hovering for a bit when she caught her eye on her prize. The golden snitch was flying around the Ravenclaw pillar, and Siliveya immediately went for it. She weaved in between pillars chasing after the golden orb, but she couldn’t get close enough. Coming up with another plan, Siliveya brought herself to a laying down position on her broomstick and leap forward taking hold of the snitch in mid air. She quickly began to fall as gravity sunk in, but before she could drop too far, she summoned her broom to come up beneath her and glided safely down to the ground.

“That was amazing Siliveya!” one of the first year Gryffindors cheered.

“Thanks, now get going or you’ll be late for class.” Siliveya replied.

“Hey Hexington!” Flint called making Siliveya look in his direction.

“What are you doing here Flint? I thought the Gryffindor team was supposed to be practicing today.” Siliveya questioned as she walked to her fellow Slytherins.

“Change of schedules. And now if you’re willing to be apart of Slytherin house for once, I have a proposition for you.” Flint answered.

“Oh, what is it?” Siliveya inquired coolly.

“I saw your little stunt out on the on the Quidditch pitch just now. You’ve definitely got skills, and I believe you could be our new seeker on the team.” Flint explained.

“Well thanks for the compliment, I did a lot of practicing with Madame Hooch last year. But sorry I’m not interested.” Siliveya said turning around.

“Good, because I’m supposed to be the new seeker!” Draco argued causing Siliveya to smirk.

“Really? On second thought, I would love to be the new seeker.” Siliveya said aloud as she turned back to face them.

“Well then that’s settled. Welcome to the team.” Flint greeted.

“Are you serious? Flint remember who this is. Siliveya will just use this as another opportunity to screw Slytherin house over like she did last year.” Draco stated making the other team members nod in agreement.

“But Draco, wasn’t it you who said that I needed to quit this little bloody Gryffindor game of mine and be a real Slytherin? I think that this would actually be the perfect opportunity to prove myself. Don’t you think so Flint?” Siliveya persuaded giving them a sweet, innocent smile.

“My decision is final Draco. Siliveya is the new seeker.” Flint said.

“Oh thank you. And don’t worry, I won’t let you down. If anything it would my honor to be apart of your team Sefu Flint.” Siliveya said bowing respectfully at him.

“What so I’m kicked off the team just like that?! My father didn’t give you guys these new brooms just so you could get rid of me whenever!” Draco shouted furiously.

“You’re not off the team Draco. You’ll serve as a replacement in case she wouldn’t be able to play.” Flint informed. “Now if you’ll come with us Siliveya we’ll get you a uniform.” he said walking off.

Siliveya followed ignoring the glare Draco was giving her, but as soon as she was enough to him she put her head towards his ear.

“Just think of it as payback you asshole.” Siliveya whispered in Draco’s ear before continuing to follow the other team members.

That night Siliveya sat at the Slytherin table during dinner just so she could keep her new position on the team. Hermione and Ron asked her why, but she simply replied that it was a surprise and that they would find out later. Strangely Harry wasn’t present in the Great Hall so afterwards Hermione and Ron went to search for him. Once they finally ran into him, Harry was going on about something that was going to kill and ran off down the corridor with the two of them following close behind. What they found was shocking.

“The Chamber of Secrets has been opened. Enemies of the Heir, beware.” Hermione read from the message on the wall. “It’s written in blood.” she added examining it more closely.

“Oh no. It’s Filch’s cat. It’s Mrs. Norris.” Harry said looking up at the unmoving feline that was hanging from one of the torch holders.

Just then the rest of the school came as well as the teachers who all had worried glances on their faces.

“Enemies of the heir beware? You’ll be next mudbloods.” Draco taunted.

When Professor Dumbledore showed up he instructed everyone but Harry, Hermione, and Ron to leave. They were interrogated about what happened for Mr. Filch suspected that Harry was the who killed Mrs. Norris. After explaining the story it was proved that Harry was

innocent and that Mr. Norris was only petrified, but that did not mean that danger wasn't looming over the castle like a bad omen.

Chapter Twelve-The Turn Around

Everyone was in Transfiguration class, and Professor McGonagall was in the middle of teaching them how to transform animals into water goblets when Hermione asked about the Chamber of Secrets.

“You all know, of course that Hogwarts was founded over a thousand years ago by the four greatest witches and wizards of the age: Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Salazar Slytherin. Now, three of the founders coexisted quite harmoniously, one however did not. Salazar Slytherin wished to be more selective about the students admitted to Hogwarts. He believed magical learning should be kept within all-magic families. In other words, pure-bloods. Unable to sway the others, he decided to leave the school. Now according to legend, Slytherin had built a hidden chamber in this castle known as the Chamber of Secrets. Though, shortly before departing, he sealed it until that time when his own true heir returned to the school. The heir alone would be able to open the Chamber and release the horror within and by so doing, purge the school of all those who, in Slytherin’s view were unworthy to study magic.” Professor McGonagall explained.

“Professor? What exactly does legend tell us lies within the Chamber?” Hermione asked.

“The Chamber is known to be the home of something that only the Heir of Slytherin can control. It is said to be the home of a monster.” Professor McGonagall informed.

After class Harry, Hermione, and were pondering about whom the Heir could possibly be and set the results on Draco.

“Crabbe and Goyle must know, maybe we could trick them into telling?” Ron suggested just Siliveya rushed past them. “Hey Siliveya!” he called.

“Yeah, what’s up guys.” Siliveya greeted.

“We were discussing about who the Heir of Slytherin could be. We think that it’s Malfoy. Would you possibly know anything about it?” Harry asked.

“Nope. If it were true Malfoy wouldn’t tell me, since I am the outcast Slytherin and in connection with you guys.” Siliveya answered simply.

“Well would you come to the library with us? I think I might know a way to figure this out.” Hermione asked.

“Sorry, but I have something else to do, I’ll catch up with you guys later.” Siliveya replied continuing down the hall.

Later that day it was the big Quidditch game between Gryffindor and Slytherin. Siliveya was extra excited as she practically glided down the steps of girls' dorm room in her green Quidditch uniform.

“Everything is working according to plan. I will win the game against Gryffindor to please the crowd and piss Draco off, and then I’ll totally blow the championship game. Even better Lucius will be there, and he’ll find out that Draco pretty much got dropped from the team. That ought teach Malfoy not to embarrass me in front of the whole school again.” Siliveya thought triumphantly as she headed down the corridor from the common room entrance.

“*Everte Statum!*” yelled someone from behind her.

Suddenly a stream light hit Siliveya before she could react. She was blown into the wall and knocked unconscious.

“Looks like poor Siliveya won’t be able to make it to the match today. I guess I’ll just have to fill in.” Draco said aloud smirking. “Crabbe, Goyle put her back in the common room and make sure no one sees her.” he ordered.

They obeyed and Draco left for the Quidditch pitch. When he arrived the other team members were already there.

“Hey where’s Siliveya?” Flint questioned.

“Not sure. She said she wasn’t feeling so well, and went to the hospital wing.” Draco lied.

“Fine.” Flint sighed.

The game started and Slytherin became unbeatable with their new brooms and were soon in the lead. The snitch hadn't been spotted yet, but if Harry didn't find it soon there would no chance at winning for Slytherin already had ninety points. However, for some reason one of the bludgers started to chase Harry down like it was a heat-seeking missile. While Harry flew for his life Draco took the time to tease him until Harry finally started chasing the snitch. Draco followed suit and the two ended up in a neck in neck race. Suddenly Draco was distracted by the sound of someone screaming his name, which led to him crashing his broom and taking a painful landing onto the field. Meanwhile Harry managed to catch the snitch at the cost of getting his right arm broken by the rogue bludger and resulting in Gryffindor's victory.

During this time Siliveya had awakened in Slytherin's vacant common room underneath one of the couches.

"Wha...what happened?" Siliveya said groggily trying to recall recent events.

She crawled out from under the couch to see the common room abandoned. It was then that she noticed frosting stains on her uniform.

"Crabbe and Goyle." Siliveya thought instantly remembering. "No...he *didn't*." she said aloud running out of the common room and the castle.

She was standing in a corridor that had a view of the Quidditch pitch. And there she saw it. Everyone was out there cheering and the game had already been going on for a while.

"He *did*." Siliveya thought shocked. "MALFOY!!" she screamed as loud as she could at the field in pure anger.

Chapter Thirteen- The Suspect

At night another attack occurred and this time the victim was a first year Gryffindor. In order to keep the other students safe Professor Dumbledore created a dueling club for everyone to attend in the Great Hall. Everyone was gathered around one of the tables as Professor Snape and Lockhart were giving a demonstration. Naturally Lockhart got his ass whooped.

“An excellent idea to show them that, Professor Snape, but if you don’t mind me saying, it was pretty obvious what you were about to do. If I had wanted to stop you, it would have been only too easy.” Lockhart bragged despite the fact that he lost.

“Perhaps it would be prudent to first teach the students how to block unfriendly spells, Professor.” Professor Snape replied coolly while smirking a little.

“An excellent suggestion Professor Snape. Let’s have a volunteer pair. Potter, Weasley, how about you?” Lockhart said.

“Weasley’s wand causes devastation with the simplest spells. We’ll be sending Potter to the Hospital wing in a match box.” Professor Snape commented. “Might I suggest someone from my own house? Malfoy perhaps?” he added gesturing for Draco come.

Before Harry could get on the table Siliveya quickly jumped up the moment Professor Snape had mentioned Draco.

“Professors if it’s all right, I’d like to duel in Potter’s place.” Siliveya requested sweetly.

“Very well.” Professor Snape permitted.

Siliveya and Draco approached one another, as Lockhart instructed them.

“Have a nice nap during the game.” Draco taunted.

"It was actually quite wonderful knowing that you lost miserably while I was peacefully napping. I couldn't have done better myself." Siliveya teased back as they bowed and walked apart from each other.

"On the count of three cast your charms to disarm your opponent. Only to disarm." Lockhart instructed. "One...two..." he started to count.

"*Rictussempra!*" Draco shouted earlier than he was supposed to.

The spell went straight for Siliveya who dodged it by flipping to the side and landing on her hand.

"*Stupefy!*" Siliveya yelled casting the spell from her feet as she vertically flipped forward causing Draco to go flying backwards and land painfully on his ass.

Professor Snape helped Draco to his feet pushed him back to face Siliveya who was getting many shocked glances from the crowd.

"*Serpensortia!*" Draco yelled shooting a cobra from his wand that ended up biting Siliveya on the ankle.

"Ow! Get off!" Siliveya cried before kicking the snake off her leg and falling into a sitting position for her foot had gone numb. "I can't move." she said aloud while rubbing the bite mark and glaring at Draco.

"Hold on Hextington. I'll get rid of it for you." Professor Snape said walking over to it.

"Allow me, Professor Snape." Lockhart intervened. "*Alarte Ascendare!*" he shouted only making the snake shoot up into the air and come back down again.

This made the snake mad, and it started directing itself towards one of the Hufflepuff students. It was then that Harry climbed onto the table speaking some strange language to the snake. When the snake stopped advancing towards the other student Professor Snape destroyed it. However, everyone was looking at Harry with distaste

and surprise. Later on Siliveya had been taken to the hospital wing and Harry, Hermione, and Ron came to visit her.

“Do you think she’ll be alright? That was a nasty bite.” Harry said looking at Siliveya’s sleeping form on the bed.

“More importantly you’ve been a Parselmouth all this time? Why didn’t you tell us?” Siliveya asked obviously not being asleep.

“I’m a what?” Harry said confused.

“You can talk to snakes.” Hermione clarified.

“But so what? I bet loads of people here can do it.” Harry reasoned.

“No they can’t. It’s not a very common gift. This is bad.” Hermione answered. “There’s a reason the symbol of Slytherin house is a serpent. Salazar Slytherin was a Parselmouth. He could talk to snakes too.” she explained.

“Now the whole school’s gonna think you’re his great-great-great grandson.” Ron added.

“But I’m not.” Harry defended.

“He lived a thousand years ago. For all we know you could be.” Hermione said.

Chapter Fourteen-The Interrogation

Christmas was around the corner, but this time Siliveya didn't have to return to the Malfoys'. Instead she was lounging on one of the couches in the common room when Draco walked by and sat beside her.

"All the places to sit in this room and you had to sit here." Siliveya said annoyed.

"I'll sit wherever I want." Draco sneered. "By the way, have you seen Crabbe and Goyle?" he asked.

"I suspect they're still in the Great Hall stuffing their faces. Why, are you lonely since you're precious leech, Pansy, went home for the holidays?" Siliveya teased.

"No! I don't even like her! She's utterly disgusting!" Draco replied a bit taken back.

"Whatever you say, Malfoy." Siliveya said coolly she continued writing in her book.

"Hmph." Draco huffed storming out of the room.

"Man he's so easy to piss off." Siliveya thought watching him leave.

A short while later Draco returned with Crabbe and Goyle, and he took the initiative to sit right on top of Siliveya's book.

"Yeah sure. Just sit on other people's stuff like they're not using it." Siliveya said aloud.

"Fine I will." Draco smirked before turning towards Crabbe and Goyle who were nervously standing up as if they were waiting for something. "Well, sit down." he instructed and the two obeyed. "You'd never know the Weasley's were pure-bloods, the way they behave. They're an embarrassment to the wizarding world. *All* of them." he went on.

Strangely Crabbe started cracking his knuckles as if what was said affected him.

“What’s wrong with you Crabbe?” Draco asked.

“Stomachache.” Crabbe replied.

That’s when Siliveya perked up at the change in Crabbe’s voice. Well that, and the fact that neither one of them ever complained about a stomachache. She eyed the two boys with suspicion though she wasn’t quite sure what was wrong.

“You know, I’m surprised the Daily Prophet hasn’t done a report on all these attacks. I suppose Dumbledore is trying to hush it all up. Father always said Dumbledore was the worst thing that ever happened to this place.” Draco continued.

“You’re wrong!” Goyle defended.

Wait, Goyle defended? Goyle never defends anyone Draco hates let alone speaks out of turn. Siliveya glared in his direction. She figured it out; those two weren’t the real Crabbe and Goyle. However if that was the case then who were they?

“What! You think that there’s someone here who’s worse than Dumbledore?” Draco yelled as he stood up and towered over them. “Well...do you!” he demanded.

The fake Goyle cowered under both Draco’s and Siliveya’s gaze, before answering.

“Harry Potter?” the fake Goyle stuttered out in hopes that his reply would receive approval.

“Good one, Goyle. You’re absolutely right.” Draco agreed taking the bait. “Saint Potter.” he spat. “And people actually think that he’s the Heir of Slytherin?” he said aloud.

“Well the people in this school aren’t exactly the brightest bulbs around.” Siliveya commented.

“But then you must have some idea who’s behind it all?” the fake Goyle asked.

"You know I don't Goyle. I told you yesterday. How many times do I have to tell you?" Draco replied as he walked over to the table. "But my father did say this. It's been fifty years since the chamber was opened. He wouldn't tell me who opened it. Only that they were expelled. The last time the chamber of secrets was opened, a mud-blood died. So it's only a matter of time before one of them is killed this time." he explained. "As for me...I hope it's Granger." he said smirking.

The fake Crabbe immediately stood up like he was ready to fight, but the fake Goyle held him back. Meanwhile Siliveya had sort of a grim look on her face as she sunk back into her book.

"What's the matter with you two? You acting very odd." Draco questioned.

"It's his stomachache." the fake Goyle reasoned.

Draco turned to open a package on the table while Siliveya glanced back up to the two phonies. Suddenly Goyle had a lightning bolt scar emerging from his forehead, and Crabbe was changing from a brunette to a redhead. Upon noticing their change in appearance they darted out of the common room ignoring Draco's calls to come back.

"What is going on with those two?" Draco said aloud.

"Not sure, but I know I was right about one thing. This school is definitely not filled with the brightest people, and you're living proof. Happy Christmas." Siliveya replied coolly as she got up and headed back to the girls' dorm leaving Draco with a half confused half angry expression.

Draco decided to not allow Siliveya to have the last word and followed her. Although the common rooms could easily be shared by both genders the dormitories were stricter. Girls had easy access to wherever they wanted to be within their own house, but if a boy were to try and sneak into the girls' dorm the stairs would automatically turn into a slide. Well when Draco had reached the bottom of the stairs Siliveya was only half way up, and before her foot could touch the next step the ground instantly flattened. Completely surprised by

this, Siliveya fell forward and slid back down right into Draco knocking him over.

“Get off of me.” Siliveya said annoyed as she untangled her legs from Draco’s.

“Well maybe if you weren’t such a klutz, you wouldn’t have slid into me.” Draco argued.

“You’re the moron who put your stupid feet on the stairs.” Siliveya argued back. “What is your problem!?” she demanded more than asked.

“What? Did you expect me to just let you walk off after insulting me?” Draco sneered.

“Oh you actually figured it out this time? Wow, three minutes...this must be a new record for you.” Siliveya stated smirking.

“On second thought I hope the heir of Slytherin makes *you* their next victim instead of Granger.” Draco scoffed.

“But I thought the heir was only after muggle-borns? And if that’s not the case then maybe you should be watching *your* back.” Siliveya replied coolly.

“Why would the heir of Slytherin be after me?” Draco retorted.

“Hey, the writing on the wall said *Enemies of the Heir Beware*, not muggle-borns and other supposed riffraff of the school. For all we know the heir could see you as an annoying, spoiled prat that needs to be downsized a great deal.” Siliveya stated flatly before turning towards the staircase.

“Please, you think you know the mind of the heir?” Draco replied.

“No I don’t, it was just a guess.” Siliveya said while biting her bottom lip nervously. “Now goodnight, Malfoy.” she added before storming up the stairs.

Months had passed by since Christmas and everything couldn't have gotten more complicated. Another attack was committed on a Hufflepuff student and Nearly Headless Nick, who was the ghost of Gryffindor house. And soon Harry was no longer the accused. Hagrid had become the culprit for Harry had found out, from a mysterious diary that belonged to an old student named Tom Riddle, that Hagrid was involved when the Chamber of Secrets was opened fifty years ago. However, nothing would prepare them for what happened next.

Professor McGonagall had called Harry, Ron, and Siliveya to the Hospital wing to see a horrible sight.

"I must warn you. This might be a wee bit of a shock." Professor McGonagall stated.

"Hermione." Ron said in shock.

"Oh no." Siliveya said softly.

Hermione was lying on one of the beds petrified. She had been attacked by the monster. Right afterward all the students were directed to their common rooms. Harry, Ron, and Siliveya were walking together down one of the corridors in silence.

"Something has to be done about this." Siliveya said aloud.

"About what?" Ron asked.

"About these attacks. About the Chamber of Secrets." Siliveya replied.
"There's has to be some way to end all of this." she added.

"Well I'm sure the Professors are doing everything they can. Even though we do have another lead on who the culprit is." Harry stated.

"Who?" Siliveya asked.

"Hagrid." Ron answered.

"Hagrid? But why would he do something like this?" Siliveya said disbelievingly.

"I don't know, but we think he opened the Chamber of Secrets fifty years ago. And if he did he'll know where it is and how to open it." Harry replied.

"Wait a sec, how do you know all of this information. I don't recall this being apart of any of the Professors' explanations." Siliveya questioned skeptically.

"We just know okay. Now are you going to help us or not?" Ron said a bit rudely.

"I'm sorry, I truly am. But I have something I need to do. You can let me know whatever information you guys find out later. Goodnight." Siliveya said bowing before she headed in the direction of the Slytherin common room.

"She's really has been acting strange lately, hasn't she?" Harry said aloud as he watched her leave.

"Please, when does she *not* act strange." Ron stated.

Chapter Fifteen- The Heir of Slytherin

Without Siliveya's help Harry and Ron proceeded with their plans in finding out if Hagrid was the culprit. However when they sneaked out of the common room to ask him, he was arrested by the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, and taken to Azkaban. Furthermore, Professor Dumbledore was relieved from the school as Headmaster, which could only mean more trouble would arise. In search of the truth Harry and Ron discovered that Hagrid did not commit the crime from his giant pet spider Aragog. He was actually framed. From that moment on it seemed unclear where to start next. For right now Harry and Ron just took the extra time they had to visit Hermione.

"I wish you were here Hermione. We need you. Now more than ever." Harry said.

It was then that Harry discovered a piece of paper crumbled up in Hermione's hand.

"Of most fearsome beats, none is more deadly than the basilisk. Capable of living for hundreds of years, instant death awaits any who meet this giant serpent's eye. Spiders flee before it." Harry read. "Ron this it is. The monster in the chamber is a basilisk. That's why I can hear it speak. It's a snake." he concluded.

"But if it kills by looking people in the eye, why is it no one's dead?" Ron questioned.

"Because no one did look it in the eye. Not directly at least." Harry answered.

"But how's it been getting around? A dirty, great snake. Someone would have seen it." Ron asked.

"Hermione's answered that too." Harry replied showing Ron the paper that had the written word pipes at the bottom.

"Pipes? It's using the plumbing." Ron said nervously.

"Remember what Aragog said about that girl? She died in a bathroom? What if she never left?" Harry said.

“Moaning Myrtle.” Ron answered.

“All students are to return to their house dormitories at once. All teachers to the second-floor corridor immediately.”, Professor McGonagall’s voice rang through the school halls.

Instead of obeying the Professor’s commands Harry and Ron left for the corridor where the Professors already were.

“As you can see, the Heir of Slytherin has left another message. Our worst fear has been realized. A student has been taken by the monster into the Chamber itself. The students must be sent home. I’m afraid this is the end of Hogwarts.” Professor McGonagall informed worriedly.

“So sorry. Dozed off. What have I missed?” Lockhart said nonchalantly.

“A girl has been snatched by the monster, Lockhart. Your moment has come at last.” Professor Snape answered.

“M...my moment?” Lockhart stuttered.

“Weren’t you saying just last night that you’ve known all along where the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets is?” Professor Snape replied.

“That’s settled. We’ll leave you to deal with the monster, Gilderoy. Your skills, after all, are legend.” Professor McGonagall decided.

“Very well. I’ll be in my office, getting ready.” Lockhart replied as he left down the corridor.

“Who is it that the monster’s taken, Minerva?” Madame Pomfrey asked.

“Siliveya Hexington.” Professor McGonagall answered.

The teachers left the corridor and Harry and Ron came closer to read the message.

“Her Skeleton will lie in the Chamber forever.” Ron read.

"Siliveya." Harry said sadly. "Come on Ron, we have to do something." he said.

Harry and Ron proceeded to Lockhart's office to find out he was running away. As already expected Lockhart was a fraud who stole the victories of other wizards and witches by wiping them of their memories. With a bit of resistance they forced Lockhart to join them with finding the Chamber of Secrets. It was located in the abandoned girls' lavatory where the ghost Moaning Myrtle haunted. Through her Harry figured out that the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets was the large sink in the middle of the floor.

Harry said a few words in parseltongue, and was able to open it. The three of them headed down the pipes until they reached a cave like area where Lockhart decided to turn on them. However when he cast his memory erasing charm he was using Ron's wand, and the spell backfired and wiped his memory instead. The fight created a rock slide causing the two Gryffindors to be separated and, Harry had to make the rest of the journey alone.

Harry found the center of the Chamber, which was decorated with statues of serpents, and further on was Siliveya's lifeless body lying on the cold, stone ground. Harry rushed to her as fast as his feet would take him.

"Siliveya! Siliveya, please don't be dead. Wake up." Harry said worriedly as he lightly shook her form.

"She won't wake." another voice said.

Harry saw a teenaged boy appear a little ways away from them. He looked to be about sixteen, and was dressed in Slytherin robes.

"Tom, Tom Riddle?" Harry said recognizing the teenager from the mysterious diary. "What do you mean, she won't wake? She's not...?" he asked.

"She's still alive, but only just." Tom replied as he walked up to him.

"Are you a ghost?" Harry questioned.

“No, I’m a memory preserved in a diary for fifty years.” Tom answered.

“She’s as cold as ice. Siliveya, please don’t be dead. Wake up.” Harry said feeling her pulse when he noticed Tom taking his wand. “Give me my wand.” he said.

“You won’t be needing it.” Tom said simply.

“We’ve got to go. We’ve got to save her.” Harry said urgently.

“I’m afraid I can’t do that. You see, as poor Siliveya grows weaker, I grow stronger.” Tom said making Harry look at him in realization. “Yes, Harry, it was Siliveya Hexington who opened the Chamber of Secrets. It was Siliveya who sent the basilisk on the Mudbloods and Filch’s cat...Siliveya who wrote the threatening messages on the walls.” Tom informed.

“No, why would she...” Harry said in disbelief.

“Because I told her to. You’ll find that I can be very persuasive. Although I’ll admit at first she was easy to persuade to do it on her own, the damage she caused scared her, and she tried to resist so I put her in a sort of trance. However even with that, the power of the diary frightened her still and she tried to dispose of it in the girls’ bathroom. And who should find it but you, the very person I’ve been so anxious to meet.”, Tom explained. “Tell me how is it that a baby with no extraordinary magical talent was able to defeat the greatest wizard of all time? How did you escape with nothing but a scar while Lord Voldemort’s powers were destroyed?” Tom added angrily.

“Why do you care how he escaped? Voldemort was after your time.” Harry replied.

“Voldemort is my past, present, and future.” Tom stated.

“You. You’re the Heir of Slytherin. You’re Voldemort.” Harry said shocked.

Chapter Sixteen- The Hexington Family Secret

“Surely you didn’t think I was going to keep my filthy Muggle father’s name? No. I fashioned myself a new name, a name I knew wizards everywhere would one day fear to speak when I became the greatest sorcerer in the world.” Tom ranted.

“Albus Dumbledore is the greatest sorcerer in the world.” Harry defended.

Just as he said that a phoenix flew into the chamber and dropped down an old hat.

“So this is what Dumbledore sends his great defender. A songbird and an old hat.” Tom mocked as Harry ran his hand through the empty hat. “*SssSasssslithain.*” he spoke directing his hand towards the large statue in the back. “Let’s match the power of Lord Voldemort against the famous Harry Potter.” Tom challenged as the basilisk slithered out of the mouth of the statue. “*SSsssvahavessss.*” he ordered towards the huge snake. “*Parseltounge* won’t save you now Harry, it only obeys me.” he shouted Harry ran for his life.

Harry tried to run back the way he came when he tripped and fell. The basilisk was ready to strike, but before it could the phoenix showed up again and sliced the basilisk’s eyes with its talons.

“No! Your bird may have blinded the basilisk, but it can still hear you!” Tom shouted angrily.

Harry tried to keep quiet, but it was hard to on the water-soaked floor. The basilisk located him easily and chased poor Harry all around the Chamber. Harry was able to hide and return to where Tom was and kneeled down by Siliveya.

“Yes, Potter. The process is nearly complete. In a few minutes, Siliveya Hexington will be dead, and I will cease to be a memory. Lord Voldemort will return, very much alive.” Tom stated.

“Siliveya?” Harry said before the basilisk came out from under the water.

Suddenly a sword appeared out of the old hat and Harry used it to fight against the basilisk. He climbed the vertical rock face dodging the serpent's strikes when he dropped the sword. The basilisk was right on him so Harry quickly grabbed the sword and jabbed it into its mouth and running it through its skull. The basilisk fell to the ground finally defeated, and Harry limped his way back over to Siliveya. Harry collapsed on the ground for the one of the basilisk's fangs were engorged in his arm.

"Remarkable isn't it? How quickly the venom of the basilisk penetrates the body?" Tom informed. "I'd guess you have little more than a minute to live. You'll be with your dear, mud-blood mother soon, Harry. Funny, the damage a silly little book can do in the hands of a silly little girl." he mocked.

However instead of being bothered by Tom's words, Harry took the fang from his arm and stabbed the diary with it. From this Tom's figure began to fade away until he was no more. Right afterwards Siliveya's eyes shot open and she was able to sit up. She turned to see Harry still kneeling beside her.

"Harry I'm so sorry. It was me. I wanted to tell you...I wanted to stop it." Siliveya faltered.

"It's alright Siliveya. It's not your fault." Harry reasoned.

"No, it is." Siliveya started to explain before she saw his arm. "Harry you're hurt." she said concerned.

"Don't worry I'll be fine." Harry replied when the phoenix flew over to him, and healed his arm using its tears. "That's right Phoenixes have healing powers." he said to himself. "Come on Siliveya, Ron's waiting outside." Harry said standing up.

"No Harry, there's something you need to understand." Siliveya said urgently as she tugged on his sleeve.

"Look I told you it wasn't your fault. Tom Riddle over powered you." Harry said.

"No, he didn't Harry. Not at first at least. Harry listen to me, I opened the Chamber of Secrets on purpose." Siliveya replied nervously.

"What! Why? Why would you attack everyone? You attacked Hermione!" Harry said shocked.

"I know, and it was a mistake. I never wanted to attack Hermione and the others, but Riddle tricked me. I found the diary amongst the rest of my schoolbooks at the beginning of first term, and I looked through it to find it was empty. I thought it was a bit odd, because I had never packed it when I left the Malfoys' at the end of the summer so I tossed it aside. But that day...that day when Malfoy kissed me, and harassed me in front of the school...I was just so upset and furious at him...that I...I started writing in the diary. I wrote about how much I hated Draco, and wished that him and everyone else like him would just disappear. Then Tom Riddle told me that there was a way to, The Chamber of Secrets. He said I could use it to get rid of everyone that bothered me and at the time I was so angry and frustrated that I gave in. I went to the Chamber and found the basilisk to use against Malfoy. But everything went horribly wrong. Riddle possessed me and had me attack Filch's cat and write the message. After that every time the opportunity came along he would control me and use me to attack one of the muggle-borns." Siliveya explained.

"But Siliveya why didn't you say something? We could have ended it." Harry asked.

"I wanted to so badly. But I was afraid if I did no one would believe me, and I'd be taken to Azkaban." Siliveya answered sadly.

"Siliveya they wouldn't have sent you to prison if they knew that you were possessed." Harry said trying to comfort her.

"Harry it's more then that. You see, I'm the Heir of Slytherin." Siliveya confessed.

"No Tom Riddle...Lord Voldemort, he's the Heir not you." Harry said corrected.

"Harry, Salazar Slytherin had two children. His son got married, and went on to continue the family line that leads up to Voldemort. But his

daughter married my ancestor Nomarus Hexington, and the family goes directly down to me.” Siliveya informed as she took a dark emerald green headdress from her pocket.

The headdress was small and had an emerald gem in the center with a tiny diamond serpent on the front of the gem.

“I found this in a secret room at my manor. It belonged to Salazar Slytherin, and he gave to his wife as a wedding present. As a tradition his wife passed it down to his daughter who past it down to her child and so forth. I am an Heir of Slytherin Harry. I can speak parseltongue and I had the power to control the basilisk on my own. At first I tried to get rid of the diary by throwing it in the girls’ bathroom. But when I had heard that you found it, I didn’t want anyone else to suffer the same fate I did so I took it back. However the moment I did Riddle took control of me again and that’s when Hermione got attacked. I felt so guilty that I came down here into the Chamber to destroy the basilisk and the diary, but something happened and the next thing I knew I was waking up with you right here.” Siliveya cried.

“It’s alright Siliveya, don’t cry. I know you’ve been through a lot, but it’s over. It’s just a memory.” Harry consoled. “Come on, Ron’s waiting.” he said.

“Oh and Harry you have to promise you won’t tell anyone about my family’s origin.” Siliveya said as she stood up.

“Why?” Harry asked.

“You as I mentioned before my father’s side of the family was full of Slytherin’s with Gryffindor personalities. Each generation did something that would always mess up our fellow Slytherin’s, and they held their heads high with pride because no one knew that they were princes and princesses of Slytherin.” Siliveya answered.

“So you want to keep it a secret for tradition?” Harry clarified.

“Not really, but ever since the Chamber of Secrets was opened fifty years ago my family made it crucial to keep it a secret so that we could never be accused. Please Harry you have to promise me not to tell anyone, not even Ron and Hermione.” Siliveya pleaded.

“Of course, but first tell me how is it you got into the Gryffindor common room.” Harry asked.

“Slytherin was very crafty when it came to hiding things in this school. This headdress has the power to let me apparate from place to place. It even breaks through areas that have magical barriers like the school. Plus, I also thought it would be fair since you and Ron got a glimpse of Slytherin’s common room under the influence of Polyjuice potion.” Siliveya teased.

“You knew.” Harry said surprised.

“After a little attention to detail and research yes. Malfoy might have been dumb enough to fool, but I wasn’t. I’ve been around Crabbe and Goyle long enough to know how they normally act and you two weren’t even close.” Siliveya replied smirking.

“Not even a little.” Harry said returning her smirk.

“Nope.” Siliveya laughed as the two of them left through the exit of the Chamber.

Chapter Seventeen-The Presence of Love

Harry, Siliveya, and Ron headed to Dumbledore's office where he thanked Harry and Ron for their help, and instructed Ron to send a letter to Azkaban to release Hagrid.

"Harry, you must have shown me real loyalty in the Chamber, nothing but that would of have called Fox to you." Professor Dumbledore commented. "But I sense that something is troubling you." he added.

"Well, I couldn't help but notice certain similarities between Tom Riddle and me." Harry replied.

"I see. You can speak Parseltounge Harry. Why? Because Lord Voldemort can speak Parseltounge. If I'm not mistaken Harry, he transferred some of his powers to you the night he gave you that scar." Professor Dumbledore explained.

"Lord Voldemort transferred some of his powers to Harry?" Siliveya questioned.

"Well not intentionally, but yes." Professor Dumbledore clarified.

"So the Sorting Hat was right. I should be in Slytherin." Harry said aloud.

"You in Slytherin? Harry you don't belong with us. Trust me, none of the other people in Slytherin would be as brave as you or as caring. They only worry about themselves and other Slytherins." Siliveya said.

"Although what Ms. Hexington said proves to be true. You do possess many of the qualities that Voldemort himself prizes. Determination, resourcefulness, and if I may say so, a certain disregard for the rules. Why then did the Sorting Hat place you in Gryffindor?" Professor Dumbledore asked.

"Because I asked it to." Harry replied.

"Exactly Harry. Which makes you different from Voldemort. It is not our abilities that show what we truly are. It is our choices." Professor Dumbledore explained.

Suddenly the door swung opened and Lucius Malfoy entered the room. By his side was a small house elf cowering at his feet.

“Dobby. So this is your master. The family you serve is the Malfoys.” Harry stated while Siliveya hid behind him.

“So it’s true. You have returned.” Lucius said.

“When the governors learned that Ms. Hexington was taken into the Chamber they saw fit to summon me back. Curiously though several of them were under the impression that you would curse their families if they did not agree to suspend me in the first place.” Dumbledore replied simply.

“My sole concern has always been and will always be the welfare of this school and its students.” Lucius informed looking towards Harry and Siliveya. “The culprit was identified I presume?” He asked.

“Yes.” Dumbledore replied.

“And, who was it?” Lucius questioned.

“Voldemort.” Dumbledore answered after sharing a glance with Harry. “Only this time he chose to act through somebody else by means of this.” he continued while holding up the diary. “One hopes that no more of Lord Voldemort’s old school things end up in innocent hands. The consequences for the one responsible would be severe.” he added.

“Well, let us hope that Mr. Potter will always be around to save the day.” Lucius said sternly.

“Don’t worry he will be.” Siliveya defended.

Lucius left taking poor abused Dobby with him.

“Poor Dobby.” Siliveya said concerned.

“Oh right.” Harry said remembering. “Um Professor could I borrow that?” Harry asked directing his attention to the diary.

Harry was able to take the diary, and ran out into the hall with Siliveya to catch up with Lucius.

“Mr. Malfoy. Mr. Malfoy!” Harry called until Lucius turned around. “I have something of yours.” he said handing him the diary.

“Mine? I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Lucius denied.

“I think you do sir. I think after you caught Siliveya that day in Diagon Alley, you slipped the diary into her luggage when her and Draco were leaving for school. I also think you knew what the diary was capable of so you knew that Siliveya would eventually be killed and that would serve as the *punishment of a lifetime* you were going to give her for not obeying you.” Harry explained glaring at him.

“You do, do you? Why don’t you prove it.” Lucius challenged as he gave the diary to Dobby. “Come Dobby.” he commanded walking off.

“Open it.” Siliveya whispered to Dobby.

Dobby did to see a sock lying within the pages.

“Master has given Dobby a sock. Master has presented Dobby with clothes. Dobby is free.” Dobby said happily.

Lucius looked at Harry who pulled up his pants leg to show a missing sock.

“You lost me my servant!” Lucius shouted pulling his wand from his cane and pointing it at them.

“You shall not harm them.” Dobby defended and shot a beam of light from his hand at Lucius making him fall backwards.

“Both of your parents were meddlesome fools too. Mark my words, Potter. One day soon you’re going to meet the same sticky end. And as for you Siliveya you’d better enjoy your last few days here, cause you’re mine once you set foot off that train.” Lucius threatened.

Once Lucius was gone Dobby turned to Harry and Siliveya with gratitude.

"Harry Potter freed Dobby, how can Dobby ever repay him?" Dobby asked.

"Just promise me something." Harry said. "Never try to save my life again." he said.

"Harry don't be mean. Dobby comes in handy for quick saves." Siliveya commented.

"Thanks Miss. Dobby is just so glad to see you're still alive Ms. Hexington." Dobby said.

"You know Dobby for now you can stay in my manor. You can have access to everything and just relax. Plus I'm sure Ellie would like some company." Siliveya offered.

"Oh thank you Ms. Hexington. Dobby is most grateful. Dobby will go there right now." Dobby replied as he vanished.

"Who's Ellie?" Harry asked.

"The elf that lives at my manor. By the way, I wanted to thank you Harry for saving me back there." Siliveya replied.

"It was no problem." Harry replied.

"Yeah, I don't usually do this, but..." Siliveya said under her breath before giving him a kiss on the cheek. "You're not half bad kid.", she added.

"Thanks." Harry replied slightly blushing. "Siliveya I know it might not be much, and I'm not sure if my Aunt and Uncle would agree to it. But would you like to stay over at my house over the summer?" he offered.

"Are you sure Harry? You told me before how your relatives are with this world and magic." Siliveya questioned looking up at him.

"I'll find a way. I just don't think it would be alright for you to return to the Malfoys' now. But wait couldn't you stay in your manor?" Harry questioned.

“No, even though it is mine but ever since Lucius gained custody over me I’m not allowed to live there by myself until I’m of age.” Siliveya replied sadly.

“Well then it’s settled. You’ll come live with me.” Harry decided.

“Perfect.” Siliveya said smiling.

Chapter Eighteen- The End of Another Year

The Great Hall was filled with everyone chatting and celebrating, and as usual Siliveya had taken her seat at the Gryffindor table between Harry and Ron.

"Hey Harry it's Hermione." Neville said looking in the direction of the door.

And yes right there was Hermione no longer petrified. Harry, Ron, and Siliveya immediately rushed over to their friend and shared grateful hugs. Or at least Siliveya and Harry did, when it was Ron's turn the two looked at each other shyly and shook hands.

"Welcome back Hermione." Ron said.

"It's good to be back. I can't believe you solved it." Hermione said.

"We couldn't have done it without you." Harry said.

"Thanks." Hermione replied.

The four of them went back to sit down and that's when Hagrid stepped through the door. He thanked Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Siliveya for helping him. Once again it was the end of another year, and at the end of the train ride at platform nine and three quarters Siliveya and Harry left the train together.

"Hey where are you going Siliveya?" Draco's voice called out.

"Wherever I want Malfoy." Siliveya spat.

"Just wait till I tell my father about this." Draco threatened.

"Look Draco you and your father can kiss my ass." Siliveya replied. "Come on Harry." she said taking him by the hand and walking towards the entrance to King Cross station.

QueenofNobodies: "Well it's the end of another season. Hope you enjoyed and see you soon."

Chapter Nineteen- The Dursleys'

Summer's long awaited end was coming closer, but it couldn't come soon enough for Harry since he was staying with his *delightful, loving* relatives in the muggle world. The only uplifting thing about it was that his new girlfriend Siliveya was staying over. And she couldn't have been happier, because for Siliveya the Dursleys' were a much milder version of the Malfoys'. They acted the same, but the difference was one had magic and hated muggles while the other were muggles and hated magic. Why it seemed like only yesterday that Siliveya had conned her way into the Dursleys' house.

When Harry and Siliveya left Draco at platform nine and three quarters and reentered King Cross station, Harry went ahead and met up with his Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia, and cousin Dudley. The following day there was a knock at the door of the Dursleys' home on Pivet Drive, and Harry's Uncle answered it to find a twelve year old "muggle" girl dressed in fancy clothes that were ripped and scorched on his doorstep.

"Please help me sir. My name is Siliveya and my home was robbed by a horrible man. My mother had me run away. The last thing I saw was my house being burnt to the ground and my parents were still inside. I've been running for days, and I only ask for food and a place to stay." Siliveya acted out.

By this time Harry's Aunt had come to the door as well. Harry and Siliveya had devised a plan of how to get her to stay with them and the only way was by pretending Siliveya was a muggle. Siliveya gave them the most pathetic, adorable pleading face she could muster, but Harry's Uncle wasn't buying it.

"Nice sap story, but go find some orphanage to take you in you bloody brat." Harry's Uncle spat as he slammed the door in her face.

Not giving up, Siliveya knocked on the door once more and Harry's Uncle opened it up with an annoyed look on his face.

"You again! Look I told you to find some other sucker to sell your story to!" Harry's Uncle bellowed slamming the door but this time Siliveya caught it with her foot.

“I know what you said sir.” Siliveya said opening the door again. “But my high class family would be turning in their graves if they found out that I was staying in a filthy orphanage. And for your hospitality for letting me stay I’m am obligated to give you this.” she continued holding out a small envelope.

Harry’s Uncle took the envelope, opened it, and nearly fainted from what he saw.

“Petunia come here! Look, this must be ten thousand pounds in here.” Harry’s Uncle said excitedly. “Hold on. How did a little thing like you get hold of this.” he asked skeptically.

“You see I’m the sole heiress to a wealthy fortune, and whoever takes me in receives one hundred thousand pounds every year I live there until I’m eighteen.” Siliveya lied.

Harry’s Uncle and Aunt looked at one another like they hit the jackpot and without hesitation brought Siliveya into the house.

“Oh you poor thing let’s get you inside and fed. By the way you can call me Aunt Petunia.” Harry’s Aunt said sweetly as she led her to the table.

“And I’m Uncle Vernon and this is our son Dudley.” Harry’s Uncle said gesturing towards the obese boy stuffing his face at the table.

“Nice to meet you I’m Siliveya.” Siliveya said towards the boy who continued to stuff his face, which personally reminded her of a cross between Crabbe and Goyle.

It was then that Harry had come down the stairs, and upon his arrival his Aunt and Uncle tried to block him from view.

“Um, who’s that?” Siliveya questioned although she already knew who it was.

“He’s no one. Don’t worry about it.” Harry’s Uncle said pushing Harry back towards the stairs.

“Well a he can’t be no one, and if I’m going to live here I should know everyone who lives here.” Siliveya insisted. “Hi I’m Siliveya.” she falsely introduced.

“I’m Harry.” Harry falsely introduced as well.

Well it had been two months since then and everything was going well. The Dursleys’ pampered Siliveya to death feeling that she was their ticket to the good life. And when they weren’t around Siliveya would hang out with Harry. They had grown up during that time too. Harry had gotten taller and his voice deeper, while Siliveya developed a more defined, feminine figure. Unfortunately, during that time Siliveya had fallen ill. It wasn’t a regular cold or anything, but she would always become dizzy and her body would start burning up. It happened at random moments, and even the Muggle doctors couldn’t figure out what was wrong. That’s when it clicked to Siliveya; it was that spell, the curse that Lucius had put on her. There was no doubt in her mind that Lucius had put it into affect when Draco blabbed about her leaving with Harry.

It was night and Harry was doing some of his homework from school. There was a popping noise, and Siliveya appeared on his bed.

“Doing your homework so late at night?” Siliveya asked.

“You know we can’t do anything that has to do with the school when my Aunt and Uncle are up.” Harry said.

“True, but I was hoping you could take a break to open up your birthday gift.” Siliveya said pulling out a box from behind her.

“It is my birthday isn’t it?” Harry said looking at the clock to see that it was one o’ clock in the morning. “Thanks.” he said happily as he took the box and opened it.

Inside was a silver chain bracelet with the words *forever yours* on it.

“Do you like it?” Siliveya asked.

“Of course.” Harry said putting it on.

“Good.” Siliveya said excitedly while clapping.

“Not so loud. You’re going to wake everyone up.” Harry panicked.

“No they won’t. I slipped them a sleeping potion that I bought from Diagon Alley in their food during dinner. An earthquake wouldn’t wake them up.” Siliveya replied confidently.

“All right. Come to think of it, you’ve never mentioned when *your* Birthday is.” Harry inquired .

“Actually my birthday was two days ago, but I didn’t really need to celebrate it. And as for presents you already gave me one.” Siliveya said as she stood up and walked over to him.

“Oh and what was that?” Harry asked smiling.

“Well you did rescue me from the evil Malfoys. That’s the best present as far I’m concerned.” Siliveya answered giving him a kiss.

“In that case, Happy Belated Birthday.” Harry said breaking the kiss. “I almost forgot. Our Hogwarts letters came in.” he said handing Siliveya hers.

She read it but turned pale when she saw a form.

“We have to get permission from our parents or guardians in order to go to Hogsmeade.” Siliveya choked on her words.

“I know, this will be difficult.” Harry agreed.

“At least maybe you can try to butter up your Uncle and Aunt, but I can’t go anywhere near the Malfoys. I guess Hogsmeade is out of the question for me.” Siliveya said discouraged.

“I’m sure we’ll find a way. In the meantime we’d better get some sleep., Harry suggested. “Goodnight.” he added.

“Goodnight.” Siliveya replied as she apparated back into her room.

It was the next day and the Dursleys’ were having company, Uncle Vernon’s sister. Harry’s Aunt and Uncle were bustling about trying to

get everything ready. Dudley and Siliveya were placed at the table while Harry became the servant and was ordered to clean and set the silverware.

“Harry, open the door.” Aunt Petunia ordered.

Harry proceeded to do so and on the other side was an old, fat woman with Uncle Vernon.

“Marge, how lovely to see you.” Aunt Petunia greeted as the two hugged.

“Oh, you’re still here, are you?” Aunt Marge said disgustingly towards Harry.

“Yes.” Harry replied sternly.

“Don’t say yes in that ungrateful way. Damn good of my brother to keep you. He’d have been straight to an orphanage if he’d been dumped on my doorstep.” Aunt Margie ranted. “Is that my Dudders? Is that my little neffy-pooh?” she babbled giving Dudley a bunch of kisses.

It was then she saw Siliveya sitting boredly at the table.

“And who is this? Another unfortunate you’ve taken in Vernon?” Aunt Marge questioned.

“Yes, but this one’s been orphaned recently and is sitting on a large sum of money that we may partake in if we keep her.” Aunt Petunia replied a little too happily.

“Is that so? Well at least you have some value. What is your name dear?” Aunt Margie asked obnoxiously.

“Siliveya ma’am.” Siliveya answered not liking the woman one bit.

“And well mannered too. Yes, I see promise in this one.” Aunt Marge commented.

Later that day everyone had finished eating or at least everyone but Harry. He on the other hand was picking up the plates and doing the dishes. Siliveya of course got up and started helping him.

“Now dear, you don’t need to do that let the boy handle it.” Aunt Marge said.

“No, he needs help. Besides it’s only polite.” Siliveya replied sweetly though her words translated to *Harry shouldn’t be doing this at all.*

“So where are you sending them Vernon?” Aunt Marge inquired.

“Well were going to send Siliveya to the same school Dudley attends. However Harry goes to St. Brutus’. It’s a fine institution for hopeless cases.” Uncle Vernon replied.

“Do they use a cane at St. Brutus’, boy?” Aunt Marge asked.

“Oh yeah. Yeah. I’ve been beaten loads of times.” Harry lied sarcastically causing Siliveya to giggle behind him.

“Excellent. I won’t have this namby-pamby wishy-washy nonsense about not beating people who deserve it.”, Aunt Marge said acceptingly. “You mustn’t blame yourself about how this one turned out. It’s all to do with blood. Bad blood will out. What is it the boy’s father did, Petunia?”, she asked.

“Oh he was unemployed.” Aunt Petunia replied.

“And a drunk too, no doubt?” Aunt Marge added.

“That’s a lie.” Harry said aloud. “My dad wasn’t a drunk.” he said angrily making the glass in Aunt Marge’s hand shatter to pieces.

“Don’t worry. Don’t fuss Petunia. I have a very firm grip.” Aunt Marge said not knowing what really happened.

“I think it’s time you went to bed.” Uncle Vernon demanded.

“Quiet Vernon. You, clean it up.” Aunt Marge ordered.

Harry reluctantly obeyed while Siliveya stayed in the kitchen glaring daggers at Aunt Marge who continued her rambling.

“Actually it has nothing to do with the father. It’s all to do with the mother. You see it all the time with dogs. If there’s something wrong with the bitch, then something wrong with the pup.” Aunt Marge insulted.

“Shut up! Shut up!” Harry shouted furiously.

Suddenly a strange wind picked up around Harry and the lights started to flicker on and off. But it was Aunt Marge that got affected. She blew up like a big balloon and began to float up to the ceiling and bounced out of the open patio door. Uncle Vernon tried to bring her back down but his grip loosened and Aunt Marge was sent flying into the air. Harry however ran back up the stairs with Siliveya following right behind him. Entering his room Harry sat on his bed upset.

“It’s alright Harry.” Siliveya comforted as she hugged him. “That old hag had no right to say those horrible things.” she added.

“Siliveya get your things. We’re leaving.” Harry said.

Siliveya nodded and quickly grabbed her suitcase. The two of them headed down the staircase when Uncle Vernon stood in their way.

“You bring her back! You bring her back now! You put her right!” Uncle Vernon bellowed angrily.

“No. She deserved what she got.” Harry stated causing his Uncle to come at him.

“Touch him, and I’ll blow you into oblivion.” Siliveya said sternly as she pulled out her wand from her pocket and pointed at Uncle Vernon’s face.

“Wait a second...you!” Uncle Vernon faltered.

“Yes, I’m a witch. I’m also Harry’s girlfriend, we go to school together, and we also tricked you into letting me stay over for the summer. Now

if you'll excuse us we have other places to be." Siliveya said as Harry and her headed towards the door.

"I doubt that. The two of you are not allowed to use magic outside of school. They won't let you back now. You have nowhere to go." Uncle Vernon threatened.

"I don't care. Anywhere is better than here. Come on Siliveya." Harry said opening the door.

"By the way, that money I gave you at the beginning of the summer was fake. So I don't suggest you use it." Siliveya added as she followed Harry outside.

Chapter Twenty- The Runaways

Siliveya and Harry made their way through the dark streets for nighttime had already fallen. They found a park and sat down on the sidewalk.

“Oh, what are we going to do now.” Siliveya said aloud.

“I don’t know. Hang on, Siliveya can’t you apparate us with your headdress?” Harry asked.

“Yes, I found out that it couldn’t be tracked as using actual magic for some reason. I’ve also never done it with two people before, but I’ll try. Where are we going?” Siliveya replied.

“The Leaky Cauldron.” Harry answered.

“Okay hold still, and cross your fingers.” Siliveya said as she took out her headdress and enclosed it with hers and Harry’s hand.

The emerald of the headdress glowed bright green and in a flash they appeared in front of the Leaky Cauldron.

As they stood there a hunchback man came up to them.

“Ah, Mr. Potter, Ms. Hexington. At last.” the man greeted as he led them inside.

They walked pass the main floor and went up the stairs into one of the rooms.

“As Minister for Magic, it is my duty to inform you, Mr. Potter that earlier this evening your uncle’s sister was located a little south of Sheffield circling a chimney stack. The Accidental Magic Reversal Department was dispatched immediately. She has been properly punctured and her memory modified. She will have no recollection of the incident whatsoever. So that’s that and no harm done.” the Minister Cornelius Fudge explained.

“But Minister I don’t understand. Underage wizards can’t use magic at home. I broke the law.” Harry said confused.

“Oh come now. The Ministry doesn’t send people to Azkaban for blowing up their aunts. On the other hand, running away like that, given the state of things was very, very irresponsible. We have a killer on the loose.” the Minister stated.

“You mean Sirius Black? What does he got to do with Harry?” Siliveya asked.

“Nothing of course. You’re both safe. And as for you Siliveya, I’ve gotten two complaints from Lucius Malfoy saying that you keep running away at the end of the school year. Now this has got to stop. You are under his custody, and until you’re of age you have to live with the Malfoys and obey their rules.” the Minister informed.

“I’m sure Mr. Malfoy leaves out the way he treats me. So unless you and the rest of the Ministry are prepared to do something about it then I come and go as I please. Got it?” Siliveya said angrily as she stormed out of the room.

“Quite the temper on that one.” the Minister said in an unsure tone. “Anyway I took the liberty of having both of your books being sent here. Now Tom will show you to your room.” he continued.

Harry followed the hunchback man to his room where Siliveya was already waiting. She was sitting on the bed staring out the window.

“Siliveya what happened back there?” Harry asked placing his hand on hers only to draw it back instantly. “Your hand. Siliveya you’re burning up.” he said worriedly.

“I know, and I’m not so sure how long I can take this.” Siliveya replied wearily. “Lucius that bastard. I’ll have to find a way to break the curse on my own.” she thought as she leaned against Harry’s shoulder.

“Siliveya maybe we should bring you to a Hospital since we’re back in the wizarding world now.” Harry suggested.

“No, I’ll be fine. It’s already starting to wear off.” Siliveya convinced.

“So why did you snap at the Minister like that?” Harry asked.

“It’s because of him and all of those other cowards at the Ministry that I got stuck with living with the Malfoys in the first place. I feel so trapped you know. Lucius wants me to act the way they do towards everything, but that’s not me.” Siliveya answered.

“Well as you’ve seen, I understand how you feel.” Harry said.

“Yeah, the only difference is that your Aunt and Uncle can’t perform the torture curse on you.” Siliveya replied sadly.

“The torture curse?” Harry said confused.

“It’s one of the three unforgivable curses, and the pain is the most unbearable that you’ll ever feel. In our first year during Christmas holiday when I had to go stay with them, Lucius disapproved of my choice of lifestyle at school. So when we were alone he performed the torture curse on me for a whole half hour.” Siliveya explained.

“Siliveya that’s terrible. And to think Malfoy tries to get you in trouble all the time.” Harry said angrily.

“Actually Malfoy has no clue what’s going on. He doesn’t know about what his father does to me or anything in that category.” Siliveya replied softly.

“But there has to be something you can do? Can’t you report this or something?” Harry wondered.

“No, you’ve seen what Lucius is like, he has over half the ministry wrapped around his finger. He would only find ways to cover it up, and I would be stuck in the same situation.” Siliveya answered. “Hey are those our new books?” she said lighting up the mood.

“Yeah, the Minister got them for us.” Harry replied as he sat up and grabbed the strangest looking book.

It was covered in fur and it looked as though it had eyes and teeth.

“What book is that?” Siliveya asked while she walked up to Harry’s owl Hedwig and started petting her.

"It's says The Monster Book of Monsters." Harry read before he opened it.

When he did the book started growling and biting. Harry quickly dropped the book on the ground and it started chasing him all the way back to the bed. Once he was out of reach the book started to chase Siliveya who immediately jumped on the bed as well.

"Harry what the bloody hell was that?" Siliveya said shocked.

"Don't know, but it went under the bed." Harry replied.

Harry took off one of his shoes and dropped it on the floor. As soon as the book came out from under the bed to attack the shoe, Harry jumped on it knocking it out.

"That was creepy." Siliveya commented.

"Yeah." Harry agreed.

Chapter Twenty One- The Return to Hogwarts

Harry and Siliveya met up with the Weasleys and Hermione at the Leaky Cauldron, and from there on they left together on the Hogwarts Express. Ron had gotten taller and Hermione had gotten more mature even though she still had a boyish type figure. They were sitting in one of the cabins on the train next to a new teacher who was fast asleep.

“Harry that was completely irresponsible! You’re lucky you didn’t get expelled! Again!” Hermione chastised.

“What do you mean? It was brilliant.” Ron defended.

“It was childish. To use your magic outside of school like that.” Hermione continued.

“Harry was in the right. You should have heard the awful things that hag said about his parents. And besides how would you know what he should have done? Your family actually loves you and accepts you for who *and* what you are.” Siliveya intervened.

“Oh please, that is no excuse. And in any case Siliveya it’s your fault. You are such a bad influence. Running away and doing as you please each summer.” Hermione spat.

“Yeah, well if you hadn’t noticed Hermione I live with the Malfoys remember. I’m not even related to them and I don’t have any existing relatives at all. You know Hermione you may think you know everything, but when it comes to non-book situations you’re completely clueless.” Siliveya snapped.

Hermione was a bit taken back and stared jaw dropped at Siliveya who had instantly fallen asleep on Harry’s shoulder.

“What is it with her?” Hermione scoffed.

“Siliveya’s been through a lot plus she’s been suffering from some strange illness.” Harry replied.

“Illness. Siliveya’s been sick all this time? Has she gone to the hospital?” Ron asked worriedly.

“Yes she’s ill, but she doesn’t want to go to the hospital or anything. And the illness isn’t even consistent, she only gets affected at random times.” Harry replied when the train suddenly stopped.

“What’s going on? We couldn’t have made it yet?” Hermione said aloud.

The truth was they weren’t there yet, but the train had been stopped by the guardians of Azkaban. The Dementors. They were dreadful creatures that resembled grim reapers. At least two of them boarded the train, freezing the area around them, and entered their cabin. Siliveya was still asleep, and Hermione and Ron were looking at the Dementor in sear fear. However Harry was the most affected for he fainted after looking at it once. The Dementor was scared away by the teacher that was in the cabin who used some bright light with his wand.

When they finally made it to school everyone was in the Great Hall. The first years had just been sorted and Siliveya was doing was sitting at the Gryffindor table. During the ceremony Professor Dumbledore introduced two new teachers. Professor Lupin who was to be the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, and Hagrid who was going to be the new Care for Magical Creatures teacher.

“Hey Potter, is it true you fainted? I mean you actually fainted.” came the taunting sound of Draco’s voice.

Draco’s appearance had changed a bit as well. He was tall, even taller than Harry, and he no longer had his hair slicked back. Instead it was down with short bangs going over his forehead.

“Shove off Malfoy.” Ron responded to blond boy who unfortunately was sitting behind them at the Slytherin table.

“Yeah, can’t we at least get through the first day without having to hear your annoying voice.” Siliveya chimed in glaring at Draco.

Instead of firing back with another comment Draco merely eyed Siliveya as a smirk crept its way onto his face.

“Oh my god, it’s finally happened! Malfoy’s brain disintegrated, and now he’s just going to be sitting in that spot while staring off into space for the rest of his life.” Siliveya pretended to gasp in shock before turning around.

“A wonderful comeback as always.” Harry said kissing Siliveya on the cheek.

“Thank you.” Siliveya said glancing back at Draco from the corner of her eye.

Draco was fuming in his seat while Pansy clung to his arm like a leech.

“Who does Siliveya think she is? Always hanging around that Potter and his golden followers. And now it seems as if she’s Potty’s girl. Why does she make me so angry?” Draco mumbled under his breath.

“Now Drakey, don’t be so angry. You have no need to fuss over that slutty, traitorous Siliveya. Just remember that you have me.” Pansy swooned clinging herself closer to Draco’s body.

“That’s the whole problem.” Draco said in annoyance.

Chapter Twenty Two- The Malfoy Who Cried Hippogriff

It was the next day and everyone was headed towards Hagrid's Hut for their first lesson in Care for Magical Creatures. When they arrived Hagrid led them into the forest until they reached a clearing.

"All right you lot, I need you to open your books to page thirty-nine." Hagrid instructed.

"And how do we do that exactly?" Draco asked rudely.

"You mean none of you have been able to open them?" Hagrid said astonished as everyone shook their heads no. "Well if you just stroke the spine like so then it will." he informed while opening the book with ease.

"Is that all? Oh how stupid we've been not to know something so obvious!" Draco stated aloud sarcastically.

"I thought they were funny." Hagrid replied simply.

"Oh yeah, really witty. Giving us all books that will bite our fingers off.", Draco fired back making Siliveya hold back a laugh for the thought of Malfoy freaking out when he first opened his book was extremely hilarious.

"Shut up Malfoy." Harry spat.

"Okay now to start of the lesson I'll be needing to get the creature for you. Be right back." Hagrid said walking off.

"Man this place has gone to the dogs. Wait till my father hears Dumbledore's got this oaf teaching classes." Draco sneered.

"Oh put a sock in it already Malfoy." Siliveya spat.

"Like you don't agree with me Siliveya. I heard you laughing earlier." Draco argued.

"I'm willing to admit that the man-eating books were a bit out of line, but you still need to shut your loud mouth." Siliveya argued back.

“Is that so?” Draco tempted as he walked closer to where Siliveya stood.

“Yes. Yes it is.” Siliveya replied defiantly while approaching him.

At this Draco stopped walking and began looking up into the air with a frightful expression.

“Dementor! Dementor!” Draco cried causing all the Gryffindors to turn around.

Siliveya was the only one who didn’t budge, while the others turned back around in annoyance as they realized that they were tricked.

“Ha, ha very funny.” Siliveya scoffed.

“Ta Da!” Hagrid’s voice interrupted.

Everyone directed their attention towards Hagrid to see a large animal that was part horse part bird.

“Hagrid, exactly what is that?” Ron questioned.

“That Ron, is a hippogriff. His name is Buckbeak.” Hagrid answered. “Now the first thing you wanna know is they’re very proud creatures. Very easily offended. You do not want to insult a hippogriff. It might be the last thing you ever do. Now who would like to come and say hello?” Hagrid asked.

Everyone backtracked out of fear leaving unnoticed Harry standing out in front.

“Well done Harry. Well done.” Hagrid said making Harry realized he was sold out.

Hagrid guided Harry through the steps it took to get near the Hippogriff while everyone else stood on pins and needles. Or almost everyone at least. Draco and the rest of his Slytherin gang were in the middle of a conversation, when Draco decided to pay Siliveya a little visit. Harry had just passed the test of being able to pet Buckbeak, and Hagrid was letting Harry ride the hippogriff. Siliveya

was cheering happily from the sidelines when she suddenly felt an arm around her waist.

“You know Siliveya I’ve been wondering. Why do you put yourself through so much trouble trying to stay friends with Potty, Weasel, and that mud-blood?” Draco asked teasingly.

“Because it is just as you said they’re my friends. And more importantly Harry is my *boyfriend*. So for your sake I suggest you don’t touch me ever again.” Siliveya spat in a low voice.

“Fine, have it your way.” Draco whispered in her ear before going back to his spot amongst the other Slytherins.

At this point Harry had returned from soaring the skies with Buckbeak. And all the Gryffindors including Siliveya cheered with excitement.

“Oh please.” Draco scoffed obviously disgusted with Harry’s worshiping fans “You’re not dangerous at all, are you, you great ugly brute!” Draco insulted as he casually strode up to the hippogriff who responded to his offensive comment instantly.

In the blink of an eye Draco was on the ground screaming while clutching his bloodstained right arm while Hagrid was shooing Buckbeak away.

“It’s killed me! I’m dying!” Draco cried.

“Calm down. It’s just a scratch!” Hagrid persuaded.

“Hagrid! He has to be taken to the Hospital wing.” Siliveya informed.

“I’m the teacher. I’ll do it.” Hagrid said as he lifted Draco up from the ground and carried him away.

“You’re gonna regret this. You and your bloody chicken.” Draco called out.

QueenofNobodies: "Well I hope you enjoyed this latest installment. And from now on I've decided to do previews of up coming chapters."

Next Time:

In the middle of the night Siliveya suffers from her mysterious curse yet again and the following day she tries to find a low key way to resolve it. However, it doesn't turn out to be as low key as she thought when a powerful potion is mistaken for pumpkin juice. The question is was it on purpose or just an accident? See you next time.

Chapter Twenty Three- The Gender Switch

The following days had become a great pain with Draco going on about his injured arm. Today however was going to be especially worse. Siliveya had woken up that night in agony once again from the curse that plagued her.

"I have to figure out a way to break this curse." Siliveya thought as her temperature cooled down. "But at the same time I don't want to." she sighed sadly. "All I know there has to be a way to stop this torturous burning." Siliveya said as she snuck out of her dorm.

She used her headdress to sneak into the library and tore through every book until she found something close to what she was looking for.

"A book of advanced potions. Maybe this will help." Siliveya thought satisfied.

Siliveya heard the sound of Mr. Filch's footsteps stalking closer to her spot and quickly returned to the common room. She still had some time before everyone else woke up so she began to brew the potion she selected. It was a freezing potion that could break through any fever. Siliveya thought it would be a good temporary solution until she could find something else. The only problem was Siliveya wasn't the best at potions as Professor Snape led everyone to believe. Usually in potions class she was paired up with someone and was able to have help. Professor Snape only considered her the best student, because she was in Slytheri, and it was a way to get under no-it-all Hermione's skin. But now, now she was attempting an advanced potion she never made before. Siliveya spent most of her time trying to fix the potion, because she added the wrong thing at the wrong time or put in too much of one kind of ingredient. After about three tries Siliveya fell asleep at the table she was working at.

"This isn't working out as well as I'd hoped. I'll just take a short nap then dispose of this mess in the morning." Siliveya thought as she dozed off.

Morning came and Siliveya was still sound asleep while the other Slytherins were heading downstairs. Draco had made his way into the

common room from the boys' dorm when he noticed Siliveya sleeping at the tables.

"Does she ever sleep in the girls' dorm?" Draco thought as when he saw the potion Siliveya had made. "What's this? A freezing potion huh?" he said smirking.

Draco quickly took some of the potion and put it into a vial. Once he caught sight of Crabbe and Goyle he left for the Great Hall with them trailing behind him. It wasn't until a few minutes later that Siliveya woke up and disposed of her failed potion never noticing Draco's presence.

Today was the day for the first trip to Hogsmeade and most of the students were dressed in casual clothes instead of the usual school uniform. Siliveya arrived in the Great Hall dressed in a pair of dark blue jeans, black sneakers, a black halter-top covered by a black leather jacket, and had her hair in a ponytail. Siliveya walked up to the Gryffindor table and sat beside Harry, Ron, and Hermione who were dressed in casual muggle clothes as well.

"You look nice." Harry complimented.

"Thank you." Siliveya replied.

"Ah Siliveya, there you are." Draco's voice called out.

"What do want now Malfoy?" Harry asked.

"Oh nothing you should be concerned about Potter." Draco stated as he set a cup of pumpkin juice on the table without anyone noticing.

"Then go away." Siliveya spat.

"Fine, see you later." Draco replied before walking back to the Slytherin table.

"That was...odd." Siliveya said aloud.

"Yeah, well the bloke's gone. Let's not fuss over it." Ron replied as he absentmindedly grabbed the cup that Draco sat down and sipped it.

Ron immediately spat the liquid back out again making the others dodge out of the way.

“What the bloody hell was that? That wasn’t pumpkin juice!” Ron said disgusted. “Oh I think I’m gonna be sick.” he added looking about ready to barf.

Ron ran out of the Great Hall with Siliveya, Harry, and Hermione following right behind him. He didn’t make it very far however, for he collapsed at the end of the corridor.

“Ron are you alright?” Hermione asked worriedly.

“I don’t feel right.” Ron groaned in a slightly higher voice.

“Ron?” Harry said as Ron twitched and squirmed on the floor.

Suddenly he was fine, but when Ron stood back up there were some major changes about him. For one thing, his hair was shoulder length, his body frame was thinner and more slender, and he now had a noticeable medium sized chest.

“Oh...My...God!” Siliveya said shocked.

“Ron you’re a...” Harry faltered.

“What?” Ron said confused in a high feminine voice before he caught himself. “Bloody hell! What’s wrong with my voice?” he freaked.

“Ron, I’m not so sure how to tell you this...but you’re a...well a...” Hermione couldn’t manage to say.

“Come on spit it out!” Ron shouted resulting in other students running out into the hall.

“Hey who’s that new girl? She’s kind of hot.” Seamus asked.

“That’s not a girl, that’s...Ron” Harry replied a bit disgusted by Seamus’ statement.

“What are you talking about?” Ron asked completely baffled when Hermione gave him a small mirror.

Ron looked at himself and complete horror struck his features.

“AAAAAAAhhhhhhhh!!” Ron screamed before he fainted onto the floor.

“Come on we have to take him to the Hospital wing.” Harry suggested.

Hermione and Siliveya nodded in agreement and helped Harry carry Ron away from the laughter filled corridor. Afterwards it was time for the Hogsmeade trip and everyone was in the courtyard ready to leave or at least almost everyone.

“Remember, these visits to Hogsmeade village are a privilege. Should your behavior reflect poorly on the school the privilege shall not be extended again.” Professor McGonagall informed. “No permission signed, no visiting the village. That’s the rule Potter.” she said strictly as Harry came up to her.

“But Professor I thought if you signed it, then you could...” Harry pleaded.

“I can’t. Only a parent or a guardian can sign. Since I am neither it would be inappropriate. I’m sorry Potter that’s my final word.” Professor McGonagall replied.

“It’s alright Harry, I can’t go either. We could just hang out together.” Siliveya said.

“On the contrary Siliveya. My father already permitted you to go to Hogsmeade.” Draco said as he appeared behind her with Crabbe and Goyle by his side.

“Your lying, he didn’t have the form.” Siliveya argued.

“Actually, Mr. Malfoy is correct. You are permitted to visit Hogsmeade if you wanted to go.” Professor McGonagall clarified before walking towards the other students.

“Exactly and since poor Potty over here can’t escort you on this trip, it would only be proper for me to.” Draco said smirking.

“Not even in your dreams, I’d rather stay behind.” Siliveya scoffed.

“No Siliveya just go.” Harry said.

“What? But you shouldn’t be here all by yourself.” Siliveya said confused.

“It’s fine just go with Hermione. I don’t want you to miss out on all of the fun because of me. Besides I need to check to see how Ron’s doing. He was a bit traumatized by the incident.” Harry persuaded.

“Well, if you’re sure...” Siliveya replied unsurely as she made small steps towards the crowd.

“Of course he’s sure, it’s gonna be great. And don’t worry Potty, Siliveya is in better hands.” Draco sneered as he took Siliveya by the arm and brought her with him.

Harry watched Siliveya get dragged away and wondered if he had made the right decision. The school was vacant and Ron was dead asleep in the hospital wing. He could have used the company. Meanwhile Siliveya was being terrorized by her Slytherin brethren. A small bit into the walk to Hogsmeade, Siliveya had snatched her arm back from Draco’s grip, but she couldn’t really get away from him with his whole gang stalking about.

“Hey what are you doing with my Drakey?” came the voice of the angry Pansy.

“Being forced to walk beside him against my will. What do you think I’m doing?” Siliveya said annoyed.

“You’re stealing my Drakey-poo that’s what you’re doing you slut!” Pansy yelled.

“Slut huh? Well you can have him, cause I sure don’t!” Siliveya snapped as she pushed pass Crabbe and Goyle and disappeared into one of the shops.

“Pansy why did you do that?” Draco said angrily.

“Because she was getting in the way of us.” Pansy swooned clinging to his arm once more.

“For the last time, there is no us!” Draco shouted shoving Pansy off of him.

Draco followed the path that Siliveya had taken and found her in Honeydukes. The shop was filled with all kinds of candy, and Siliveya was spotted standing beside the left wall.

“Why did you run off? We were just starting to have fun.” Draco said as he walked up to her.

“Are you really that thick? I can’t stand you, you asshole.” Siliveya replied before walking passed him and back outside.

“Hey where are you going?” Draco called after her.

“I’m going back to the castle, where my BOYFRIEND is!” Siliveya said sternly.

“Fine go back to your precious Potty. Just consider yourselves lucky that your potion didn’t work.” Draco sneered.

“My potion?” Siliveya said aloud stopping in her tracks. “You took some of that potion I made?” she asked.

“Yeah, it seemed like it would have proved useful for today so I slipped some out it into a cup of pumpkin juice then left it at the table for Potter to drink. But Weasel-bee drank it instead. And how do you survive in Professor Snape class? It was supposed to be a freezing potion not a gender swapping potion.” Draco complained.

“You foul loathsome evil little cockroach!” Siliveya spat. “You were trying to poison Harry and would have nearly killed him.” she added furiously as she walked up to him.

“So what if I did. Do you really even care about the wonderful, famous Harry Potter? Do you even love him, or is he just a toy for you? Don’t think I haven’t noticed. You may act like you’re their friends, but you’re distant from everyone in this school.” Draco fired back.

“What do you care? It’s none of your business.” Siliveya answered.

“Then tell me this. Why did you kiss me during first year?” Draco questioned moving closer.

“Are you still on about that? It meant nothing, I told you before it was just meant to shut you up.” Siliveya replied unnerved.

“So did last year mean nothing too? What about now?” Draco stated before closing in on her lips.

Siliveya tried to fight it but found herself losing miserably against Draco’s hold on her. In desperation she pulled out her wand and pressed it against Draco’s stomach. Draco moved back in questioned and smirk at her challengingly.

“I swear it Draco don’t you ever touch me again!” Siliveya shouted.

“Please you know you enjoyed it.” Draco teased which was a bad idea for Siliveya punched him square in his nose.

“There, now you can say you’re seriously injured. You bloody bastard!” Siliveya said frustrated as she ran off leaving Draco clutching his nose.

Next Time:

Rumors are like a virus in the body for once it starts it spreads quickly and it is hard to get rid of; not to mention it can affect the way a person normally lives there life. Well Siliveya is suffering from such an illness and that’s only half of the problems she’s facing. See ya soon.

Chapter Twenty Four- The Rumors

The Hogsmeade trip was over and all the students had returned to the Great Hall. By this time Ron was turned back to normal, and Harry and him were sitting at the Gryffindor table. Hermione and some of the other Gryffindors sat down and started to chat.

“Harry I’ve got some bad news. I think you’ve lost your girlfriend.” Seamus said worriedly.

“What are you talking about?” Harry said confused.

“During the Hogsmeade trip Neville saw Siliveya snogging the lips off of Malfoy outside of Honeydukes.” Seamus explained.

“That can’t be what happened Seamus.” Hermione defended. “Siliveya may get a tad ahead of herself sometimes, but she would never stoop that low on purpose.” she added knowingly.

“Oh then why isn’t she here? Siliveya feels guilty and now she can’t show her face to you.” another Gryffindor named Dean Thomas said suspiciously which only made things worse.

“And technically that wouldn’t be the first time Siliveya did that, remember what happened last year.” Ron added.

“Ron, you’re not helping.” Hermione criticized.

Harry just sat there crestfallen and unsure of what to think or believe.

“Come on, let’s just go back to the common room.” Harry said simply.

As they headed back they ran into Pansy who was sulking through the halls in the opposite direction.

“There you are Potter!” Pansy shouted angrily as she walked to them. “You tell that slutty little girlfriend of yours to stay away from MY Drakey or else!” she ordered before storming off.

“Well Harry that’s your proof right there. Figures, you leave her alone for short while and this happens.” Ron drabbled on.

“Ron will you stop it already. That doesn’t prove Siliveya did anything.” Hermione said whacking him on his shoulder.

“Look could you two just drop the conversation.” Harry said agitated.

“But don’t you want to know the truth?” Ron asked.

“Ye...no...I don’t know. I’ll worry about it later.” Harry replied frustrated.

When they arrived at the entrance of the Gryffindor common room there was a large crowd of other Gryffindors waiting to get in.

“What’s going on?” Hermione wondered.

“Probably Neville forgot the password again.” Ron answered simply.

“Hey!” Neville called out offended from behind them.

“The fat lady she’s gone.” Ron’s younger sister Ginny informed.

The painting where the Fat Lady, who guarded the entrance to Gryffindor tower, was torn to pieces. The Professors soon came including Dumbledore and they found the Fat Lady hiding in a painting far off on another wall.

“Dear Lady, who did this to you?” Professor Dumbledore asked.

“Eyes like the devil, he’s got, and a soul as dark as his name. It’s him, headmaster. The one they all talk about. He’s here, somewhere in the castle! Sirius Black!” the Fat Lady cried.

“Secure the castle, Mr. Filch. The rest of you in the Great Hall.” Professor Dumbledore ordered.

The school was locked down and all the students were sleeping in the Great Hall. Harry saw Siliveya fast asleep nearby and the words of everyone from earlier swirled around in his mind like a bad song.

“I’ve searched the Astronomy Tower and the Owlcave. There’s nothing there. No sign of Black, nor anywhere else in the castle.” Harry heard Professor Snape speak.

“I didn’t really expect him to linger.” Professor Dumbledore replied.

“Remarkable feat, don’t you think? To enter Hogwarts on one’s own completely undetected?” Professor Snape inquired.

“Quite remarkable, but I believe the castle is safe. And I’m more than willing to send the students back to their houses.”, Professor Dumbledore answered.

“What about Potter? Should he be warned?” Professor Snape asked.

“Perhaps. But for now, let him sleep.” Professor Dumbledore said.

Harry just sat there in wonder of what was going to happen next. His girlfriend might be cheating on him and dangerously killer had just breached the perimeters of the school. This year was already proving to be a crazy one like the others.

It was morning and the students were allowed to go back to their common rooms before they had to go to class. Today they had Defense Against the Dark Arts with Harry’s favorite teacher Professor Lupin. Harry sat down at his desk with Ron across from him and Siliveya had just walked in and sat beside him.

“Hi Harry.” Siliveya greeted bowing.

“Hi.” Harry said shortly. “Um shouldn’t you be sitting next to Malfoy?” he suggested coldly earning a confused expression from Siliveya.

“Why would I do that?” Siliveya asked confused.

“Never mind.” Harry half-mumbled turning his head away when Professor Snape entered the room.

“Turn to page three hundred and ninety-four.” Professor Snape instructed.

“Excuse me, sir. Where’s Professor Lupin?” Harry asked.

“That’s not really your concern is it, Potter?” Professor Snape replied. “Suffice it to say your Professor finds himself incapable of teaching at

the present time. Turn to page three hundred and ninety-four." he repeated.

"Werewolves?" Ron questioned aloud.

"But sir we just learned about red caps and hinkypunks. We're not meant to start nocturnal beasts for weeks.", Hermione said suddenly appearing next to Ron.

"When did she come in? Did you see her come in?", Ron asked Harry who shrugged.

"Quiet." Professor Snape ordered. "Now, which one of you can tell me the difference between an Animagus and a werewolf?" he asked.

No one had their hand raised except for Siliveya and Hermione.

"Ah, Ms. Hexington." Professor Snape selected.

"An Animagus is a witch or wizard who chooses to turn into an animal." Siliveya started to explain when Hermione interrupted.

"But a werewolf has no choice. With each full moon he no longer remembers who he is. He'd kill his best friend if he crossed his path. Furthermore the werewolf only responds to the call of its own kind." Hermione explained.

Draco gave the imitation of a howling sound making Siliveya laugh since Hermione took away her answer. However Harry just stared at Siliveya in question.

"Thank you Mr. Malfoy. That is the second time you've spoken out of turn Ms. Granger. Are you incapable of restraining yourself or do you take pride in being an insufferable know-it-all?" Professor Snape chastised.

"He's got a point you know." Ron stated.

"Five points from Gryffindor." Professor Snape said causing all the Gryffindors to groan.

Meanwhile Draco sent an enchanted note over to Harry. Harry hid it when Professor Snape walked by, and opened it up once he was gone. When it was opened Harry saw a bad drawing of himself playing Quidditch. To make it worse he was getting clobbered by bludgers and being hit by a bolt of lightning. He looked back at Draco who smirked in reply and Harry couldn't help but notice that he had an additional bruise on his nose.

It was after class and everyone was going about their separate ways. Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Siliveya went to the Gryffindor common room. As Siliveya sat down on the couch she over heard other students whispering and staring at her.

"Malfoy thinks he so clever just cause he injured his arm, and now we can't play Slytherin in the Quidditch match." Ron complained.

"He's just going on with this charade so that the Slytherin team doesn't have to play us in this bad weather. Nothing's wrong with Malfoy's arm." Harry stated.

"Even though he may be suffering from brain damage." Siliveya thought to herself while laughing aloud.

"And what are you laughing at? What Malfoy's doing isn't funny." Ron asked.

"I was actually thinking about something else. But since we're on the subject I do think what Malfoy's doing is wrong. However considering the way the weather has been I can't really blame them for wanting to try and get out of it." Siliveya answered.

"You've been agreeing with Malfoy a lot lately." Hermione scoffed under her breath.

"And what's that supposed to mean?" Siliveya inquired.

"Well, when we were at Care for Magical Creatures you agreed with him about the books." Ron chimed in.

"But he was right, that book should have come with instructions." Siliveya defended.

"And what about earlier in Defense against the Dark Arts? When Malfoy made fun of my answer you were laughing right along with him." Hermione said sternly.

"That's because you deserved it Hermione. Professor Snape called on me for the answer, and but you interrupted me in the middle of my explanation like I was too stupid to answer it on my own. So don't blame me because you think you're smarter than everyone." Siliveya fired back. "And besides does it really matter if I agreed with Malfoy those few times. The three of you are acting weird." she added.

"Hey what's the Slytherin slut doing in here." came Seamus' voice as Neville, Dean, and him entered the room.

"Excuse me? Who are you calling a slut?" Siliveya snapped.

"You cheating poor Harry like that. Neville saw you snogging Malfoy when we went to Hogsmeade." Seamus replied.

"I see. So did Neville remember to mention that Malfoy forced himself on me, and that I punched him square in the face right afterwards, which is why he has that dark bruise on his nose?" Siliveya retorted while glaring in Seamus' direction.

"So what are you trying to say? You didn't kiss him?" Harry said finally entering the conversation.

"No, well I didn't kiss him. He kissed me." Siliveya explained.

"A likely story." Ron said aloud.

"Now I understand, this is why all of you have been treating me so strangely. You think I was with Malfoy on purpose!" Siliveya said offended. "Why didn't you ask me...or...or talk to me about it first instead of just assuming? And if it was such a problem for you then maybe you should be a better boyfriend." Siliveya stated.

"And what do you mean by that?" Harry asked.

"I mean, that Malfoy harasses me all the time. He's been doing it since the first day of school during first year, and every time I'm the

one who always has to defend myself against him. You on the other hand never do anything, you just stand waiting to see what crazy comeback I'm going to come up with next." Siliveya chastised. "And this whole cheating ordeal you're concerning yourself with now could have been avoided if you hadn't insisted on me going to Hogsmeade. When Malfoy told us I could go I wanted to stay behind with you, but YOU told me to go!" she criticized.

"I told you to go with Hermione, not go off and be Malfoy's whore behind my back!" Harry argued making Siliveya slap him.

"I didn't go with him on purpose you jerk! When I kept saying that I wanted to stay with you and you told me to go, Malfoy snatched me by the arm and dragged me with him and his gang of morons! And you...you just stood there and let him take me away! And you know what else, when Ron drank that potion and turned into a girl, he wasn't supposed to drink it. You were." Siliveya argued back.

"Me?" Harry said confused.

"Yes you. The previous night I was suffering from my illness again, and I tried to make a freezing potion to stop the fever. But it came out wrong, and it was late so I fell asleep with the potion still sitting on the table. That morning Malfoy found it, took some, and when he walked over to us he sat a cup down that had the potion in it with hopes that you'd drink it. He was trying to poison you." Siliveya explained.

"Why would he want to poison Harry?" Hermione asked.

"Because he was trying to break Harry and me up. And obviously his plan worked." Siliveya replied sadly as she walked towards the common room exit.

"And how do you know all this exactly?" Seamus inquired.

"Because Malfoy told me." Siliveya replied frustrated making them stare at her.

"Oh really, did he tell you that in the middle of your snogging session?" Ron taunted.

“None of you guys believe me do you? Harry?” Siliveya said sadly.

“I think you should go.” Harry stated.

“Fine, I don't want to be around you anyway. I'm ashamed to know that you would rather believe a bunch of rumors that your stupid Gryffindor friends told you than you would me. But you'll be sorry when you realize, when all of you realize that you were dead wrong.” Siliveya cried as she left out of the common room with tears streaming down her eyes.

“I can't believe this.” Harry said frustrated while sitting back in one of the chairs.

“It's okay Harry. She was just a bad pick, you'll find someone else.” Ron comforted.

“Yeah, but what if we were wrong. I should have given Siliveya a chance, but now it's too late. She hates me.” Harry groaned.

Chapter Twenty Five- The Attempt To Win Her Back

From that point on Harry and the other Gryffindors were on thin ice with Siliveya. She wouldn't sit anywhere near them or talk to them, and when Harry got up the nerve to try and talk to her, she'd just walk away. It soon became quite unclear if the two of them would be together again. However today wasn't the day to worry about that for it was time for the Quidditch match of Gryffindor versus Hufflepuff. The weather was horrible and was forcing the players to compete in the middle of a lightning storm. During the game Harry was once again attacked by dementors while he was chasing the snitch, and fell off of his broom. Hufflepuff ended up winning and Harry found himself in the Hospital wing with Hermione, Ron, Neville, Fred, and George standing by his bed.

"Are you alright?" Hermione asked.

"Oh Brilliant." Harry replied in a semi-annoyed tone. "What happened?" he questioned.

"Well you fell off your broomstick, and it kind of fell into the Whomping Willow." Ron answered showing Harry his broken Nimbus Two-Thousand.

"Has Siliveya come by?" Harry managed to ask for he was curious of she have come to see of he was okay.

"Actually I saw her standing outside the Hospital wing for a few minutes, but she left without a word." Neville answered.

Harry sighed as lied back down on the bed. To him it was shocking that Siliveya showed up at all, and from that he knew she still cared. He knew he had to find way to fix their broken relationship. Time passed and soon it was time for the next trip to Hogsmeade, and yet again Harry stood at the steps of the school watching everyone leave out the courtyard. Siliveya had gone as well, and this was the perfect opportunity to see if she really was cheating on him with Draco.

Harry pulled out his invisibility cloak and used it to try and sneak out of the courtyard so he could go to Hogsmeade. Unfortunately it was winter, which meant everything was covered in snow, and that meant

that even though Harry was invisible he still left behind footprints. Fred and George who were fifth years and already had seen all there was to see in Hogsmeade were standing in the courtyard making snowmen when they noticed footprints walking up to them. They dragged Harry back to the castle, and told him about a better way to sneak around the castle, the Marauders Map. This map was very special and showed everyone in the exact place they were in Hogwarts. The twins decided to give Harry the map and informed him of a secret passageway out of the castle that went straight to Honeydukes cellar. With the map in his possession, Harry set out through the secret passageway and into Hogsmeade. He kept hidden under his cloak so no one would see him and walked out of Honeydukes shop to find Ron, Hermione, and possibly Siliveya. Meanwhile Ron and Hermione were on the outskirts of the town over looking the Shrieking Shack.

“It’s meant to be the most haunted building in Britain. Did I mention that?” Hermione informed.

“Twice.” Ron replied.

“Do you want to move a bit closer?” Hermione asked.

“What?” Ron said clearly thinking she meant something else.

“She was talking about getting closer to the Shrieking Shack Ron. Get your mind out of the gutter.” Siliveya said from her spot right next to them.

“Where did you come from?” Ron said jumping from his spot.

“Well, my parents loved each other very much, so they got together and...” Siliveya started to say.

“No, no. I meant, never mind.” Ron said defeated.

“What are you doing here? Shouldn’t you be with Malfoy?” Hermione questioned changing the subject.

“No, and I can be wherever I want to be.” Siliveya answered sternly.

“Well, well. Look who’s here.” came the unwanted voice of Draco. “You two shopping for your new dream home? Bit grand for you isn’t it, Weasel-Bee? Don’t your family sleep in one room?” Draco taunted as he walked up to him with Crabbe and another crony name Blaise Zambini by his side.

“Shut your mouth, Malfoy.” Ron retorted.

“Oh, not very friendly. Boys, I think it’s time we teach Weasel-Bee how to respect his superiors.” Draco said smirking.

“Hope you don’t mean yourself.” Hermione stated.

“How dare you talk to me! You filthy little mud-blood!” Draco spat.

“Don’t you ever insult Hermione that way!” Siliveya defended.

“Ah Siliveya, didn’t see you there. Care to leave these pathetic Gryffindors, and take a walk with me?” Draco offered in a kinder tone.

“And what would possibly make you think that I would want to walk anywhere with the likes of you?” Siliveya fired back.

“Well as I understand it, you and Potty are no longer a pair. So I don’t see any reason why you shouldn’t.” Draco replied smirking.

“First of all, we haven’t broke up we...we’re taking a...time out.” Siliveya explained.

“And during that time out, I’m sure you have room for some real fun.” Draco stated grabbing Siliveya by the arm.

“Let go of me Malfoy!” Siliveya shouted trying to get her arm out of his grip.

“Not until you agree to come with me.” Draco replied when a ball of snow suddenly hit him in the back of the head.

Draco, Crabbe, and Blaise looked around frantically trying to figure out who threw it, but saw no one.

“Who’s there?” Draco called out to the wind when they were bombarded with a load of snowballs. “Don’t stand there! Do something!” Draco ordered.

“What?” Crabbe said confused.

Right afterwards Blaise’s hat was pulled down as where Crabbe’s pants, and the two were kicked and spun around until they were knocked down. Draco who ended up slipping onto his back was dragged towards the path that led to the Shrieking Shack by an invisible force. The moment Draco’s legs were released he high-tailed it out of the area with his gang following closely behind. Hermione, Ron, and Siliveya were cracking up when Ron felt the strings on his hat move, and Hermione felt her hair being tugged.

“Harry.” Hermione said while laughing causing Harry to reveal from under his cloak.

“Bloody hell, Harry. That was not funny.” Ron stated.

“What are you doing out here? I thought you weren’t allowed to take these trips to Hogsmeade.” Siliveya said aloud making Harry turn towards her.

“I came up here to see if you were with Malfoy, but when I saw what he was doing to you just now I realized I was wrong.” Harry said.

“Yeah, he really does try to force himself on you. I mean he acted like he heard every other sentence you said, and if you didn’t do what he wanted then he would get physical.” Hermione added.

“So know you’re sorry.” Siliveya replied.

“Yes, please forgive me Siliveya.” Harry pleaded feeling guilty.

“Sorry but I don’t. You still didn’t trust me by just confiding in me. You had to spy on me to know the truth. And what if I never ran into Malfoy at all during this trip would you be still calling me the Slytherin slut or as you put it Malfoy’s whore?” Siliveya spat angrily.

"No you're not the Slytherin slut or Malfoy's whore. I'm sorry I said those things to you. I should have taken your word and listened to you instead. I really am sorry, and I'm ready for us to continue our relationship." Harry apologized.

"Well maybe I don't want to continue anything." Siliveya said aloud turning her back to them.

"Siliveya." Harry said sadly.

"Just leave me alone for right now Harry." Siliveya replied before walking away.

Next Time:

For now Siliveya and Harry go their separate paths and face their own problems along the way. Harry finds out new secret from his past and learns a new trick while Siliveya gets some unexpected help. And what's worse Malfoy is causing more trouble than ever. See ya soon.

Chapter Twenty Six- The Unexpected Advice

The cold, thin air froze her lungs making her breathing shallow, and the thick, white snow slowed her pace immensely. Siliveya fell on her weak knees at the center of the courtyard after running for what seemed to be forever from Hogsmeade village. Tears fought their way out of her eyes as she pounded the ground with her right fist in anger and frustration. When did it all go wrong? Why was this happening? And why now when she was finally happy with her life? All answers pointed to one person, Draco Malfoy. If it weren't for him this whole entire fight with Harry and the others wouldn't have happened. And what of Harry? Should she forgive him for not trusting her? At this moment Siliveya was so confused she couldn't think. Instead she got herself back on her feet and ran into the castle.

Siliveya rounded a few corners and dashed down a couple of corridors while passing some ghosts and some students along the way. She was so busy wiping her tear stained face as she ran, Siliveya didn't focus on where her feet took her, and ran right into someone. She fell backwards onto her butt before looking up at the person she bumped into. It was Professor Snape who had his back turned to her, and turned around giving her a solemn gaze.

"Back so soon Ms. Hexington? Shouldn't you be off in Hogsmeade with your little Gryffindor friends? Or are you here to cause more trouble?" Professor Snape questioned.

"Nope, I'm saving my trouble-causing plans for the end of the year. And I assure you it's going to be big." Siliveya replied giving Professor Snape a false smile before walking off.

When Siliveya rounded another corner, and was completely out of Professor Snape's sight her smile faded in realization. All year so far she hasn't done one outrageous thing. She actually liked being in the background, but after all the attention she had gotten whether it was good or bad Siliveya liked being noticeable and weird. But instead she's been so emotionally distressed about the incident. Not to mention Harry, whom she shared a bond with. She didn't know what to think of him when she first met him, but Harry sort of grew on her. She didn't want to leave their relationship broken up like this.

"I can't just run back to him now, he'll think I've grown soft. It's like that saying goes...give them an inch and they'll take a mile. But I do want to make up with him, I'd never thought I'd say this, but I think I'm starting to fall in love..." Siliveya thought when suddenly her body felt like it was over a thousand degrees.

It was the curse taking its affect again, and it was worse now than it had ever been before. Siliveya collapsed on the ground writhing in agony. It was so unbearable that she passed out from exhaustion. Some time later Siliveya opened her eyes to find she was in the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom. She sat up from one of the desks no longer feeling the pain that plagued her moments before.

"I see that you're awake." came a voice from the higher level where the Professor's office was.

Siliveya directed her gaze upward to see Professor Lupin standing on the balcony. As he came down the staircase, Siliveya noticed he had scratch marks on his face including a few scars.

"Professor Lupin. What happened? Why am I here?" Siliveya said confused.

"It's alright. I found you unconscious in the middle of a corridor, and brought you here. You were suffering from the worse fever I've ever seen. Oddly though it wore off." Professor Lupin explained. "Might I ask what happened?" he inquired.

"It was nothing, just a little cold. But I feel better now." Siliveya replied looking away.

"Sorry, but I've never seen any cold that had such a serve fever. Are you sure there's something you're not telling me?" Professor Lupin asked again.

"I told you it was nothing Professor. Don't worry about." Siliveya reassured.

"You are just like your mother." Professor Lupin laughed.

"You knew my mother?" Siliveya asked curiously.

“I was acquainted with her yes. Sapphire was a very powerful witch, and very free spirited as well. She made it an effort to break all the rules just because she could, which is why her and your father, Kai, were such a perfect match.” Professor Lupin answered. “From the moment you stepped into my classroom I knew who you were. You’re a spitting image of your mother.” he added.

“Really, because Professor Snape had once told me that I also had the same personality as my father.” Siliveya said.

“Yes, well you seem to be following in your father’s path with you being in Slytherin and all. Your mother however didn’t come to Hogwarts until my third year and she was sorted into Ravenclaw. But I would say that the two of you seem to be sharing the same problems.” Professor Lupin informed.

“Problems? What problems? I have don’t have any problems.” Siliveya denied.

“Well, Harry told me otherwise. He said he was depressed, because you were ignoring him over some little argument you two were having.” Professor Lupin replied knowingly.

“It wasn’t a little argument! Harry accused me of cheating on him with Malfoy!” Siliveya stated sternly.

“Calm down. Harry mentioned that and he also asked me what he should do?” Professor Lupin said.

“And what did you tell him?” Siliveya questioned.

“I told him to let you cool off, and that he should confront Mr. Malfoy about the problem instead of coming at you. You see your mother went through the same trouble with Lucius Malfoy. He fancied her greatly and thought she should be with him and only him even after your parents started dating. Lucius would try all kinds of tricks to break them up, but it never worked. The two were inseparable.” Professor Lupin explained.

“Why are you telling me this?” Siliveya asked.

"If you and Harry really feel strongly about each other then you shouldn't let the tricks of others affect so much. Now, it's getting late and you should be in your common room." Professor Lupin replied.

Siliveya stood up and headed for the door, but stopped midway.

"Thank you Professor Lupin." Siliveya said gratefully before leaving the room.

"Anytime Ms. Hexington. Anytime." Professor Lupin called out to her.

Siliveya headed back to the Slytherin common room only to find Draco, Crabbe, Goyle, and Blaise sitting on the couches chatting. Siliveya casually walked by them and almost made it to the stairs when Draco caught sight of her and smirked.

"Leaving for bed so soon Siliveya? Why don't you stay down here and keep us company?" Draco said aloud.

"Fine." Siliveya said as she walked over to them and sat beside Draco who looked at her a bit oddly since she didn't put up a fight but decided to ignore it.

"Just to fill you in on what you've missed, I was telling the boys about how my father is taking that brainless old Hagrid to court. I can already imagine it. That big oaf will probably go on about how tamed and obedient that bloody chicken is." Draco bragged.

"Once again you've gone out of your way to cause trouble. You have truly stooped to a new low Malfoy." Siliveya said fiercely while standing up.

"Siliveya don't be so judgmental. After all, you're the one who broke poor Potty's heart. Isn't that right Slytherin slut?" Draco sneered.

Siliveya halted dead in her tracks, turned her head giving Draco the deadliest glare she could muster.

"How dare you say such a thing Malfoy?! This whole ordeal was your fault!" Siliveya yelled.

"Hmph, and so what if it was? You and the Golden Trio are over now. And this time you can't go running off after school ends." Draco replied smirking.

"What are you talking about?" Siliveya questioned.

"This letter came for you from the Minister of Magic." Draco said tossing the envelope to Siliveya who caught it.

Siliveya noticed that it wasn't a normal letter but a howler only it was white instead of red. The moment she opened it the letter floated out of her hands and developed a mouth and eyes.

"Ms. Hexington it has been notified that you have disobeyed and disregarded the rules set for you two and a half years ago. You have run away from home, disrespected your caretakers, and there is sufficient evidence that you have used magic illegally outside of school. If you don't behave and return to the home of the Malfoys, you will be expelled from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry! Consider this a warning!" the letter spoke in a female voice before it magically burst into flames and turned to ashes.

"Looks like the two of us will be spending more time around each other than I thought." Draco taunted smirking.

Siliveya slumped onto the floor feeling incredibly defeated. She brought her knees up to her chest, hid her face in her hands and started crying. Draco and the others were a bit taken back by her attitude. She was always so fiery and snappy that it was shocking to see her act in such a way.

"Why are you crying Siliveya? You should be grateful." Draco said kneeling beside her.

"Grateful? I should be grateful? You know nothing about me Malfoy or what I should be grateful for, and now thanks to you I might lose what little happiness I have!" Siliveya shouted upset.

She quickly sat up and ran up the stairs to the girls' dorm. When she made to her room she kicked the bed in frustration before sitting down.

"I'm never going to get out of this." Siliveya sighed feeling completely defeated.

Chapter Twenty Seven- The Messenger

A few months had passed and the presence of spring was everywhere. Siliveya had kept to herself for a while even though she had gotten over about being mad at Harry. Meanwhile there were other more important matters to worry about. One was trying to find a way to stop the effects of her curse temporarily. Siliveya already figured out how to stop it completely, and that was by submitting to Lucius' demands. And Siliveya was never going to do that. Right now it was midday and she was in the library flipping through a few books when Hermione showed up next to her.

"I can't believe Lucius Malfoy would do something so cruel!" Hermione ranted to the air as she slammed her books on the table.

"I could, but what did he do that was so horrible." Siliveya asked curiously without looking up from her reading.

"Hagrid had to go to a hearing at the Ministry against Lucius who ended up winning, and now they're going to execute Buckbeak." Hermione explained.

"You mean the Hippogriff that attacked Malfoy? Yes those two have definitely stooped to a new low." Siliveya replied.

"Well you're not so high and mighty either." Hermione scoffed. "Care to tell me why you've been avoiding us?" she inquired.

"I have a lot on my mind right now, besides I'm waiting." Siliveya answered.

"Waiting, waiting for what? Harry's been a nervous wreck ever since you rejected him when he tried to apologize, and he's found out that his Godfather is trying to kill him." Hermione chastised angrily.

"Godfather? Harry has a Godfather?" Siliveya questioned.

"Yes, and if you were around more often you'd know about it." Hermione snapped. "I just don't get you sometimes. You're like candle; you flicker off and on when you choose to. One minute you're

our friend and the next you don't have anytime for us. What is it with you?" she scolded.

"It's just like you said Hermione, I'm a candle or a flame rather. In other words I'm unpredictable and untamed. And if it's so important to you why I've been off to myself for awhile, then do me a favor and give Harry this." Siliveya replied handing Hermione a slip of folded parchment.

"What is it?" Hermione asked .

"It's a message for Harry, and don't bother reading it he's the only one that will understand it." Siliveya answered.

"And why can't you just give it to him yourself?" Hermione nagged.

"Because it would defeat the purpose. Now if you'll excuse me I have other matters to attend to." Siliveya said as she gathered the books that she was reading and headed towards the library's exit.

Meanwhile Hermione took the note with her as she headed towards her Divination class. She sat beside Harry and Ron who were in the front of the class. She glanced back at Siliveya who was sitting alone in a far off corner of the room, and was busying herself with a quill and a small piece of parchment.

"Hey Hermione. What's that in your hand?" Ron asked groggily for he had dozed off from sheer boredom.

"Oh this is for Harry. It's from Siliveya." Hermione said in a low voice as she handed the parchment to Harry.

"Siliveya? What did she say?" Harry asked anxiously while he quickly opened the note.

"She told me to give it to you and that you would know what it means." Hermione responded.

"Pain can be caused or inflicted. It can grow worse or fade away. The freedom to love equals caused pain that grows worse with every moment while the submission to inflicted pain equals suffering that

will fade and bring relief. I would rather be punished for my love, wouldn't you?"

-Siliveya

When Harry finished reading the note he hid it in his pocket to save it for later, because the Divination teacher, Professor Trelawney, had entered the room.

"She's talking about her illness. Her illness is being caused by me, but how? She started going through those burning spells ever since she came to stay with me over summer holiday, and her note said love causes pain." he pondered in his mind during class. "She wrote she'd rather be free to love while suffering, instead of finding relief and create a new pain, a self-inflicted pain. Wait, she means her love for me, not me in general. Siliveya's illness is being caused by her love for me, but she would rather risk being with me even...if...it...meant...to keep suffering. She loves me." Harry thought happily.

Harry quickly got out a small piece of parchment and distracted himself with writing a note for Siliveya.

"Hermione can you give this to Siliveya when you see her again?" Harry whispered.

"I don't see why the two of you just can't talk to each other, but if that's what you want I'll give it to her." Hermione criticized taking the note and sliding it in her pocket just as Professor Trelawney came up to them.

"Now what do we have here?" Professor Trelawney asked looking at their crystal ball.

"The grim, possibly." Hermione volunteered.

"My dear, from the first moment you stepped foot in my class I sensed that you did not possess the proper spirit for the noble art of Divination. No you see, there." Professor Trelawney replied while examining Hermione's palm. "You may be young in years, but your

heart is as shriveled as an old maid's, your soul as dry as the pages of the books to which you so desperately cleave." she stated firmly.

Offended, Hermione got up, knocked over the crystal ball, and furiously stormed out of the room. After class Hermione was long gone and Harry and Ron were talking amongst each other as they headed down the stairs of the tower.

"She's gone mental, Hermione has. Not that she wasn't always mental, but now it's in the open for everyone to see." Ron commented. "By the way, what did Siliveya's note mean? Why would you want to be punished for love?" he asked confused.

"It's her illness. Siliveya was talking about the illness she's been suffering from." Harry replied.

"You mean she still hasn't recovered from it yet? Blimey, she's stubborn when it comes to her health." Ron stated.

"No, it's more complicated than that." Harry replied when he hit something with his foot.

It was the crystal ball Hermione had knocked over. Harry picked it up and turned towards the direction of the divination classroom.

"We should give this back." Harry said.

"I'm not going back." Ron whined.

"Fine, see you later." Harry replied leaving Ron who continued his way down the stairs.

When Harry returned to the divination room he sat the crystal ball in its proper place, but he suddenly heard his name being called through it. To his nerve-racking surprise, Professor Trelawney put a hand on his shoulder with a glazed look in her eye.

"He will return tonight. Tonight, he who betrayed his friends, whose heart rots with murder shall break free. Innocent blood shall be spilt, and servant and master shall reunited once more." , Professor Trelawney spoke in a creepy, unknown voice before returning to

normal. "I'm so sorry, dear boy. Did you say something?", she asked confused.

"No. Nothing." Harry replied startled as he quickly headed for the exit and rushed back down the stairs.

During this time Siliveya had just turned a corner after leaving the library when Hermione ran up to her from the opposite direction.

"There I found you." Hermione said out of breath.

"Um...didn't I just leave you in the library?" Siliveya questioned eying her strangely.

"You did, but I had left for a quick second and ran into Harry and Ron. I gave him the note, and he wanted me to give you this." Hermione quickly said while handing Siliveya Harry's note.

"Uh, okay thanks." Siliveya said taking the note and heading towards the Great Hall.

Once Siliveya made it to the hall she saw a good amount of students there for lunch. She sat down at the Slytherin table making sure to keep a good distance away from Draco and his gang, and opened up the note.

"Siliveya I figured out what your note meant. You're defying everything you're supposed to be to stay yourself, to stay with me. That's what's causing your illness isn't it? Your illness hasn't ended yet and I know that's what's causing it though I'm not sure how. Please understand that I really am sorry for accusing you of cheating. And yes I would rather suffer for my love if it means you'll come back to me."

-Harry

A warm smile showed brightly on Siliveya's face once she finished reading note. Harry understood, but her cheerful mood was disrupted by a figure blocking her light. Siliveya looked up to see it was Pansy looming over her like a phantom.

“What are you smiling about?” Pansy said annoyed.

“Nothing that would concern you, Parkinson.” Siliveya replied coolly while standing up and turning to leave.

“Not so fast Siliveya, you and I have a date for later.” Draco said walking over to her.

“First of all, don’t use our names and the word date in the same sentence ever again. And second where would the two us be possibly going later today?” Siliveya stated.

“Why to the execution of course. My father was able to get that oaf’s bloody bird a death sentence, and we’re going to watch.” Draco informed proudly.

“I don’t see why the Slytherin slut has to come. Why can’t it just be us Drakey?” Pansy whined sharply.

“Look if it’ll make you feel any better then let’s do it this way.” Siliveya snapped as she picked up one of the empty water glasses and placed it on Pansy’s head. “As of this day I retire my throne and crown you the new slut.” she continued as she mockingly bowed to Pansy. “Now your whorey highness, I must get to work in the royal chamber. Please *hesitate* to call if you need anything.” Siliveya taunted as she made more playful bows while exiting the Great Hall.

“Why you!?” Pansy said angrily. “*Expelliarmus!*” she shouted.

“*Reflecto!*” Siliveya shouted creating a barrier that blocked the attack. “*Lacarnum Inflamarael!*” she counterattacked setting Pansy’s robes aflame.

Pansy started screaming and flailing her arms around like a mad man, and it was a while before any of the other Slytherins could hold her down long enough to put out the fire.

“Pansy Parkinson. She will do great things.” Siliveya laughed aloud to herself sarcastically as she exited the common room.

Chapter Twenty Eight- The Love Triangle 2: Harry's Victory

It was a few hours later and Siliveya exited the Slytherin common room dressed in a deep green velvet one-piece outfit. It consisted of a hood, a white undershirt that blocked her cleavage, and a skirt that went down to her mid-thigh and had silver zippers running down the sides of her hips. Her shoes were camouflaged styled with a mixture of green and white, and her hair was down with the bottom part in curls. Siliveya didn't make it far before Draco, Crabbe, Goyle, and Blaise who were all dressed in normal clothes came up behind her.

"And here I thought you wouldn't have shown up. You're a bit early." Draco said walking up beside Siliveya.

"How can I be early to something I didn't agree to come to?" Siliveya scoffed as she sped up her pace to get away from him.

"Either way, you're here so you might as well enjoy yourself." Draco replied taking Siliveya by the arm and dragging her with him.

Meanwhile Harry, Ron, and Hermione who were wearing casual clothes as well were heading over to Hagrid's hut to comfort him about the execution.

"I can't believe they're going to kill Buckbeak. It's just too horrible." Hermione said angrily as they reached the grassy hill that led to Hagrid's hut.

"It just got worse." Ron stated looking ahead of them.

A little further down the hill were Draco, Crabbe, Goyle, and Blaise kneeling amongst some tall rocks. Siliveya was standing away from them with her head down.

"See I told you. Father said I could keep the hippogriff's head. I think I'll donate it to the Gryffindors' common room..." Draco bragged making the others laugh.

"This is wrong." Siliveya said aloud.

“Hey look who’s here.” Blaise said pointing to Harry, Hermione, and Ron who were approaching them.

“Ah, come to see the show?” Draco greeted mockingly.

“No, I’ve come to tell you to stay away from my girlfriend!” Harry said sternly with his wand pointed directly at Draco’s neck.

“Your girlfriend? If memory serves me correctly Potter, you dumped her a while ago. Which means I can be around her all I want. And in fact we’re in the middle of a date right now.” Draco sneered.

“We are not you liar! I wouldn’t go out with you if you were the last existing boy in this world. And for your information, Harry and I are still together.” Siliveya defended moving to Harry’s side.

“Oh sure stand by your precious Potty’s side as usual. If you want to be stubborn than fine! Go roll around in the dirt with your Golden Boy, Weasels, and Mudbloods. YOU WORTHLESS, FILTHY BLOOD TRAITOR!” Draco spat venomously.

Siliveya just glared at Draco and in a split second she side-kicked him across the face. Draco laughed at her childish move when his eyes suddenly rolled in the back of his head and he fell to the ground unconscious. Crabbe, Goyle, and, Blaise quickly gathered up their Slytherin leader and ran back to castle.

“That felt good.” Siliveya said.

“Not good, brilliant.” Ron added.

“Siliveya I’m sorry...I’m so sorry this whole fight between us happened.” Harry apologized stepping towards her.

“It’s alright I forgive you. Just don’t let it happen again. Promise?” Siliveya teased while stepping forward also.

“Promise.” Harry replied closing the gap between them and enveloping her in a loving kiss.

“Um, do you two need a room?” Ron said awkwardly.

“Maybe later.” Harry joked making Siliveya playfully hit him on the shoulder. “Now we should hurry, Hagrid’s waiting for us.” he continued.

Chapter Twenty Nine- The Real Murderer

The sky was filled with dark clouds that only added to the gloomy atmosphere of death that was apparent in the area. Crows were gathered all around Hagrid's hut like the little scavengers they were, and the condemned hippogriff lied peacefully in the pumpkin patch while Harry, Siliveya, Ron, and Hermione were within the hut conversing with Hagrid.

"Look at him. Loves the smell of the trees when the wind blows through them." Hagrid said looking at his beloved pet from the window.

"Why don't we just set him free?" Harry asked standing beside him.

"They'd know it was me, and Dumbledore would get into trouble. He's coming down, Dumbledore. Says he wants to be with me when they...When it happens. Great man Dumbledore." Hagrid replied.

"We'll stay with you too." Siliveya offered.

"You'll do no such thing! Think I want you seeing something like that? No. You just drink your tea and be off." Hagrid insisted. "Oh. Before you do. Ron, you need to keep a closer eye on your pet." he continued handing Ron his pet rat.

"Scabbers." Ron said happily.

"I think you owe someone an apology." Hermione demanded.

"Right. Next time I see Crookshanks, I'll let him know." Ron replied.

"I meant me!" Hermione said irritably.

Suddenly one of the pots on the table broke open. Hermione examined it closer to see a funny shaped rock that had obviously been thrown through the window. Right afterwards a second rock ended up hitting Harry in the back of the head.

"Hagrid!" Harry said pointing out the window.

Outside was the Minister of Magic, Professor Dumbledore, and the executioner headed towards the hut.

"It's late. It's nearly dark. You shouldn't be here. Someone sees you outside this time of night; you'll be in trouble. Particularly you, Harry." Hagrid panicked when the door knocked. "With you in a moment!" he called out. "Hurry out the back door." Hagrid whispered.

While Dumbledore, the executioner, and the Minister entered the hut, Harry, Siliveya, Ron, and Hermione ran out from the opposite side and hid behind a pile of pumpkins. Hermione heard someone talking and everyone turned towards the forest behind them but didn't see anything. Once the coast was clear they headed back up the hill, and looked back in enough time to see Buckbeak get beheaded. Hermione started crying on Ron's shoulder while Harry comforted Siliveya. Suddenly Ron's rat got loose again and ran off.

"He bit me." Ron said shocked. "Scabbers!" he called out while running after his pet.

Harry, Siliveya, and Hermione followed Ron but stopped when they found him under him under the Whomping Willow.

"You guys do realize what tree this is?" Hermione said aloud.

"That's not good." Siliveya gasped.

"Ron run!" Harry shouted.

Ron was busy sitting on the ground gathering his rat up in his hands when a look of horror crossed his face as he stared past where his friends stood.

"Harry, Hermione, Siliveya, run! It's the grim." Ron yelled fearfully.

The three looked behind them to see a vicious black dog that charged past them and took Ron by the leg. It started to drag Ron away who was screaming for help, but neither, Harry, Siliveya, or Hermione could get to him in time before he was pulled into a small cave under the tree. The three teens tried to go in after him, but the Whomping Willow had awakened and began its assault. It took a while, but they

were eventually thrown into the cave underneath the tree. They walked further into the tunnel until they reached a rickety old house.

"We're in the Shrieking Shack, aren't we?" Hermione said nervously.

"Who cares. We need to find Ron." Siliveya stated running up the stairs next to them.

Harry and Hermione followed and they found Ron cowering in a corner in one of the rooms.

"Ron. You're okay." Hermione said relieved.

"The dog. Where is it?" Harry questioned.

"It's a trap. He's the dog. He's an Animagus." Ron answered frightfully while pointing behind them.

On the wood floor they spotted paw prints that soon turned into regular footprints, and at the end of the trail stood the murderer everyone has been searching for, Sirius Black.

"If you want to kill Harry, you have to kill us too!" Hermione said standing in front of him.

"Kill? Unless this was the person who Hermione was talking about earlier. Sirius Black is Harry's Godfather?" Siliveya thought confused.

"No. Only one will die tonight." Sirius said in a deadly tone.

"Then it'll be you!" Harry yelled as he tackled Sirius and strangled him to the ground.

"Um, did I miss something?" Siliveya whispered to Ron since she wasn't present when any of this new information was discovered.

"Well, Sirius is Harry's godfather. He's responsible for Harry's parents' death, and all this time he's been after Harry to try and finish the job." Ron explained in a very, low frightful tone.

"Oh, okay. Gotcha." Siliveya replied coolly finally understanding. "Kick his ass Harry!" she shouted right afterwards.

Harry had his wand pointed at Sirius' face, but before he could cast a spell his wand was shot out his hand. The castor was Professor Lupin who entered the room with his wand at the ready. He had Harry move away and directed his attention to Sirius.

"Well, well, Sirius. Looking rather ragged, aren't we? Finally the flesh reflects the madness within." Lupin said.

"Well, you'd know all about the madness within, wouldn't you Remus?" Sirius laughed.

Lupin helped Sirius up and started acting like they were friends.

"No! I trusted you! And all this time...you've been his friend!" Hermione said shocked. "He's a werewolf! That's why he's been missing classes." she added.

"How long have you known?" Lupin questioned.

"Since Professor Snape set the essay." Hermione answered.

"Well, Hermione you are the brightest witch of your age I've ever met." Lupin commented.

"Oh come Remus stop stalling, Let's just kill him." Sirius shouted impatiently.

The two started to argue when Lupin gave in and handed Sirius his wand.

"You can kill him but wait one more minute. Harry's has the right to know why." Lupin said.

"I know why. You betrayed my parents! You're the reason they're dead!" Harry shouted.

"No, it wasn't him. Somebody did betray your parents, somebody who, until quite recently, I believed to be dead!" Lupin informed.

"Who was it, then?" Harry demanded.

"Peter Pettigrew! And he's in this room right now." Sirius answered.

Suddenly Professor Snape showed up with interests of capturing Sirius himself. A few insults and arguments later Harry took Hermione's wand and cast Professor Snape into the back wall.

"Tell me about Peter." Harry ordered pointing the wand at Lupin and Sirius.

"He was at school with us. We thought he was our friend." Lupin replied.

"No! Pettigrew's dead. You killed him!" Harry said disbelievingly.

"I thought so too until you mentioned seeing Pettigrew on the map." Lupin agreed.

"The map was lying, then." Harry challenged.

"The map never lies. Pettigrew's alive! And he's right there!" Sirius said pointing in Ron's direction.

"Me? He's mental!" Ron said.

"Not you! Your rat!" Sirius clarified. "He's been in your family for twelve years right? Curiously long life for a common garden rat! He's missing a toe, isn't he?" he inquired.

"All they could find of Pettigrew was his..." Harry recalled.

"Finger!" Sirius completed. "Dirty coward cut it off so everyone would think he was dead! And then he transformed into a rat!" he explained.

"Show me." Harry demanded.

Ron's rat fled from his hands, but before it could make it out of the room Sirius turned it into Peter Pettigrew, a short, fat man who would easily resembled a rat on his own. Sirius and Lupin dragged him back where everyone else stood.

"Remus, Sirius, my old friends." Pettigrew said as he tried to run away again only to be pushed back.

Sirius and Lupin interrogated Pettigrew making him confess the truth about betraying them. They were going to kill him when Harry intervened.

“Bless you boy. Bless you.” Pettigrew said greatly while kneeling on the ground.

“I said we’d take you to the castle. After that, the dementors can have you.” Harry replied making Pettigrew gain a fearful expression.

Chapter Thirty- The Dementors

Night had fallen and everyone had made their way from the shrieking shack to the outside of the small cave. Siliveya and Hermione were listening to Ron going on about his injured leg. Harry was chatting with Sirius, and Lupin was escorting Pettigrew out of the cave. However their peaceful moment went sour when Hermione saw the full moon revealing itself from the clouds. Lupin started to transform giving Pettigrew a chance to get away. Soon Lupin had changed completely and was a tall, grey-haired werewolf. Hermione tried to talk to Lupin but her efforts were in vain. Professor Snape came out of the cave with his mind set on getting Harry back for attacking him when he saw Lupin. Professor Snape shielded them against Lupin's attacks while Sirius jumped in and fought the werewolf in his dog form. The two canines disappeared beyond the foliage; Harry broke free of Professor Snape's hold and ran after them.

"Come back here, Potter!" Professor Snape called out when Siliveya broke free off his grip as well.

Siliveya rushed down the path that Harry had taken. She couldn't find him and didn't see Lupin or Sirius anywhere in sight. The temperature suddenly dropped and the air thinned. Siliveya shivered a little and noticed that the rest of the forest around her was frozen with sheets of ice. Siliveya heard something moving in the sky above and glanced towards the sky to see hundreds of dementors flying towards some specific destination. She followed the ghastly creatures all the way to a small pond in the middle of the forest where she found Harry and Sirius, who was already unconscious, being attacked by them.

"Harry!" Siliveya shouted making Harry turn around.

"Siliveya get out of here or they'll come after you too!" Harry shouted back.

"And leave you here to die? The hell I am!" Siliveya yelled as she ran over to him and pulled him away just as another dementor was about to suck the life out of him.

"Siliveya wait, we can't leave Sirius behind." Harry managed to say once she had brought him behind the trees.

"But what can we do? There's no way to ward off that many dementors at once." Siliveya replied.

"I don't know about all of them, but I can try for some. Stay here." Harry said determined as he took out his wand and ran back to the pond.

Harry stood in front of Sirius' unconscious body and pointed his wand at the swarming dementors while Siliveya watched worriedly from her spot behind one of the trees.

"*Expecto Patronum!*" Harry shouted.

His wand shot out a medium sized beam of light that blocked out a few of the dementors that approached him. However it wasn't enough, for the next the dementor broke the barrier and attacked Harry leaving him defenseless. It almost seemed as if there was no way out of this, when Harry and Siliveya saw a bright white stag on the other side of the pond. The stag turned into a blinding, white light that engulfed the whole entire area and drove all the dementors away.

Completely weakened from the attacks, Harry collapsed on the floor beside Sirius. Siliveya rushed to his aid, and was relieved to see that they were both still alive. She gazed out in the distance to see if she could locate the person that saved them, but what she saw shocked her nerves to no end.

"Impossible...that's." Siliveya gasped surprisingly before she fainted onto the ground.

Chapter Thirty One- The Time Jump

It was later that night and Harry had awakened in the Hospital wing. Hermione and Siliveya were standing beside his bed, and Ron was lying across from him.

“I saw my dad.” Harry said suddenly confusing the two girls. “He sent the dementors away. I saw him across the lake.” he went on.

“Harry, they’ve captured Sirius. Any minute now the dementors are gonna perform the *Kiss*.” Hermione informed completely ignoring Harry’s previous words.

“They’re going to kill him!” Harry said as he quickly sat up from the bed and put his glasses back on his face.

“No it’s worse Harry. Much worse. They’re going to suck out his soul.” Siliveya replied sadly when Professor Dumbledore entered the room.

“Headmaster, you have to stop them. They’ve got the wrong man.” Hermione pleaded.

“It’s true sir, Sirius is innocent.” Harry added.

“It’s Scabbers who did it.”, Ron said from his place from the bed. “He’s my rat. He’s not really a rat. He was a rat. He was my brother Percy’s rat. But then they gave him an owl...”, Ron explained confusingly.

“The point is, we know the truth. Please believe us.” Siliveya summarized.

“I do Ms. Hexington. But the word of four thirteen-year-old wizards will convince few others. A child’s voice however honest and true is meaningless to those who have forgotten how to listen.” Professor Dumbledore explained. “Mysterious thing time. Powerful...and when meddled with, dangerous. Sirius Black is in the top most cell of the Dark Tower. You know the rules Ms. Granger. You must not be seen. And you would do well, I feel, to return before the last chime.” he instructed. “If you succeed tonight more than one innocent life may be

spared. Three turns should do it I think." he said to Hermione as he left through the door.

"What the bloody hell was that all about?" Ron said puzzled.

"Sorry Ron, but seeing as you can't walk..." Hermione replied while she pulled out what seemed to be a pocket watch.

She placed it over Harry's and Siliveya's heads as well as her own and turned the watch three times like Dumbledore instructed. Suddenly in a flash the room surrounding them changed and looked like everything was going in reverse. Once the process stopped they were still in the Hospital wing but it was daytime and Ron was missing.

"What just happened? Where's Ron?" Harry asked obviously baffled.

"It's seven-thirty. Where were we at seven-thirty?" Hermione questioned.

"Isn't that when you guys showed up at Hagrid's?" Siliveya answered.

"Come on, and we can't be seen." Hermione said hurriedly as she pulled them out of the room.

They darted all the way back to the hill that led to Hagrid's hut and stopped at the top. Siliveya and Harry looked down in astonishment to see themselves. It was like watching a video recorder of what happened hours ago.

"That's us." Harry said watching the scene play as his other self confronted Malfoy. "This is not normal." he started to freak out.

"This is a time turner. McGonagall gave it to me first term. This how I've been getting to my lessons all year." Hermione explained showing them the watch.

"You mean we've gone back in time?" Siliveya asked.

"Yes. Dumbledore obviously wanted us to return to this moment. Clearly, something happened he wants us to change." Hermione said

as they looked back at the scene where Siliveya kicked Malfoy across the face knocking him unconscious.

“Nice kick.” Harry said aloud.

“Thanks.” Siliveya replied.

“Malfoy’s friends are coming.” Hermione announced.

The three of them jumped down and hid behind the wall of the bridge until the coast was clear. Once their other selves had gone they moved forward to figure out what to do next.

“Buckbeak.” Siliveya stated.

“What?” Harry said.

“Dumbledore wants us to undo what Malfoy did. Buckbeak hasn’t been killed yet.” Siliveya answered pointing towards the hippogriff that was relaxing in Hagrid’s pumpkin patch.

“Of course, he said that if we succeed, more than one innocent life could be spared. Let’s go.” Hermione concluded as they headed further down the hill to where Buckbeak lied and hid behind a large pile of pumpkins.

Once they were hidden Harry saw Dumbledore, the executioner, and the Minister coming down the hill as well.

“They’re coming, we’d better hurry.” Harry said standing up.

“Harry wait, Fudge has to see Buckbeak before we steal him. Otherwise he’ll think Hagrid set him free.” Siliveya reasoned while tugging on his sleeve.

Harry came back down, but then he saw the other Ron holding Scabbers or in other words Pettigrew and sprung back up.

“No, don’t.” Hermione said pulling him back down.

“He betrayed my parents. You don’t expect me to sit here.” Harry replied trying to stand up again.

"Yes, and you must." Hermione answered yanking him back down. "Harry, you're in Hagrid's hut now. If you go bursting in, you'll think you've gone mad. Awful things happen to wizards who meddle with time. We can't be seen." she critically explained.

"Fudge is coming." Siliveya stated. "And we aren't leaving? Why aren't we leaving?" she said confused.

Hermione found a familiar rock on one of the pumpkins and threw it into the hut breaking one of the pots.

"You missed let me try." Siliveya said as she picked up another rock and threw at the hut except this one hit the other Harry in the back of the head.

"Ow." Harry said rubbing the back of his head in remembrance.

"Sorry. Well at least you turned around." Siliveya apologized sheepishly.

"We're coming out the back door." Hermione said running towards the hiding place the trees were creating in the forest.

Harry and Siliveya followed and waited as their other selves crouched behind the pumpkins.

"Hey Siliveya I never realized it before, but you look really good in that skirt." Harry teased making Siliveya hit him on the arm.

They had to duck behind the trees for their other selves had turned around from the noise. Once they were able to move Harry snuck over to Buckbeak making sure to bow before he approached him and unhooked the chain. However Buckbeak was being stubborn and Siliveya had to grab some of the dead ferrets to lure him into the forest. Now with one life down it was time to save the next, Sirius. They came to the scene where their others were in the shrieking shack and waited.

"Hey guys, before, down by the lake I did see someone. That someone made the dementors go away." Harry said.

"With a Patronus. I heard Snape telling Dumbledore. According to him only a really powerful wizard could have conjured it." Hermione replied.

"It was my dad. My dad conjured the Patronus." Harry said happily. "Siliveya you were there, you saw him right?" he asked.

"I saw the Patronus, but I was too far away to see who cast it." Siliveya lied. "But are you sure it was your dad? He is after all..." she faltered.

"I know he's dead. I'm just telling you what I saw." Harry replied.

"Here we come." Hermione said as their others walked out from under the whomping willow.

"You see Sirius talking to me there? He's asking me to come live with him." Harry mentioned.

"That's great are you going to?" Siliveya asked.

"Of course. I think we might live somewhere in the country, he would like after all those years of being locked up." Harry replied.

"Well at least you have some hope." Siliveya stated sadly.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"I got a letter from the Ministry. They said if I don't go back to live with the Malfoys' I'll be expelled." Siliveya answered.

"What, but there must be something that can be done?" Hermione said.

"No, I'm not worried about it. Come on Harry's running off." Siliveya said deferring from the subject.

The three of them followed the other Harry and saved him from Lupin's werewolf form. They then made their way to the lake where Harry and Sirius were getting attacked.

"Okay let's wait here. My father will come." Harry said excitedly.

Time passed and the other Harry had already tried to defend Sirius and the other Siliveya, yet there was no sign of Harry's father.

"You're dying...both of you." Hermione stated.

In desperation Harry ran out to the edge of the lake and cast the large Patronus that saved the other Harry, Siliveya, Sirius. When the dementors fled Harry saw his other faint, but the other Siliveya was staring dead at him. Her face was in completely shock before she too passed out.

"Siliveya you knew it was me didn't you? You saw me?" Harry asked.

"Yes, but I wanted to be sure before I said anything. For awhile I thought I had gone completely mental." Siliveya replied.

"Come on we have to save Sirius!" Hermione said.

The three of them hopped on Buckbeak and flew to the tower where Sirius was being held. Hermione blasted the cell open and they took Sirius to the courtyard.

"I'll be forever grateful for this to all of you." Sirius thanked.

"I want to go with you." Harry said eagerly.

"For some time, my life will be too unpredictable. And besides you're meant to be here." Sirius answered.

"But you're innocent." Harry said.

"And you know it. And for now, that will do." Sirius replied happily. "It's cruel that I got to spend so much time with your parents and you so little. But know this; the ones that love us never really leave us, and you can always find them right here." he explained pointing to Harry's heart.

"He's right Harry." Siliveya said standing next to him.

"You...you're Kai and Sapphire's daughter aren't you?" Sirius inquired.

“Yeah.” Siliveya replied.

“Well I’m glad to see that you survived. You look exactly like your mother.” Sirius said as he sat back on Buckbeak.

Harry, Siliveya, and Hermione watched Sirius fly away on Buckbeak until they were out of sight. The chime on the large clock started to ring and the three teens rushed back to the Hospital wing. They made it just in time and reentered the room just as their others left.

“How did you get over there when I just saw you there? And now you’re there?” Ron asked freaking out.

“What’s he talking about, guys?” Hermione joked.

“I don’t know.” Harry replied laughing.

“Honestly Ron, how can somebody be in two places at once?” Siliveya added laughing as well.

Next Time:

A moment of peace comes for our heroes as well as a few surprises as the school year comes to a close.

Chapter Thirty Two- The Farewell To Lupin

Days passed and everything had returned to normal or at least as normal as they would ever be. It was midday and Harry and Siliveya had gone to visit Lupin in the Defense Against the Dark Arts room. When the two teens arrived at his office they saw Lupin packing away his things.

“Hello Harry. Siliveya. I saw you two coming.” Lupin greeted with the marauders’ map open on his desk.

“You’ve been sacked.” Harry said while his eyes scanned the boxes and suitcases.

“No, I resigned actually. It seems that somebody let slip the nature of my condition. This time tomorrow, the owls will start arriving and parents will not want...well, someone like me teaching their children.” Lupin explained.

“Do you really have to go? I mean there must be something that can be done?” Siliveya suggested.

“No, Dumbledore has already risked enough on my behalf, and when it comes to people like me...let’s just say I’m used to it by now.” Lupin replied. “Why do you look so miserable, Harry?” he asked noticing Harry’s glum expression.

“None of it made any difference. Pettigrew escaped.” Harry answered.

“But Harry just look at the bright side. You found out that you have another relative besides your cruel aunt and uncle, and you saved him from being killed.” Siliveya comforted.

“She’s right, that made all the difference. If there is anything that I’m proud of, it’s how much you learned this year Harry.” Lupin commented.

“Sir, if I may ask you about a certain matter. Sirius mentioned something before that confused me. He said he was glad that I survived. Do you know what he meant perhaps?” Siliveya questioned.

“I’m sorry, but it’s not my place to say. If you’re truly curious about your past read this.” Lupin replied as he summoned a small, icy blue book.

The book was a bit worn and torn, but it was still intact. There was a silver lock on it and on the top in bright; sparkled letters was the name Sapphire.

“This was your mother’s diary. I found some time ago and decided to keep it in case...well in case I met you. It’ll give you a better explanation of what happened then I could.” Lupin informed.

“Thank you.” Siliveya said gratefully as she gave a slight bow.

“You’re welcome my dear. And Harry since I am no longer your teacher, I feel no guilt whatsoever about giving this back to you.” Lupin added as he gave Harry the marauders map. “For now I’ll say goodbye you two. I feel sure we’ll meet again sometime. Until then...mischief managed.” he said pointing his wand towards the map, which made the contents inside fade away.

Lupin gathered his things and left the room. Harry and Siliveya watched him until he was gone.

“Hey Harry what does that map do exactly?” Siliveya questioned.

“It’s a special map that my father and his friends made when they were in school. It shows the entire castle of Hogwarts and the exact position of where every single person is.” Harry answered.

“SSSssssannnssssiissssaa.” Siliveya hissed in parseltongue gaining an evil grin on her face. “And how exactly do you access the information that the map offers?” she inquired.

“ssssssSSSSSiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiSSS
SSSSSsssooooooiiis.” Harry hissed in her ear.

SSssaaavvvesss

“Perfect.” Siliveya replied with her grin turning into a smirk as she took hold of the map. “I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.” she recited.

Chapter Thirty Three- The New Broom

It was later that day and Harry and Siliveya made their way to the Great Hall. Once there they found everyone crowded around the Gryffindor table.

“Harry wherever did you get it?” Neville asked as he and Seamus ran up to them.

“Can I have a go Harry? After you of course.” Seamus chimed in making Siliveya and Harry exchange confused looks.

“What are you guys talking about?” Siliveya inquired.

“Come on let the man through.” Ron said while he walked up to them on crutches. “I didn’t mean to open it Harry, it was badly wrapped. They made me do it.” he said pointing at his twin brothers who argued in their defense.

Harry walked over to the table and completely opened the package to see a brand new broomstick.

“It’s a Firebolt. This is the kind that the pro Quidditch players use.” Siliveya said examining it.

“For me? But who sent it?” Harry questioned.

“No one knows.” Ron replied.

“But this came with it.” Hermione said holding up a feather that after a closer glance one would know it belonged to Buckbeak.

“Oh please, like that’s a real Firebolt.” Draco sneered with his gang behind him.

“Personally Malfoy I’d worry less about Harry’s new broom, and worry more about what’s behind you.” Siliveya said with a smirk with her hand pointing above their heads.

“Really, and what would I have to worry about...behind...me?” Draco inquired fearfully as he turned his head to see three deadly

dementors looming over him.
“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAhooooooooooooo!!” he screamed at the top of his lungs causing his cronies to turn around and scream as well.

Within seconds they bolted out of the Great Hall ignoring the fits of laughter that echoed throughout the halls. Siliveya turned to the three dementors with a smirk still showing on his face.

“Good work guys, your services were appreciated.” Siliveya thanked as the *dementors* took off their robes to reveal three of Hogwarts' ghosts, Nearly Headless Nick, the Grey Lady, and Moaning Myrtle.

“I say that was completely childish, you Slytherins are quite the pathetic bunch.” the Grey Lady scoffed before floating away with Nearly Headless Nick.

“I thought it was rather fun. Oh, hello Harry. Long time no see.” Myrtle flirted hovering closer to him.

“Myrtle.” Siliveya said dangerously.

“Sorry, almost forgot.” Myrtle replied as she left.

“I didn’t think it would have worked, but you actually pulled it off.” Harry commented.

“Well you should be more optimistic.” Siliveya said laughing. “Now let’s take this new broom of yours out for a spin.” she continued.

Everyone ran out into the courtyard with excitement to watch the event. Harry mounted his Firebolt with Siliveya sitting behind him. The moment they were situated the broom took off like a rocket into the sky.

“Wow, this thing is fast!” Siliveya said clinging onto his waist for dear life.

“Yeah, do you want to head back?” Harry asked.

“Not yet. How about we land there?” Siliveya suggested pointing to the grassy hillside across from the school.

The two teens landed and sat side by side on the ground. Siliveya was leaning on Harry who was staring off into space.

“The last day of school is coming soon.” Harry said aloud.

“Unfortunately, but must we focus on that now?” Siliveya sighed.

“It’s just with you returning to the Malfoys’ and everything...” Harry faltered.

“I’ll be fine Harry don’t worry so much.” Siliveya assured. “Hey look there’s Hedwig.” she added noticing the snowy, white owl flying towards them.

Harry caught his pet owl on his arm and found a letter attached to its leg. He took the letter off and opened it while Siliveya took hold of Hedwig.

“So what does it say?” Siliveya asked petting the owl on the head.

“It’s from Sirius, he’s just seeing how I’m doing. And he’s also giving me permission to visit Hogsmeade from now on.” Harry answered.

“That’s good. Now we can go together next year.” Siliveya replied pulling out her mother’s diary.

“Are you going to read that now?” Harry asked.

“No, I’m waiting until we leave school so I’ll have an excuse to stay locked up in the room they give me.” Siliveya stated. “Though I can’t wait to read it, the more I figure out why I’m the only one left of my family the better.” she mumbled to herself.

“What?” Harry said.

“Nothing. Look we have a week left of school, let’s just enjoy the time we have together, and then do our best to survive with the evil

families we have to return to so we can meet up again next year.” Siliveya said leaning forward.

“Right, and next time no more fighting.” Harry replied leaning in as well.

“And no letting Malfoy get to us.” Siliveya added closing the gap.

The two shared a loving kiss as the world around them melted away. However the future is uncertain, and nothing would prepare them for what was lurking around the corner.

Next Time:

Summer Break Special! We're going to the Malfoy's and possibly Hexington Manor today! Siliveya learns a few interesting things about her parents while dealing with Draco and more importantly Lucius. Will she be able to get the curse that plagues her lifted? What will happen now that Harry and Siliveya are miles apart? Find out next time.

Chapter Thirty Four- The Choice

A hot, blazing day, the sun shining bright in the morning sky, the freedom of tests, homework, and teachers were all the benefits of the wonderful summer holiday. Unless of course you were Siliveya. Everyone had parted ways at platform nine and three quarters, and Siliveya waited against the brick wall for Draco. As if on cue, he showed up beside her with a smirk glowing on his features.

“And what are you so happy about?” Siliveya asked annoyed.

“Oh nothing, just glad to see that you’ll finally be getting what’s coming to you.” Draco taunted.

“The feeling’s mutual trust me.” Siliveya replied simply.

“Is that so?” Draco said gaining interest.

“Yes, for you see you might think that having me come with you and your parents will be some kind of revenge, but just as I’ve been kicking your ass all school year it’s going to continue. So be afraid...very afraid.” Siliveya said dangerously.

“We’ll see about that.” Draco sneered when he saw his father approaching. “Hello father.” he greeted.

“Ah, there you two are. Now come, we don’t have any time to waste.” Lucius ordered.

They traveled using floo powder and appeared in Malfoy Manor.

“Draco, you may go up to your room, Ms. Hexington and I have some things to discuss.” Lucius said earning a smirk from his son.

“Of course, father.” Draco replied before he left with his bags.

Lucius led Siliveya into his study, and locked the door behind them.

“What do you want Lucius?” Siliveya asked in a defiant tone.

“Your loyalty.” Lucius replied simply.

“Forget it.” Siliveya stated as she headed for the door only to have Lucius block her path.

“I don’t believe you understand the position you’re in my dear. You have no more room to defy me.” Lucius said darkly.

Siliveya’s body temperature suddenly rose up to one hundred degrees, and she fell to the floor writhing in agony. Lucius smirked at her quivering form, and let the pain linger for another few minutes before relieving it.

“Torturing isn’t it? I told before if you didn’t behave that I would make things worse.” Lucius said.

“Fine, I’ll do what you want just stop sending me through these burning spells.” Siliveya managed to say.

“That’s it? Just the pain? You don’t want me to lift the curse completely?” Lucius questioned causing Siliveya to look away. “I see...you’ve grown attached.” he stated as his smirk widened.

“No.” Siliveya lied.

“Then I shall offer you this. I’ll lift the curse completely, and you can return to your old life no strings attached.” Lucius offered mockingly.

Siliveya remained silent with her head hung down, and Lucius knew that he had her.

“I thought so. This is how it will work Ms. Hexington. You will learn how to behave properly like a pure-blooded witch should, and you will no longer be in contact with those filthy muggle-lovers and mud-bloods.” Lucius ordered.

“What? I’m not going to agree to that.” Siliveya challenged as she glared at him furiously.

“I suggest you do my dear otherwise you’ll never see them or anyone else for that matter ever again. Do I make myself clear?” Lucius demanded darkly.

“Clear as glass, and in fact I can see right through you.” Siliveya replied smartly.

“Hmph.” Lucius sneered at her remark. “Now as I stated before, you are forever forbidden to make any contact with that Potter and his friends, and you shall do as you are told. Understood?” he stated earning a small nod from Siliveya. “Good. Now off to your room, dinner will be ready shortly.” Lucius said opening the door.

Siliveya left out of his study and walked absentmindedly through the halls of the manor when she felt a hand on her shoulder. She turned around to see Draco behind standing her.

“Leave me alone, Malfoy.” Siliveya said annoyed.

“And leave you wandering the halls all night? I don’t think so.” Draco said stepping in her way.

“You don’t think at all.” Siliveya said simply making Draco become the annoyed one. “Besides I’m not wandering, I’m going to my room.” she added.

“Well then you definitely need my help.” Draco replied as his smirk returned.

“How’s that?” Siliveya replied.

“For starters you’re not even on the right floor.” Draco stated.

“All right lead the way, Malfoy.” Siliveya sighed in defeat.

Draco brought Siliveya to her room, which was two floors higher than where they were. Siliveya opened the door to find all her things already put away. She immediately jumped onto the bed completely stressed out. After lying there for a few minutes, Siliveya felt eyes on her so she lifted her head to see Draco still standing in the doorway.

“Don’t you have somewhere else to be?” Siliveya asked irritably.

"I live here therefore I can be anywhere I want to." Draco sneered. "And by the way, what's this?" he questioned holding up a small icy, blue book.

"You went through my stuff, you bloody bastard!" Siliveya said shocked. "Give it back!" she demanded.

"Well, with that attitude I don't see why I should. Maybe I'll just toss it into the fire place." Draco taunted earning a swift kick to his shin.

"Don't you dare! I can't believe you'd go through my things like that. No wait, actually I can." Siliveya said angrily as she snatched her book and sat back on her bed.

"Filthy blood traitor, getting all riled up by some stupid diary. I'm surprise father wants to keep you here." Draco ranted while carefully rubbing his leg.

"It's not a stupid diary. It belonged to my mother. Why am I even going through this with you? Because you just don't get it. If you want to talk to your mother or father all you have to do is walk down a few floors and there they are! But not me, my parents are dead! I've never met them, I don't even remember any time that we could have spent together! I'm alone! With nothing but pictures and an inheritance to go by, and you know what...it's not enough! And here you are with your pathetic friends and your vile father thinking that you all can torment me for the rest of my life just because I'm not your stupid, blind follower! Well guess what I've had it! Now take your sorry ass out of my room!" Siliveya yelled furiously before shoving Draco out of the room.

"It doesn't matter what you think Siliveya! Until school starts you're stuck with me whether you want to be or not!" Draco yelled only to have the door slammed in his face. "Open this door right now!" he yelled banging on the door.

"No! I'm not leaving this room until summer ends, so just stay away from me!" Siliveya shouted out.

"Fine, rot in there for all I care!" Draco sneered as he stormed off.

Siliveya slumped face forward onto the bed crying her eyes out. No matter what she did she couldn't win. She thought about Lucius' offer to let her return to her normal life, but realized there would be nothing to return to. She was as she had just told Draco, alone. Siliveya gazed at her mother's diary with interest. What secrets lied within its pages? What new hidden truths would she discover? She'd only know once she figured out how to open it. It was then that Siliveya heard a tapping noise against her window. She walked up to it, and pulled back the fancy curtains to see Hedwig perched up on the windowsill. Siliveya opened the window letting Hedwig in, and noticed a letter attached to her leg.

"For me?" Siliveya said to the owl earning an approving noise in response.

Dear Siliveya,

Are you fairing well at the Malfoys' so far? I hope Lucius and Draco haven't hurt you. Ron mentioned about all of us going to the World Quidditch Cup tournament at the end of the summer. I was wondering if you could come with us instead of them. Anyway I'll see later.

Love,

Harry

Siliveya laughed a little at Harry's rambling, but then remembered about what Lucius said. If they caught sight of Hedwig flying back and forth with their notes, they would know she was still talking with Harry. And then Lucius would... Now Siliveya was afraid, she wanted to be with Harry and the rest them so badly, but she knew she couldn't. In fear for her safety and possibly her friends', Siliveya sat down on her bed and wrote the hardest letter she would ever have to write.

Dear Harry,

I'm doing okay here, but please I beg you not to take what I'm about to tell you badly. I can't be with you Harry. I'm sorry, but it's too dangerous for us to be together, at least for right now. Don't send Hedwig anymore, they'll notice her. I can't explain, but you just have

*to trust me. Oh my gosh, it's hurting me so much to write this.
Goodbye Harry.*

Love,

Siliveya

“Okay Hedwig, take this to Harry and make sure you aren’t seen.” Siliveya said with tears threatening to spill from her eyes as she tied the letter on the owl’s leg.

Hedwig flew off out of window, and as her silhouette faded in the distance so did Siliveya’s happiness. With nothing left to do she cried herself to sleep and stayed there for the rest of the night.

Chapter Thirty Five- The Tale Of Sapphire Phoenix

It was the next day, and Siliveya woke up to the bright sun rays shining on her face. She had a messy bed head, and was still wearing the clothes from the day before. Siliveya took a quick shower, changed her clothes, and sneaked out of her room to the kitchen. After getting lost a few times she finally found it, and saw some fruit on the table. She took some, walked outside into the vast backyard, and sat under one of the trees, using its leaves for shade. Siliveya took her mother's diary out of her pocket, and examined the lock while biting into an apple.

"I thought you said you were going to stay locked up in your room until school starts?" a familiar and very unwanted voice said from behind her.

"Go away Malfoy." Siliveya snapped.

"Not a chance. By the way I saw Potty's owl flying by last night." Draco mentioned.

"And?" Siliveya said though her heart was skipping a beat at the thought of getting caught.

"What were you two talking about?" Draco inquired.

"It's over. We broke up." Siliveya choked trying to cover her actions up.

"Is that so? So, who dumped who?" Draco asked interested as he sat beside her.

"I did, and if you don't mind I'd like to be alone right now." Siliveya replied looking away from him.

"Suit yourself." Draco said a little more cheerfully before walking off.

Siliveya waited until he was gone before turning her attention back to the diary.

“There has to be some way to open it.” Siliveya thought. “Let’s see, I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.” she said putting her hand on the cover of the book, but nothing happened. “Oh, I hate my life.” she groaned giving up.

It was then that Siliveya saw words appearing on the bottom of the book.

“What being is born, dies, and then is reborn again?” Siliveya read. “Hmmm, a phoenix?” she said aloud causing the lock to disappear. “Finally.” Siliveya thought as she opened the diary and began to read its contents.

September 1, 1965

Dear Diary,

This is my first entry, and I am writing to you from under my bed. My name is Sapphire Phoenix and I’m eleven years old. And more importantly I’m a witch. My family is one of the most powerful wizarding families in London, and they are also very strict. All mother ever talks about is how we are pure-blooded and so much better than the muggles or some of the wizards she calls mud-bloods. I personally don’t get it. I mean if they can still do magic does it really matter where their families are from?

Any who, father says that as the sole heir to the Phoenix house I have to be the perfect pure-blooded lady so that I may find a suitable husband in the future. I once again don’t agree. They want me to go to Beauxbatons, they say it’s the best school for young witches, they do. My mother went there herself she did, and so did all the women in our family. However the men get to go to Durmstrang, I here it’s the best school for powerful magic. They teach the dark arts and everything else. Oh, no mother’s coming into the room gotta go.”

“Wow, mom’s family was just like the Malfoys.” Siliveya thought as she turned to the next page.

September 2, 1965

Dear Diary,

"Hi it's me again. You'll never believe where I am. I'm in my new dorm room in Durmstrang. Yes, Durmstrang, the all boys school. When mother brought me to the train station I snuck onto the Durmstrang train and was actually able to trick them into thinking I'm a guy. I cut my hair, and secretly bought the Durmstrang school uniform. I didn't really have to worry about my voice, because most of the boys my age have high voices anyway. However this might be harder to pull off when I get older. Oh well, I'll worry about that later."

Siliveya closed the book and lied down on the ground with a smirk on her face.

"My mother went to an all boys school. How choice is that." she thought happily. "All right I'll read one more page. Let's see Lupin said she came to Hogwarts during his third year. Ah ha here it is." Siliveya said aloud as she flipped through the pages of the diary.

September 1, 1979

Dear Diary,

"I'm thirteen years old, but I'll be fourteen in about a month. Right now I'm at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Yes, no more Durmstrang for me. Bloody Quidditch locker rooms. Anyway, I was the only non-first year student to be sorted by that creepy hat. I ended up being in Ravenclaw, the house for the smartest students. I guess the hat thought that I had to be pretty clever to sneak into Durmstrang for three years. I met some interesting people while I was on the train though. Three boys who were in Gryffindor house. One was James Potter; he was quite the troublemaker. I thought he was cute, but one of the Ravenclaws...something Lovegood, said that he was already into another Gryffindor named Lily. Then another was Lupin, he was very interesting. Though he acted like he was hiding something. The last was Sirius Black. His whole family was in Slytherin house and he was the only Gryffindor. He was the black sheep of his family like me.

Speaking of Slytherin that was the first time I laid eyes on him. Kai Hexington. He was the hottest guy I've seen so far, and he's quite the prankster. Why just tonight during dinner he set off fire sparklers under all of the other Slytherins' seats. It was hilarious. I especially loved the explosives he left under this one prefect's seat. I think his

name was Malfoy or something. The guy ran screaming all the way out of the Great Hall with his hair on fire. I hope I have classes with Kai tomorrow, he's definitely someone I'd love to get to know better."

This time Siliveya closed the diary for good today as she stood up and went back inside the mansion with a devilish smirk on her face.

"I wonder if I should try that sparkler idea on Malfoy today at dinner? I'm sure that will stir up some memories." she thought smirking evilly.

Next Time:

More of the Summer Break Special coming up! Plus the Quidditch Tournament. And what's going to happen to Harry and Siliveya's relationship now that her fate is hanging in the balance. See ya soon.

Chapter Thirty Six- The UnHappy Birthday

Weeks passed and soon it was the end of July, but no one was more depressed than Siliveya. She was living her life on automatic pilot, the days just seemed to fly by, and she took no notice of it. Siliveya wasn't very talkative and really did spend most of her time locked up in her room. And now today, today it was her birthday. Siliveya was sitting at the table in her room staring blankly out the window. What were her real friends up to right now? Was Hermione already learning everything there was to know about fourth year level magic before school even started? Was Ron and his siblings having the time of their lives traveling like when they went to Egypt the previous summer? And what about Harry? Was he in his room being miserable just like she was? Was he even thinking about her? Or did he have a change of heart, because of her letter? Siliveya didn't know for sure, all she knew was that she wasn't looking forward to this day, especially now that Draco was standing in her doorway.

"What do you want Malfoy?" Siliveya asked without turning to face him.

"Today we're going out. And by we and I mean *all* of us. So get dressed." Draco answered with a gleeful smirk showing clearly across his features.

"Fine, just leave so I can change my clothes." Siliveya sighed pushing Draco out of the room and shutting the door.

Siliveya proceeded with picking out an outfit, and came up with a devilishly perfect idea. She dug through the various outfits she had in her closet, and found one that was in red and gold or in other words Gryffindor colors. The top was a deep red with the shoulders cut out, fluttered long sleeves, and went down to her mid stomach. The pants were deep red, decorated with a glitter, metallic gold sash, and it fluttered at her ankles. Lastly to make the look complete she wore glitter, metallic gold slip on shoes, and a deep red witch type hat with a gold, metallic buckle at the rim. Her hair was down with bangs clearly showing under her hat, and she took a matching purse out of the drawer.

"Are you done yet?" Draco called from the outside of the room.

“Yep.” Siliveya replied smirking as she opened the door making Draco looked at her jaw dropped.

“What are you doing wearing Gryffindor colors!” Draco chastised while standing there in a simple black outfit under his outer Slytherin robes.

“You told me to get dressed, you never specified in what.” Siliveya stated as she pushed passed him and headed down stairs to the main floor.

Upon arriving she saw Lucius and his wife Narcissa were waiting for them. Lucius noticed Siliveya’s choice of outfit, though it wasn’t hard not to since she was wearing such bright colors, with disgust.

“What is that you are wearing?” he inquired.

“Clothes, you know those fashionable materials that we all wear daily so we’re not walking around naked.” Siliveya answered in a smart, obvious tone.

“Don’t sass. I swear you are so improper for a young lady.” Narcissa scolded.

“Sorry, Mrs. Malfoy.” Siliveya apologized sheepishly. “So where are we headed?” she inquired as Draco appeared behind her.

“We’re going to be doing your school shopping early, this year is going to be very special so you two must have everything. Now let’s hurry.” Lucius replied.

The four of them floo powdered to Diagon Alley, and stopped at their first destination, Gringotts.

“All right Draco, we’re going to get both of your books while you escort Siliveya to her vault. Afterwards we’ll meet at Madame Malkins understand?” Lucius instructed as he handed Siliveya her key.

“Yes father.” Draco answered obediently.

“Uh huh.” Siliveya said flatly.

Siliveya and Draco were left alone, and preceded to walk into the bank. The interior was old fashioned, and the bank was run by goblins. The two teens approached the head goblin at the tallest desk, and Siliveya asked for a withdrawal as she presented her key. The head goblin called out to another who was standing by, and they were lead into the caverns where the vaults were located. Considering the fact that Siliveya's family could be traced back almost to the beginning, her vault was at the bottom along with all the other old wizarding families.

"Vault forty-five." the goblin announced once they reached her vault.
"Key please." he requested.

Siliveya handed her key over to the goblin who used it to open the large metal door. Inside was enough gold and riches to make any wealthy muggle stare at with envy and greed. Siliveya took out her purse and took what she needed from the vault. Afterwards, they left the bank and headed for Madame Malkins' clothing shop.

"You are such an embarrassment to our society." Draco sneered as they walked through the crowded streets.

"I would say the same about you." Siliveya replied simply as she directed her gaze towards the pet shop. "Hold on I want to look in here for a quick sec." she stopping in front of the store.

"But my father said to go to Madame Malkins'." Draco said.

"It'll only be for a few minutes. Besides it won't kill your daddy dearest to wait for a while." Siliveya replied. "Evil wouldn't die that easily." she thought as she walked into the shop.

Inside there were various pets to choose from. She browsed around until she came across a snake cage. Inside were many varieties, but what caught Siliveya's eye was a medium size snake about three feet long that was completely black.

"See something that interests you dear?" the shopkeeper said as she walked over to her.

“Yes, that black one in the corner. What kind is it?” Siliveya said pointing at it.

“A Northern Black Racer.” the shopkeeper answer.

“I’ll take it.” Siliveya said aloud.

Draco who decided to wait outside the shop turned to see Siliveya walking out with a big snake draped around her form with its head resting on her left shoulder.

“You bought a snake?!” Draco said surprised.

“Yeah, I thought she was cute, I named her Cleo. And you know while I was paying for her the shopkeeper told me about how this type of snake is very poisonous, so I don’t suggest you do anything to piss me off.” Siliveya said smirking as she brought the snake closer to Draco’s face who jumped back.

“Hey watch it with that thing.” Draco freaked.

“Aww what’s a matter Draco, are you afraid of a little, innocent snakey?” Siliveya teased as she crept closer to him.

“No, but I can see that you’re starting to warm up to me.” Draco smirked.

“Don’t mistake my calmness for submission Malfoy.” Siliveya snapped as she headed towards Madame Malkins’.

“You two are late.” Lucius stated as they approached the shop.

“Sorry, but I couldn’t say no to this new pet.” Siliveya explained bringing the snake closer to Draco who kept trying to scoot away.

“Very well.” Lucius sighed. “Now come we have to get you fitted for robes and dress.” he added.

“A dress? What do I need a dress for?” Siliveya questioned.

“Inside.” Lucius ordered ignoring her question.

The two teens obeyed and entered the shop only to be greeted by a kindly old witch.

“Ah, young Mr. Malfoy, Ms. Hexington. Come right this way and I will get you fitted.” Madame Malkins said gesturing towards the platforms on the other side of the room.

Siliveya was first and put Cleo down on a chair so she wouldn’t get in the way.

“Father is right this year is going to be very exciting.” Draco said as he sat a good distance away from Siliveya’s new pet.

“Huh?” Siliveya replied.

“I overheard my father talking to mother about it. Two other wizarding schools named Durmstrang and Beauxbatons are coming to Hogwarts for the Triwizard Tournament. From each school a champion will be chosen to compete in a series of competitions. However they put an age limit on it, only students seventeen and older can compete.” Draco explained.

“Seems interesting.” Siliveya aloud. “Is the tournament dangerous?” she questioned.

“Of course, otherwise they wouldn’t have set the age limit.” Draco said obviously. “Also at the end of the summer father is taking us to the Quidditch World Cup finals. It’s Ireland versus Bulgaria.” he added.

“Sounds like fun.” Siliveya said nonchalantly. “That’s right, Harry and the others are supposed to be at the Quidditch cup too.” she thought staring off into space.

Later that day they returned to Malfoy Manor, and Siliveya was sitting on her bed locked within the privacies of her room. Her new pet Cleo was slithering on the bed beside her as she sat there reading her mother’s diary in silence. Across the room hung among her things were Siliveya’s new schoolbooks, robes, and the new dress the Malfoys bought for her. The dress was completely black with a silver serpent pendant in the center where her waist would be, but Siliveya

didn't like it one bit. She decided to buy herself a different dress to wear, but she would worry about that later. Sighing in frustration at what she read, Siliveya closed the diary quickly and looked at Cleo.

"What am I going to do? The end of the summer seems so far away, I just wish there was a way to see Harry and the others sooner. Sssssssillllas ssssssss ssishhaaaaaaaaaaaa." Siliveya groaned while switching from english to parseltongue.

"You speak snake." Cleo hissed as she slid up to her owner.

"Yes I'm a parselmouth. That's why I bought you. I've been so lonely lately that I needed a new friend to talk to." Siliveya hissed back.

"Oh, and why are you so lonely?" Cleo questioned.

"Well I'm being forced to stay here with the Malfoys. I can't stand them at all. I want to be with my real friends, but I can't. And to think today's my birthday." Siliveya groaned.

"Hmm, those blond ones downstairs do seem to be a bit on the cruel side. Especially that older male. Though the younger one seems to be a bit of a wimp, he can't be anywhere near me without cringing." Cleo commented. "And why are you spending your time with these people if they're so horrible? Shouldn't you be with your family?" she hissed.

"I'd love to be if it weren't for the fact that my family is dead. That's one of the reasons why my birthday is so miserable, my parents were murdered on this day." Siliveya sighed.

"Oh I'm sorry, my mistress. If it'll make you feel better I could sneak into the young blond one's room and bite him in his sleep." Cleo suggested,

"It's a good offer, but I'd rather save it for when school starts." Siliveya hissed back. "Goodnight Cleo." Siliveya said as she slid under her covers.

"Goodnight my mistress." Cleo replied sliding away to her place on the floor.

Little did Siliveya know that someone had been listening to her entire conversation with Cleo, and that person was none other than Draco. He of course didn't understand what was being said, but he instantly recognized what he heard after having experience with it during second year.

"Siliveya is a parselmouth?" Draco thought in surprise as he remembered when Harry had spoken it to the cobra when they had the dueling club.

Chapter Thirty Seven- The Quidditch World Cup

It was a dark, gloomy night in an old graveyard on the outskirts of a town. There existed the grave and home of the deceased Riddle family as well as the home of the old caretaker who was busy cooking. The old man noticed a light shining brightly through the darkness inside the supposedly abandoned house. He left to investigate only to stumble upon the trespassers speaking amongst each other.

“Oh no, no, no my Lord Voldemort. I only meant...perhaps if we were to do it without the boy...” pleaded the fearful voice of Peter Pettigrew.

“NO! The boy is everything, it cannot be done without him and it *will* be done exactly as I say.” commanded Voldemort from his chair.

“I will not disappoint you my lord.”, chimed in another man whose identity was unclear.

“Good. First, gather our old comrades. Send them a sign.” Voldemort ordered.

It was then that a large python slithered its way into the room past the caretaker and to Voldemort’s chair. It spoke a few words to him that peaked his interest.

“Nagini tells me the old muggle caretaker is standing outside the door.” Voldemort said aloud causing Pettigrew or rather Wormtail to stand in the doorway catching the caretaker off guard. “Step aside Wormtail, so I can give our guest a proper greeting.” he ordered.

Wormtail obeyed and moved out of the way leaving the terrified caretaker vulnerable. He didn’t have time to run for Voldemort unleashed the killing curse immediately afterwards. All that could be seen in the distance was a blinding green light, and all that could be heard was the blood-curtailing scream of the caretaker.

Far away two fourteen year olds woke up with a start, and one of them was Siliveya. She rubbed her shocked eyes trying to erase the strange dream from her head. However it felt so strange, like it wasn’t a dream. Such a topic, a dream of Voldemort even, was abnormal to cross Siliveya’s mind at all. It felt like it was really happening, maybe

not right in her room, but possibly somewhere out there. It could be true, for even though most didn't take it seriously Siliveya had gained an odd interest in Divination. The thought of being able to see into the future or the past was quite fascinating to her. Maybe all that studying was paying off, or maybe not.

Siliveya reluctantly slid out of bed after realizing it was morning. It was then it dawned on her, today was the big day. The Quidditch World Cup; and more importantly the chance to see Harry and the others again. At the very thought of it she quickly got dressed, and was ready before Draco could knock on her door. This time Siliveya was dressed in a green and white outfit for she was cheering for the Irish.

"Well at least your choice of clothes have improved for today." Draco sneered.

"Yeah, it's amazing how many wonderful *muggle* outfits *wizard* money can buy." Siliveya replied as she pushed passed him and headed downstairs.

They left early that morning for the tournament, however Narcissa decided to stay behind after drawling on about how she couldn't stand Quidditch. Arriving at the grounds where the tournament was being held was very exciting indeed. Everything was festive and lively as numerous wizards and witches hurried themselves around the area. The game didn't start until evening and Lucius, Draco, and Siliveya stayed in one of the tents. Of course it was no normal tent, for even though it appeared to be a muggle tent on the outside it possessed the space and furnishings of a mansion on the inside.

"Did you have to bring that ruddy snake with you?" Draco whined sitting far across the table from her.

"If it means that you'll stay out of the radius that is my personal space then yes I did." Siliveya replied letting Cleo slither her way onto the table making Draco scoot back even more.

"Enough bickering you two. We're going to be in presence of elite wizards and witches including the Minister so you both need to be on your best behavior, especially you young lady." Lucius scolded.

“Yeah, yeah. I’ll do your little dance to humor you sir. In the meantime neither one of you disturb me while I take my nap.” Siliveya waved off as she stood up. “Come on Cleo.” she called as her pet wound its way around her arm before she left to sleep in one of the bunks.

“Ugh, that bloody girl is impossible. Why do we even keep that traitor around?” Draco ranted after it was clear that Siliveya was sound asleep.

“Now, now Draco, treat her nicely. She’ll learn her place in our society soon enough.” Lucius retorted.

“But that’s just it father, what if she never learns? She’s too strange and acts the complete opposite of any real Slytherin. Siliveya should have been sorted into Gryffindor with the rest of those filthy losers from the start. However, recently I found out something that doesn’t make any sense.” Draco explained.

“And what is that?” Lucius questioned.

“One night a few weeks ago, I was going to visit Siliveya in her room when I heard her talking to someone else. The only thing was she wasn’t speaking english...she was speaking parseltongue to her pet snake. Siliveya is a parselmouth!” Draco answered.

“Are you sure?” Lucius inquired eying his son suspiciously.

“Yes, I remember clearly when I heard Potter speak parseltongue at school during second year. It was the same exact language.” Draco replied.

“I see.” Lucius said aloud as he processed the information that was just told to him. “Listen to me Draco. I do not want you to bring this up to anyone else, and for the time being I want you to forget that this whole event ever happened. Is that understood?” he ordered.

“Yes father.” Draco said obediently.

“Now if you’ll excuse me, I have some business to attend to. I’ll be back in time for the tournament.” Lucius informed before leaving the tent.

It was a good while later until Siliveya emerged from her bunk well rested and groomed.

“Hey where’s your pain in the ass of a father?” Siliveya yawned as she sat at the table with Cleo draped around her shoulders.

“As if I’d tell you, you filthy traitor. Why don’t you go back to whatever filthy muggle family you lived with!” Draco chastised.

“Trust me I wish I could, but I can’t. Why, because I don’t have any control over what happens to me in my life. Cause if I did I sure as bloody hell wouldn’t be wasting it with a heartless, pathetic creep like you! And don’t you ever insult my stepparents that way! They have more power and courage, and strength than you would ever know!” Siliveya snapped.

“A couple of worthless muggles having power and strength? Don’t make me laugh you stupid girl.” Draco sneered.

“Malfoy you bloody wretch!” Siliveya yelled angrily as she strung water along her hands out of thin air until they became frozen claws on her fingertips. “My stepparents may have not been magical witches or wizards, but they possessed something much more unique, and they taught me everything I know. So keep your fucking mouth shut! Got it!” she shouted furiously as she pointed her right, ice-clawed hand at Draco’s throat.

Draco stood there completely shaken by her actions, and was unsure of whether to be afraid of Siliveya’s threatening words or Cleo who was hissing dangerously at him by her side.

“Fine just back off.” Draco said reluctantly.

“Good enough.” Siliveya said before shooting the ice-claws from her hand onto the wall like darts.

It was then that Lucius returned to the tent with a curious look on his face to Siliveya and Draco’s predicament.

“Am I interrupting something?” Lucius asked.

“Nope.” Siliveya replied nonchalantly as she walked over to the table and sat down.

“Well in that case get yourselves together, the game is about to start.” Lucius said.

The two teens proceeded in getting their things, and now it was time for the Quidditch tournament. Everyone was gathering in the large stadium a little ways off from the tent area. They climbed a few flights of stairs accompanied by other wealthy witches and wizards when Siliveya heard a familiar voice.

“Blimey dad. How far up are we?” called Ron’s voice from a higher level.

Siliveya looked up to see Harry, Hermione, Ron, and the rest of the Weasleys.

“Well put it this way! If it rains, you’ll be the first to know!” Lucius shouted up to them as Draco snickered by his side.

“Father, Siliveya, and I are in the Minister’s box! By personal invitation of Cornelius Fudge himself!” Draco bragged as they walked further through the crowd.

“Don’t boast Draco.” Lucius scolded nudging Draco in the stomach with his cane. “There’s no need with these people.” he said looking up at them with disgust.

“Hi guys.” Siliveya managed to say causing Harry to turn and face her.

They locked eyes for a brief moment when Siliveya felt Lucius’ cane grazing her shoulder.

“Now what did we discuss before my dear?” Lucius said.

“Right. Sorry Mr. Malfoy.” Siliveya replied obediently.

“Good now go ahead we’ll catch up.” Lucius said shooing her away.

Siliveya turned her head back to glance at Harry who was giving her a longing look, but did as she was told. With her now gone everyone left not wanting to be in the Malfoys' presence any longer, but Lucius stopped Harry by grabbing his foot with his cane.

"Do enjoy yourself, won't you? While you can." Lucius stated before leaving with Draco right behind him.

Siliveya on the other hand was waiting in the Minister's box alone ignoring the crowds of people around her.

"It's surprising to think that it's been three whole years since I've seen my old home. I wonder how they're doing without me around." Siliveya thought as she stared into space.

"Ah there you are Siliveya. Come I want you to meet some people." Lucius said from behind her.

Siliveya walked over where Lucius, Draco, and a few other men stood.

"Siliveya you already know Minister Fudge, but this is Mr. Bartemius Crouch. He is the Head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation." Lucius introduced.

"Nice to meet you my dear." Mr. Crouch said bowing politely.

"Nice to meet you as well." Siliveya replied faking a small curtsy. "Tell me, are both you and Minister Fudge in charge of Triwizard Tournament that will be taking place this year?" she asked.

"Why yes. It's been over a century since the last one. Too many fatalities of young students, which is why we set the age limit." Fudge answered.

"About that, would you be willing to make an exception for a certain underage witch who would love to participate?" Siliveya inquired.

"Nonsense. The tournament is too dangerous for anyone under the age of seventeen." Crouch replied.

"I see. So who do you think will win the match?" Siliveya asked changing.

"Now Siliveya I believe that is enough questions for right now." Lucius said wanting her to be quiet.

"No she asked a legitimate question. I believe Bulgaria has a shot this year, especially with their star seeker Viktor Krum." Fudge said.

"I would have to say the same." Crouch admitted.

"Well, I think it's the Irish all the way. So how about we make a wee bit of a wager. If Bulgaria wins I'll give each of you ten thousand gold pieces, but if the Irish win you both will allow me to participate in the Triwizard Tournament." Siliveya offered.

"What! Do you think that we would give into such a petty bet with a fourteen year old girl." Crouch said astounded.

"Well I can understand if you don't want to. I mean most people don't like betting especially when they know they're gonna *lose*." Siliveya taunted while smirking knowingly at them.

"Fine you little brat. But if we win I expect no more outrageous stunts from you." Fudge said giving in.

"Glad we understand each other." Siliveya said holding out her hand.

Fudge and Crouch shook her hand in agreement before everyone left to take their seats. Fudge stepped up to the podium to announce the beginning of the game.

"Good evening!" Fudge greeted with his wand pointed to his neck in order to project his voice. "As Minister for Magic it gives me great pleasure to welcome each and every one of you to the final of the four hundred and twenty-second Quidditch World Cup! Let the match begin!" he finished shooting a beam of light into the air.

As the game progressed the Ireland team was in the lead with two hundred and thirty points while the Bulgarian team only had seventy. Siliveya was cheering excitingly knowing her victory was in the bag.

However the Bulgarian seeker Viktor Krum had his eye on the snitch, which would give his team one hundred and fifty more points. With those points all the Bulgarian team would need to do is score one or two more goals and they would win. Luckily the Ireland keeper wasn't letting any of the Bulgarian chasers through. In the end Viktor Krum caught the snitch ending the game and leaving his team with two hundred and twenty points while Ireland still had two hundred and thirty. Ireland won.

"Yes I win! I win!" Siliveya shouted cheerfully while jumping up and down from her seat. "I hope you two remember to keep your end of the bargain!" she called out to Fudge and Crouch who were giving her a grim look.

"All right you are permitted to participate in the Triwizard Tournament" Fudge sighed not believing he got suckered into such a childish act.

"Yes!" Siliveya yelled happily.

"That is of course if you actually get chosen." Draco stated aloud from the seat next to her.

"Don't ruin my moment Malfoy." Siliveya groaned.

Next Time:

Well things seemed to be going good so far. Siliveya can participate in the tournament and school draws nearer with each passing moment. But danger and dread make itself known at the Quidditch world cup, and it is the first bad omen of many to come. And what will happen when our favorite Slytherin outcast reunites with the Golden Trio? Will friends keep strong or be broken? And who's this new girl Harry has his eye on?

Chapter Thirty Eight- The Dark Mark

“You are impossible. I told to behave yourself and you pull a stunt like this!” Lucius scolded.

It was after the game and Lucius, Draco, and Siliveya were back in their tent.

“I did behave myself while having a little fun on the side. I don’t see what the problem is.” Siliveya replied.

“Never mind you insolent girl. I want the two of you to stay here. I’ll be back later.” Lucius said leaving the tent in a huff.

“Finally he’s gone. Now for some piece and quiet.” Siliveya said as she headed for her bunk.

“So are you really going to enter the tournament?” Draco inquired from his place at the table.

“Duh, I wouldn’t have gone through all that trouble not to enter.” Siliveya replied simply.

“Well I guess there is bright side to this. With the age limit we won’t have to worry about Potter stealing the spotlight again this year.” Draco said aloud while smirking to himself.

“You know Malfoy your obsession with Harry’s affairs is getting pretty unhealthy. If I didn’t know better I’d say you were in love with him.” Siliveya teased.

“What!! How dare you say that you...you...” Draco yelled furiously. “You’re just upset because you can’t be with him.” he stated turning the tables on her. “I saw the way you two were staring at each other during the match. You’re still in love with him, even though you swore to us that you weren’t.” he added.

“Of course I am you thick headed moron! You think I’d actually just forget about my real friends like that and side with you! Not on your life!”, Siliveya snapped.

It was then that the two arguing teens heard loud explosions and screaming from outside of tent. Technically there was always explosions and screaming from fireworks and the cheering of Irish fans, but this was different. Siliveya ran up to the opening of the tent to see crowds of people running and screaming in sheer terror while the other tents surrounding them were lit on fire.

“What’s going on out there?” Draco asked.

“What am I a news reporter? Come out and look for yourself.” Siliveya answered.

Draco mumbled to himself, but came up to look anyway. They both soon spotted what was causing the trouble. A group of people in black cloaks and skull masks were lighting the fires and attacking some of the people with their wands.

“Who are those horrible people?” Siliveya said aloud.

“Death eaters. Come on let’s go.” Draco said pulling Siliveya with him.

They made their way through the mass of people who were running for their lives until they made into a forest. Draco stopped running and climbed up one of the trees.

“What are you doing?” Siliveya questioned.

“Getting a better look. Why don’t you join me?” Draco offered.

“Fine, but only because I want to see what’s going on.” Siliveya said climbing up the tree as well.

From there they both saw more people scurrying around, but that wasn’t the worst of it. Levitating above the tents were the bodies of the victims who were attacked by the death eaters. Their forms were highlighted by green lights, and some were magically being spun around in disgusting matter.

“This is sick.” Siliveya gasped.

“Please it serves them right. Filthy muggles and mud-bloods.” Draco said laughing.

“Ron...Ron where are you! Oh this is ridiculous. *Lumos!*” Siliveya heard a familiar voice say from bellow them.

Siliveya looked down to see Harry, Hermione, and Ron who were on the ground by a tree.

“Ron, there you are. Are you okay?” Hermione asked.

“I’m fine. Just tripped over a tree root.” Ron replied bringing himself to his feet.

“Well with feet like that, hard not to.” Draco sneered as he jumped down from the tree he was in.

“Malfoy go fuck yourself.” Ron snapped.

“Language Weasley.” Draco replied smirking as he looked out towards the chaotic campsite. “Scare easily, don’t they? I suppose your daddy told you all to hide? What’s he up to trying to rescue the muggles?” he said lazily.

“Where is you’re father? Out there wearing the masks is he?” Harry spat.

“Well...if he was I wouldn’t be telling the likes of you, would I Potter?” Draco sneered.

“However I could vouch for you.” Siliveya said before she jumped down from the tree.

Harry looked at her with an expression of relief, but when Siliveya started to approach him Draco put his arm in the way blocking her path.

“Now, now Siliveya you don’t want to go with the Golden Trio, you might get attacked by accident. Which reminds me, you three better hurry along. You wouldn’t like *her* to be spotted now would you.”

Draco commented, his eyes sparkling with mischief towards Hermione.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Hermione inquired.

“Granger, they’re after *muggles*.” Draco replied smirking. “D’you want to be showing off your knickers in midair? Because if you do, hang around...they’re moving this way, and it would give us all a laugh.” he stated.

“Hermione’s a witch.” Harry said knowingly.

“Have it your way Potter. If you think they can’t spot a mud-blood, stay where you are.” Draco said grinning maliciously only to get whacked across the back of his head.

“Stop insulting Hermione that way!” Siliveya yelled.

“I’ll say what I want to them so back off!” Draco shouted shoving Siliveya to the ground.

Harry took a step forward but Hermione held him back.

“I’m alright Harry. You guys should leave before you get caught.” Siliveya said confidently.

“She’s right we have to find the others.”, Hermione reasoned.

“Fine, but if you touch her again Malfoy you’re gonna pay.” Harry threatened.

“Whatever Potter, just remember that no matter what you do Siliveya will always be out of your league.” Draco sneered as they left into a deeper part of the forest. “And keep that big bushy head down, Granger!” he called out.

Suddenly Draco was eating dirt for he had been pushed to the ground. He glanced up to see Siliveya staring at him hatefully.

“What’s the matter Siliveya? I was just getting rid of the riffraff.” Draco said innocently as he stood up.

“Save it for someone who gives a damn Malfoy.” Siliveya said as she stormed off.

“Go ahead and run off to Potter! I’ll just be sure to let father know, then he’ll tell the Ministry you’ve been disobeying him, and you’ll be expelled.” Draco stated.

This struck a nerve making Siliveya stop dead in her tracks. She had to hold out until school started otherwise she’d be expelled, and she’d never see Harry and the others again. Siliveya walked back over to Draco in defeat.

“That’s right walk back here like the obedient girl you are.” Draco teased when he received a swift kick to his shin.

While Draco was busy caring for his leg and cursing Siliveya under his breath, she directed her attention towards the sky. Above the campsite and the levitating muggles was a green light forming into the shape of a colossal skull, comprised of what looked like emerald stars, with a serpent protruding from its mouth like tongue.

“What is that?” Siliveya said aloud in amazement.

“The Dark Mark.” Draco said staring up at the sky as well. “It’s You-Know-Who’s sign.” he added.

Chapter Thirty Nine- The Express Back Home

It was time it was finally time. Everyone was boarding the Hogwarts Express at Platform Nine and three quarters. At the moment Siliveya hadn't spotted Harry, Ron or Hermione and was stuck in a compartment with Draco, Crabbe, Goyle, Blaise and, Pansy who had returned to her place on Draco's arm.

"I can't wait for Durmstrang to show up." Draco stated. "Father actually considered sending me to Durmstrang rather than Hogwarts, you know. He knows the headmaster, you see. Well, you know his opinion of Dumbledore...the man's such a mud-blood lover...and Durmstrang doesn't admit that sort of riffraff. But mother didn't like the idea of me going to school so far away. Father says Durmstrang takes a far more sensible line than Hogwarts about the Dark Arts. Durmstrang students actually learn them, not just the defense rubbish we do." he explained.

"Personally I would have preferred you went to Durmstrang." Siliveya commented more to herself.

"Why so I would be a more powerful wizard?" Draco said as his ego expanded three times it's size.

"No, because then it would mean that you wouldn't be here and I wouldn't have to look at your ugly face everyday." Siliveya stated simply.

"How dare you say that! Hogwarts would be dull and boring without Drakey around." Pansy argued.

"Whatever you say." Siliveya replied simply before she exited the compartment and walked down the hallway.

"This is horrible. How can the Ministry not know who conjured it? Especially after they were so quick to accuse that poor house-elf." Siliveya heard Hermione question in the compartment she was about to pass.

"Well the Ministry is full of stuffed-shirt morons, so it wouldn't surprise me." Siliveya stated as she stood in the doorway.

“Oh Siliveya, it’s good to see you.” Hermione greeted.

“Yeah, looks like you were finally able to escape that worthless bloke Malfoy alright.” Ron chimed in.

“And obviously you three were able to safely escape that mishap at the tournament. I’m so glad that school is finally starting, no more living at the Malfoys” Siliveya said relieved as she sat down beside Harry. “And I missed you guys.” she added happily.

“What...is...that around...your neck.” Ron asked nervously as he eyed Siliveya pet snake who was calmly resting on her shoulders.

“Oh I bought her awhile ago. This is my new pet snake Cleo, but don’t worry she won’t bother you.” Siliveya explained as she rubbed under Cleo’s chin making her hiss affectionately.

“And why might I ask did you want a snake for a pet?” Hermione inquired.

“Well for one thing Cleo serves as a great Malfoy repellent. He can’t be anywhere near her without jumping out of his skin.” Siliveya answered. “Besides I’m not really a cat person.” she said looking at Hermione’s cat Crookshanks with distaste.

“What about having an owl? I noticed you don’t own one.” Harry suggested.

“I never really needed one. I didn’t even use the messenger birds we had where I use to live.” Siliveya replied.

“They used birds for sending mail in the *muggle* town you lived in?” Hermione questioned thinking it was rather odd.

“Yeah, but we used hawks instead of owls. And not everyone used them just some areas. Although my step uncle had a messenger hawk that he acquired when he and my step-parents were young, and they were traveling the world.” Siliveya explained.

“Oh so you were adopted into a muggle family.” Harry said clearly interested.

"Uh huh, but we weren't related and they were nothing like the Dursleys'. They were kind and caring. We used to have so much fun together. It's so weird not being able to see them anymore." Siliveya replied as she looked out the window longingly.

"Anything from the trolley? Anything from the trolley?" called the train attendant as she walked down the hall and came across their apartment. "Anything from the trolley dears?" she asked.

"A packet of drewbals and a liquorice wand." Ron requested immediately when he realized he didn't have enough money. "On second thought, just the drewbals, just the drewbals." he said changing his mind.

Meanwhile Harry was looking for something he wanted when someone caught his eye.

"Two pumpkin pasties please." another girl requested.

The girl was Cho Chang from Ravenclaw house, and was also the seeker on their Quidditch team. Harry shared a glance with Cho, and they smiled at one another before she got what she wanted and left.

"Anything sweet for you dear?" the attendant lady asked Harry.

"Oh no thank you I'm not hungry." Harry replied staring in the direction that Cho left.

Siliveya took notice and glared at Harry suspiciously as he sat back down in a daze.

"I still can't believe mum wouldn't tell us what was happening at the school. And what rules were being changed?" Ron said aloud.

"You mean your parents haven't told you yet?" Siliveya asked.

"You know?" Ron questioned receiving a nod. "Well come on tell us what's going on." he said excitedly.

“I guess I could, but since we’re going to find out once we get to school you can wait till later.” Siliveya replied grinning widely while Harry started rubbing his forehead.

“It’s hurting again isn’t it? Your scar.” Hermione said taking notice.

“I’m fine.” Harry lied.

“So this is where you ran off to Siliveya.” said Draco from his place in the doorway with Crabbe and Goyle standing behind him.

“Don’t remember asking you to join us Malfoy.” Harry said coolly.

“You didn’t have to, I just wanted to know where our fellow Slytherin was. And I was right. I figured you return to Potty.”,Draco sneered.

“What’s it to you Malfoy? Now that we’re at school again I don’t have to hang around you anymore.” Siliveya said defiantly.

“All right I’ll let you have your fun for now. But I do say it will be nice to see a Slytherin be in the spotlight instead of the famous boy who lived.”, Draco stated smirking.

“What are you going on about now Malfoy?” Hermione questioned as she had her nose in The Standard Book of Spells, Grade Four.

“You’ll see.” Draco replied laughing as he left with Crabbe and Goyle by his side.

“Why is it no one wants to tell us anything lately?!” Ron said frustrated.

Next Time:

Finally the gang had returned to Hogwarts, and Dumbledore announces the Triwizard Tournament. Plus Durmstrang and Beauxbatons come to the school bringing some new competition on both magic and dating field. Also there is a new DADA teacher that

blows the others out of the water although Hermione's not too happy about it. See ya soon.

Chapter Forty- The New Arrivals

On the old bridge the students of Hogwarts watched as a carriage led by large, white flying horses and a huge ship that emerged from the black lake approached the school. These vessels belonged to Beauxbatons and Durmstrang, the two other wizarding schools that were coming for the tournament. Upon arrival everyone was gathered into the Great Hall. Siliveya had wanted to join her friends at Gryffindor table, but Professor McGonagall had her sit with the rest of the Slytherins. She ended up next to Draco to her dismay, and looked longingly towards Harry and the others. Now that she thought about it Harry hadn't brought up the letter she had written him at the beginning of the summer. Did he feel offended by it? Did he understand? It was killing Siliveya not knowing how Harry felt, and she wanted to ask him later when she had the chance.

"Well, now that we're all settled in and sorted, I'd like to make an announcement. This castle will not only be your home this year, but home to some very special guests as well." Professor Dumbledore explained to everyone. "You see Hogwarts has been chosen to host a legendary event: The Triwizard Tournament." he added making most of the students smile with excitement. "For those of you who don't know the Triwizard Tournament brings together three schools for a series of magical contests. From each school, a single student is selected to compete. If chosen you stand-alone. And trust me when I say these contests are not for the faint-hearted. But more of that later. For now join me in welcoming the lovely ladies of the Beauxbatons Academy of Magic and their headmistress, Madame Maxime." he informed gesturing towards the door.

Moments later a handful of girls in silky, light blue uniforms entered the Great Hall. They greeted everyone by sighing in a very feminine way before running gracefully to the front of the hall followed by their very tall headmistress. They gave a finishing performance by releasing butterflies all around them and bowing respectively. Everyone clapped while most of the guys wolf-whistled.

"This is all Beauxbatons has to offer? A bunch of sighing and butterflies? No wonder my mother never wanted to go there." Siliveya thought as Draco applauded beside her.

“And now our friends from the north. Please greet the proud sons of Durmstrang and their high master, Igor Karakaroff.” Professor Dumbledore announced.

Right after Dumbledore’s introduction a group of teenage boys carrying canes entered the room. They chanted as they walked down the aisle while hitting their canes against the stone floor creating sparks. They flipped their canes around while some ran forward doing flips before the high master entered the room with a surprising guest.

“Blimey it’s him. It’s Viktor Krum.” Ron said shocked.

The rest of the Durmstrang students finished their show by breathing serpent shaped flames from their wands. After Dumbledore finished greeting high master Karakaroff the feast began after everyone was seated. The Beauxbatons students sat at the end of Ravenclaw table while Durmstrang sat at the Slytherin table despite Ron’s feeble cries to get Victor Krum to come sit with him. Instead Krum was sitting beside Siliveya and Draco who gave Ron, Harry, and Hermione a boastful glance.

Draco started conversing with Krum when another Durmstrang student that was sitting on Siliveya’s opposite side started to stare at her.

“Take a picture, it’ll last longer.” Siliveya commented looking in the boy’s direction.

“Forgive me for staring, but have we met? I’ve seen you before somewhere.” the Durmstrang student asked gaining everyone else’s attention at the table.

“No I don’t think so.” Siliveya replied.

“I must have. Perhaps you’ve visited our school?” he asked again.

“Wait I know, you’re that girl from the painting...that Sapphire Phoenix.” Krum chimed in.

“Actually that was my mother.” Siliveya corrected. “What painting are you talking about?” she questioned.

“There is a shrine at our school that honors the first and only witch to ever attend.” the other Durmstrang student answered.

“Yep that’s my mom.” Siliveya said proudly.

“Hold on your mother attended an all boys school? What a weirdo.” Pansy stated rudely.

“Well my mother didn’t want to go to Beauxbatons like all the rest of the women in her family so she sneaked away to Durmstrang.” Siliveya explained to the Durmstrang students completely ignoring Pansy’s remark.

“So she graduated from there?” Draco questioned.

“No, after three years she was found out and ended up coming here. She’s was in Ravenclaw.” Siliveya replied.

“No wonder you’re so messed up, both of your parents were bloody mental.” Draco taunted.

“Once again I’d say the same for you Malfoy.” Siliveya fired back flatly.

“Your attention please.” Professor Dumbledore called out as he in front of everyone with a monument next to him. “I’d like to say a few words. *Glory*. That is what awaits the student who wins the Triwizard Tournament. But to do this, that student must survive three tasks. Three *extremely* dangerous tasks. For this reason, the Ministry has seen fit to impose a new rule.”, he informed. To explain all this we have the head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation Mr. Bartemius Crouch.” Dumbledore introduced as Crouch stood up from his seat and walked over to him.

Suddenly the ceiling above them that was enchanted to look like the sky grew violent and stormy. The ceiling was calmed by spell cast by an unknown figure who had just entered the hall.

“Bloody hell. It’s Mad-eye Moody.” Ron said shocked glancing towards the stranger.

“Alastor Moody? The Auror?” Hermione clarified.

“Auror?” Harry questioned.

“Dark-wizard catcher. Half the cells in Azkaban are filled thanks to him. He’s supposed to be mad as a hatter these days.” Ron explained.

Moody and Dumbledore greeted each other before Crouch stepped forward to continue the presentation.

“After due consideration the Ministry has concluded that, for their own safety no student under the age of seventeen shall be allowed to put forth their name for the Triwizard Tournament.” Crouch declared creating an upstart amongst everyone with Fred and George arguing the loudest.

Dumbledore called for silence and proceeded with making the monument disappear and revealing a large goblet that emitted blue fire.

“The Goblet of Fire. Anyone wishing to submit themselves to the tournament need only write their name upon a piece of parchment and throw it into the flame before this hour on Thursday night. Do not do so lightly. If chosen, there’s no turning back. As from this moment, the Triwizard Tournament has begun.” Dumbledore explained.

Chapter Forty One- The Three Rule Breakers

Some days passed by since the announcing of the Tournament. It was morning and Siliveya had just entered the Great Hall. She spotted the others and sat beside them at Gryffindor table. Harry and Ron were busy stuffing their faces while Hermione had her face deep in one of her text books as usual.

“Good morning guys.” Siliveya greeted.

“Hey Siliveya.” Harry and Ron replied.

“I’m so excited for the tournament.” Siliveya said aloud.

“Yeah too bad we can’t participate.” Ron commented.

“I’m sure the Ministry knows what they’re doing. We just haven’t learned enough.” Hermione stated as she looked up from her book.

“Speak for yourself. I on the other hand am going to enter the tournament.” Siliveya said proudly.

“First Fred and George now you. This is so ridiculous.” Hermione scoffed.

“Well excuse us for trying to have some fun.” Fred said from behind Hermione.

“Yeah just because our birthday’s off by a few months doesn’t mean we’re not capable.” George added.

“Besides Hermione I’m sure you’ll get your shining moment when you impress the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher.” Siliveya said knowingly making Hermione mumble something under her breath.

“By the way how was Mad-eye Moody’s class?” Harry asked.

“Amazing. There is no one like him. You’ll understand more when you have his class.” Fred answered.

“But what’s this we hear about our lovable Slytherin entering the tournament?” George questioned as he sat down beside her on her left.

“I tricked Fudge and Crouch into letting me. Now I have full permission.” Siliveya explained.

“My, my, you *are* quite the slippery snake.” George praised.

“Hey you think you could put in a good word for us?” Fred questioned sitting down next to her on her right.

“It was sort of a one time opportunity so I don’t really think I can.” Siliveya replied damping Fred and George’s mood for a split second.

“Oh well, no matter we still have our way.” Fred said cheerfully.

“And what way is that?” Siliveya asked.

“Those two nitwits are planning to use an aging potion.” Hermione scoffed.

“We’re not nitwits.” Fred and George argued in unison.

“Besides our plan is foolproof. In no time the trophy and the prize money will be ours.” Fred added determinedly.

“Yeah, we need the money in order to start our business.” George explained.

“What business is that?” Siliveya asked again.

“We’re taking our pranks to a new level. We’re calling it Weasleys’ Wheezes.” Fred replied.

“And prize money is going to help us get started.” George informed.

“In that case, if I get chosen and win I’ll give you guys the prize money.” Siliveya decided.

“Really, you’d do that?” Fred and George said together.

"Of course, I have no use for the money. I'm just in it for the fame and danger. Therefore it'll only be reasonable that I give it to you." Siliveya replied.

"Oh you're a gem, a true gem" George said gratefully while hugging her.

"Yeah, if only you didn't belong to Harry." Fred joked causing the two younger teens to cringe.

Siliveya glanced down at her hands avoiding Harry, Ron, and Hermione's gaze. Harry and Siliveya's relationship was unstable and unresolved so any mention of caused instant tension. The twins sensed this and found the perfect way to kill the mood.

"Now Fred don't harass our hero." George scolded playfully.

"Sorry I was just saying girls like Siliveya don't come around very often." Fred explained.

"No they don't. And for that she deserves another hug." George said wrapping his arms around Siliveya once more with Fred following suit.

"Okay you two enough, you're crushing me." Siliveya said giggling.

"Okay, we have to head to class anyway." George said letting go.

"And tonight we become champions!" Fred said determinedly.

With that Fred and George left the Great Hall, and soon Siliveya, Harry, Ron, and Hermione left for Defense Against the Dark Arts. Along the way Ron spotted some of the Durmstrang students.

"I wonder where they're staying." Ron said aloud.

"With us in Slytherin house." Siliveya answered.

"I wished they could have been in Gryffindor tower." Ron groaned.

"Why so you could give our entire room up for Krum?" Harry teased.

"Duh, he's the most amazing seeker there is. I can't believe he's being hogged by Slytherin all this time." Ron complained.

"Well that might not necessarily be a bad thing." Siliveya commented while taking out a piece of paper.

"What's that?" Ron said.

"It might be a very special paper with the words: *To my biggest fan Ron Weasley signed Viktor Krum.*" Siliveya stated holding it up for Ron in a taunting way.

"You didn't." Ron said disbelievingly.

"I did." Siliveya smirked.

"You did, you got me Krum's autograph! Fred and George were right you really are a gem." Ron said happily.

"Yes I know you're welcome. Now let's hurry or we'll be late." Siliveya said as they headed to class.

Chapter Forty Two- The Unforgivable Curses

Everyone had reached the Defense Against the Dark Art class on time. Dean Thomas and Neville were in the front middle row; Harry and Ron were right behind them while Siliveya and Hermione were sitting in the left row, and Draco and his followers were farther back in the right row. Mad-eye Moody entered the room while overlooking everyone with his magical, swirling blue left eye as he walked to the front of the class.

“Alastor Moody.” he introduced himself. “Ex Auror, Ministry malcontent, and your new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher.” he added as he wrote his name on the small chalkboard behind him. “I am here because Dumbledore asked me, end of story, goodbye, the end.” Moody said sharply. “Any questions?” he asked.

Everyone remained silent not really wanting to speak.

“When it comes to the Dark Arts I believe in a practical approach. But first, which of you can tell me how many Unforgivable Curses there are?”, Moody inquired turning to the chalkboard once more.

“Three sir.” Hermione answered as usual.

“And they are so named?” Moody asked again.

“Because they are unforgivable. The use of any one of them will...” Hermione paused.

“Will earn you a one-way ticket to Azkaban, correct.” Moody said finishing her sentence. “The Ministry says you’re too young to see what these curses do. I say different! You need to know what you’re up against! You need to be prepared. You need to find another place to put your chewing gum besides the underside of your desk Mr. Finnagan!” Moody called out turning around to face the class.

“No way. The old codger can see out the back of his head.” Seamus commented from his place in the back of the room.

“And hear across classrooms!” Moody added as he threw something at Seamus causing everyone else to duck. “Now which curse shall we

see first?" he said walking into the rose before stopping in front of Ron. "Weasley!" he shouted.

"Yes." Ron replied shakily as he jumped from the shout.

"Give us a curse." Moody ordered.

"Well my dad did tell me about one...the Imperius curse." Ron answered.

"Yes, your father would know all about that one. Gave the ministry quite a bit of trouble a few years back. Perhaps this will show you why." Moody said as he walked back to the front of the classroom.

Moody took out a black spider from one of the glass cases from the table and enlarged it using a spell.

"Imperio." Moody recited casting the Imperious curse.

He first sent the spider on Dean and Neville's desk with his wand making them shy away, and then had it land on Crabbe's head.

"Don't worry. It's completely harmless." he assured as he sent the spider crawling up one of the Parvati twins' arms. "But if she bites she's lethal." he added having the spider dance on the top of Ron's head causing him to whimper in fear and Draco to start laughing at his expense.

"What are you laughing at?" Moody chastised making the spider fly onto Draco's face.

Draco panicked while frantically trying to get the spider off his face while everyone else laughed.

"Scores of witches and wizards have claimed that they only did You-Know-Who's bidding under the influence of the Imperius Curse." Moody explained as he brought the spider back to his hand. "But here's the rub...how do we sort out the liars? Another, another?" he asked.

This time Siliveya raised her hand already knowing which one to say since she had a great deal of personal experience with it.

“Oh, the last of the Hexingtons right? Professor Snape tells me you have a real aptitude for powerful charms and curses?” Moody inquired and Siliveya replied in a simple nod.

“The second would be the Cruciatus Curse.” Siliveya answered.

“Correct, correct. Come, come” Moody instructed gesturing her towards the table.

Siliveya stood up and walked to Moody’s side as he sat the spider down on table in front of them.

“*Crucio!*” Moody exclaimed making the spider cringe and squirm in agony.

However the spell started to affect Siliveya as she painful reminded of all the times Lucius used the torture curse on her. Moody took no notice of this until Hermione spoke up.

“Stop it! Can’t you see it’s bothering her? Stop it!” Hermione shouted.

Moody looked up to see that Hermione was right and undid the curse. He picked up the spider and brought it over to Hermione while Siliveya stood silently rubbing her forehead.

“Perhaps you could give us the last unforgivable curse, Ms. Granger?” Moody asked causing Hermione to shake her head stubbornly. “No?” he said curiously. “*Avada Kedavra!*” Moody said suddenly as a green light emitted from his wand and engulfed the spider leaving it lifeless.

This time it was Harry’s turn to cringe as the green glow of the curse brought back his haunted memories.

“The killing curse. Only one person is known to have survived it and he’s sitting in this room.” Moody informed as both of his eyes fell on Harry. “Now that you all have seen what these curses can do, we’re

gone to have a small lesson of how to fight back with the Imperius Curse." he instructed.

Moody had everyone stand up and move the tables off to the side so he perform the Imperius curse on them one by one. Harry, Hermione, and Ron walked over to where Siliveya who was still standing in the same spot.

"Are you alright Siliveya?" Hermione asked.

"Of course I'm fine, why wouldn't I be?" Siliveya said defensively.

"It's just that the look that was on your face. You looked like you were in pain." Ron added.

"I told you I'm fine. Don't fuss over me." Siliveya said annoyed as she walked over to another part of the room with her arms folded.

"What's her problem? We were just trying to help." Ron said.

"She's probably just stirred up from it. We should give her some space." Harry suggested.

"I can't believe the cruciatus curse still affected me even when I wasn't the one being attacked. Maybe I'll have better luck with the imperius one." Siliveya thought distressed.

Moody had everyone form a line and started performing the curse. No one was really able to fight it and ended up doing whatever silly actions Moody commanded. Next was Siliveya who was excited to finally have her turn.

"*Spin in a circle.*" Moody's voice ordered.

For a split second Siliveya's consciousness tried to fight it but was instantly overcome with a calming feeling and her body proceeded with Moody's requests. However her mind was still in complete awareness of what she was doing, but no matter how hard she tried she couldn't fight it.

“Come on body work with me here. Stop doing jumping jacks. Oh, why am I so weak.” Siliveya thought in desperation when Moody finally lifted the curse.

“That was the worse I’ve seen so far, you’d be very vulnerable if you were ever attacked this way.” Moody scolded.

Siliveya shied away shamefully while it was Harry’s turn to be place under the curse. Everyone watched in amazement, as he stood perfectly still no matter what Moody commanded him to do. And this was the first time ever that Siliveya had been jealous of Harry. She had always appreciated their differences in magic, but she had always kept the record of being able to be at the top of her game when it came to physical challenges even when she wasn’t in the spotlight. Now Harry could succeed at something she couldn’t. At this moment Siliveya felt very weak and vulnerable. Despite everything she learned she was no match for the unforgivable curses and it bothered her deeply.

“Now you see everyone Potter knows what he doing. Look at his eyes, that’s where you see the resistance.” Moody praised.

After class Harry, Siliveya, Hermione, and Ron where heading down the long spiraling staircase for lunch.

“Brilliant, isn’t he?” Ron questioned. “Completely demented of course, and terrifying to be on the same room with...but he’s really been there you know.” he commented.

“There’s a reason those curses are unforgivable. To perform them in a classroom...I mean who does he think he is.” Hermione ranted.

“Well at least we know what we’re up against now.” Harry defended a bit tired for Moody had decided to have him undergo the Imperius curse consistently to see if he could keep fighting it off.

“At least he knows what he’s talking about. Cause I’d rather have him than that brainless guy from second year...Lockhart...that you were swooning over.” Siliveya teased.

“Whatever I’m going to the library.” Hermione scoffed walking off in a different direction.

It was then that some other Hogwarts students walked by and amongst them was Cho Chang. Harry started staring at her causing Cho to turn towards him from his gaze and they shared a small smile. Siliveya taking notice of this and started glaring at Harry again.

Next Time:

The Goblet of Fire is here, the participants are ready, but nothing would prepare them for who is going to be chosen. and jealousy and danger can only be the result. See ya soon.

Chapter Forty Three- The Goblet Of Fire

Night had fallen and many were gathered in the Great Hall where the Goblet of Fire stood in all its glory. Everyone clapped and cheered as students put their name in the fire including Cedric Diggory from Hufflepuff and Fleur de la Cour from Beauxbatons.

“Eternal glory. Be brilliant, wouldn’t it? Three years from now, when we’re old enough to be chosen.” Ron said as stared at the goblet.

“Yeah, rather you than me.”, Harry replied nonchalantly. “Hey where’s Siliveya. I thought she would have showed up by now.” he asked.

“She said she wanted to help Fred and George.” Ron answered.

It was then that Fred, George, and Siliveya came running into the Great Hall. Everyone cheered for their underage heroes and heroine.

“Well, lads, we’ve done it.”, Fred said excitedly.

“Cooked it up just this morning.”, George added just as excited as his twin.

“It’s not going to work.” Hermione said knowingly from her place at the bottom of the bleachers.

“Oh, yeah?” Fred asked.

“And why is that, Granger?” George inquired as they both knelt next to her.

“You see this? This an Age Line.” Hermione informed pointing to the floating, cloudy circle around the goblet. “Dumbledore drew it himself.” she added.

“So?” Siliveya said joining the conversation.

“So. A genius like Dumbledore couldn’t possibly be fooled by a dodge as pathetically dimwitted as an Aging Potion.” Hermione clarified.

“But that’s why it’s so brilliant.” Fred answered.

“Because it’s so pathetically dimwitted.” George finished making Hermione fume. “But before our triumph, ladies first.” he said directing his attention to Siliveya.

“Okay, keep your fingers crossed.” Siliveya said.

Siliveya walked over to the age line with everyone cheering her on and stepped right through it no problem. Next she took out the small parchment with her name, put it the fire, and walked away from it. It seemed the minister and Crouch kept their word for Siliveya was officially a participant.

“Okay now it’s your turn you guys.” Siliveya cheered as everyone clapped for her victory.

“Ready Fred?” George said shaking up his potion.

“Ready George.” Fred replied shaking his up as well.

“Bottoms up.” they said together as they drank the age potion and jumped into the age ring.

Nothing happened when they did and everyone cheered as Fred and George put their names in the fire. Once again nothing happened and the twins high-fived each other at their success. However their victory was short lived when the blue flames shot out of the goblet and knocked out of the ring into the crowd. Everyone moved out of the way as they landed on the floor with a large thud.

“Are you guys okay?” Siliveya said worriedly as everyone walked up to them.

When Fred and George sat up they no longer had their bright red hair, but long grey hair and beards making them look like two old men. They started fighting, because their plan did not work. Everyone was either laughing or cheering on their fight until Krum entered the Great Hall with high master Karkaroff at his side. The room fell silent as Krum entered his name in the fire and left.

“Well, at least I got in so we still have some hope for our original plan.” Siliveya reasoned as she helped Fred and George to their feet.

“True, but we were so sure that it would work.” Fred said crestfallen.

“Yeah, but now you’re our only chance. For the sake of our plans you must be the Hogwarts champion!” George said determinedly.

“I won’t let you down.” Siliveya said saluting them. “But for now you two better go see Madame Pomfrey, unless of course you want to look like old men for the rest of your lives.” she said laughing.

“All right, see you later Siliveya.” Fred said as he and George left the Great Hall and went to the Hospital wing.

“Wow you actually made it in.” Ron said amazed.

“But aren’t you the least bit afraid or unprepared.” Hermione said doubtfully.

“No. If I felt all of that I wouldn’t have bothered to enter.” Siliveya said.

“But you’re only in fourth year, and the little tricks you know might not be enough. I’m scared for you.” Hermione said worriedly.

“Yes, Hermione because unless you approve no one could ever possibly be capable of doing something that would surpass your superior intelligence.” Siliveya said flatly.

“I didn’t mean it that way...I’m just saying...” Hermione started to say before she was interrupted.

“I know what you’re saying so save it. I don’t need your pity.” Siliveya said sternly. “By the way Harry could you come with me, I want to talk to you.” she asked changing the subject and her tone.

“Uh, yeah sure.” Harry said following her as she headed towards the exit if the Great Hall.

They walked down a few halls, stairs and corridors till they finally found an area where they could be alone.

“What did you want to talk about?” Harry asked once they stopped walking.

“It’s about what happened this summer...you know the letter I sent you.” Siliveya faltered.

“Oh that. Look Siliveya don’t worry about, I understand. The Malfoys forced you into to it.” Harry replied.

“But what are we gonna do about us?” Siliveya questioned.

“Listen to me Siliveya. Everything will be fine. We’ll work it out.” Harry said reassuringly.

“Okay. I was just worried that...” Siliveya paused.

“I told you don’t dwell on it for too long.” Harry said inching his face closer to hers.

Their lips were just about to touch when they were interrupted by someone yelling.

“Ahhhh! Get this bloody snake off me! Siliveya’s gonna pay for this!” Draco’s voice echoed through the corridors.

“Oh no Cleo.” Siliveya worriedly as she ran off in the direction she heard Draco scream.

She paused in her stride glancing back at Harry who was giving her a longing look.

“Sorry, but I have to go before Malfoy does something drastic.” Siliveya apologized.

“It’s okay just go.” Harry said in a solemn tone.

Siliveya nodded and followed the screams to the entrance of the Slytherin common room where Draco was backed up into a corner. Her pet snake Cleo was hissing dangerously as it slithered closer to him with his wand entangled in its tail. Draco spotted Siliveya rounding the corner and a look of anger and relief crossed his face.

“There you are! Get this killer snake away from me!” Draco ordered more than asked.

"Well with an attitude like that I don't see why I should." Siliveya smirked standing in place with her arms folded.

"Just call it off me please!" Draco in a slightly less demanding tone.

"Good enough." Siliveya shrugged. "Here Cleo." she called and the snake immediately obeyed and slithered back to her master's arm. "That was bad, you naughty snake. You're not supposed to attack Malfoy unless I tell you to." Siliveya said shaking a finger at Cleo.

"You need to keep that thing in a cage." Draco said angrily as he stood up and dusted himself off.

"She didn't need one, she was carefully locked in my dorm room where you obviously wouldn't have been able to bother her." Siliveya argued.

"I didn't, Pansy came out of the girls' dorm with that thing and it started attacking us. And since it's your pet you're responsible!" Draco argued back.

"Rubbish, you creeps were the ones messing with my stuff and you got what you deserved. And you should be lucky she didn't bite you although now I wish she would have." Siliveya snapped. "Basilisk." she said at the door leading to the Slytherin common room.

The door opened and Siliveya walked in with Cleo on her shoulders while Draco stormed in behind her. There were some other Slytherins sitting at the far back tables studying, but Crabbe, Goyle, Pansy, and Blaise were sitting on the couches giving Siliveya hard glares.

"Oh, Drakey you're okay!" Pansy squealed happily as she jumped up and crushed Draco in a big hug.

"Pansy get off of me." Draco yelled trying to break free from the obsessed leech though his efforts were in vain.

"Aww, don't you two look cute together." Siliveya taunted.

"Shut up! Anyway where have you been all this time?" Draco questioned.

“Why entering my name in the goblet of course.” Siliveya replied.

“Like you’d be chosen. You’re not good enough for something like this.” Pansy insulted.

“You’ll eat your words soon enough Parkinson.” Siliveya replied grinning as she left for the girls dormitory.

Chapter Forty Four- The Four Champions

Thursday evening had finally come and everyone was gathered in the Great Hall for the announcement of who would be the champion for each school. Siliveya was sitting with all her Gryffindor friends filled with anticipation.

“Oh my gosh, I am so pumped!” Siliveya said happily.

“Are you sure you want to be chosen, the tasks are supposed to be quite dangerous.” Harry said concerned.

“Please Harry if there’s one thing you need to know about me is that I live for danger.” Siliveya said proudly. “Besides if you could you would have entered right?” she inquired.

“No not really, I don’t want any more fame.” Harry replied even though he was thinking the complete opposite.

Dumbledore called everyone’s attention as he stood beside the Goblet of Fire.

“Now the moment you’ve all been waiting for...the champion selection.” Dumbledore announced.

Dumbledore brought his hands to the goblet and stepped back as the blue flame turned magenta and a scorched piece of parchment flew out into his hands.

“The Durmstrang champion is Viktor Krum.” Dumbledore announced as everyone clapped and Krum came up to the front of the room. “The champion for Beauxbatons is Fleur Delacour.” he continued.

Fleur stood up and walked to the front of the room as the rest of the Beauxbatons students clapped. Now was the pressing moment all the Hogwarts students sat on edge as the last piece of parchment flew out the fire.

“The Hogwarts champion is...Siliveya Hexington!” Dumbledore announced.

“Yes! Me!” Siliveya shouted exhilarated as she jumped up from her seat and ran to the front of the room.

“That’s right Siliveya! Make us proud!” Fred and George cheered.

Everyone clapped for Siliveya already knowing how she was able to compete despite her age.

“Excellent! We now have our three champions. But in the end only one will go down in history. Only one will hoist this chalice of champions, this vessel of victory...the Triwizard Cup!” Dumbledore informed while Crouch brought forth a large silver trophy.

Suddenly the goblet started acting strange as the blue flames swirled around violently. Dumbledore walked up to the goblet as the flames turned magenta once more and shot out another piece of parchment.

“Harry Potter.” Dumbledore said on a low voice reading the parchment.

Dumbledore continued to call out Harry’s name while he tried to hide in his seat. Hermione forced him to get up while Ron was glaring at him from behind.

Harry walked hesitantly up to Dumbledore and took the parchment from his hand. Everyone was glaring at him with jealous and distasteful looks.

“He’s a cheat!” one of the students said.

“He’s not even seventeen yet!” another complained.

“But neither is Hexington!” another argued.

“You know what I mean!” the other student argued back.

Later the three original champions Siliveya, Krum, and Fleur were gathered in the trophy room when Harry entered with the other Professors arguing right behind him.

“Harry?”, Siliveya said looking at him in question.

Harry didn't have time to answer for Dumbledore had come at him with a stern look on his face.

"Harry did you put your name in the Goblet of Fire?" Dumbledore asked.

"No sir." Harry answered quickly.

"Did you ask one of the older students to do it for you?" Dumbledore asked again.

"No, sir." Harry replied.

"You're absolutely sure?" Dumbledore interrogated.

"Yes. Yes, sir." Harry said nervously.

"But of course he is lying." Madame Maxime argued.

"The hell he is!" Moody argued back. "The Goblet of Fire is an exceptionally powerful magical object. Only an exceptionally powerful, Confundus Charm could have hoodwinked it. Magic way beyond the talents of a fourth year." he explained.

"You've seemed to have given this a fair bit of thought, Mad-eye." Karkaroff said suspiciously.

"It was once my job to think as dark wizards do, Karkaroff. Perhaps you remember." Moody replied.

"This doesn't help, Alastor. Leave this to Barty." Dumbledore said.

"The rules are absolute. The Goblet of Fire constitutes a binding magical contract. Mr. Potter has no choice. He is as of tonight...a Triwizard champion." Crouch informed.

The Professors gave Harry sorrowful expressions. However when he looked in Siliveya's direction she was staring at him with a look of shock and betrayal.

That night everyone had returned to their common rooms and Harry had to now deal with his jealous peers.

“How did you do it?” Ron inquired. “Never mind. Doesn’t matter. Might’ve let your best friend know, though.” he continued ranting not letting Harry speak.

“Let you know what?” Harry asked confused.

“You know bloody well what.” Ron replied sternly.

“I didn’t ask for this to happen, Ron. Okay? You’re being stupid.” Harry said as he layed down in his bed.

“Yeah that’s me. Harry Potter’s stupid friend.” Ron said aloud laying in his own bed also.

“Look, I didn’t put my name in that cup. I don’t want eternal glory. I just wanna be...I don’t know what happened tonight, and I don’t know why. It just did okay?” Harry reasoned while sitting up.

“Piss off.” Ron said annoyed as he turned his back to Harry.

“Fine...whatever...I’m sure Siliveya will believe me.” Harry said more to himself.

“I doubt that, she looked a little steamed the last time I saw her.” Dean Thomas replied.

“Well it was her shining moment. You know being the only underage champion and all.” Neville added.

“If Siliveya’s angry she probably thinks that Harry’s trying to steal her glory.” Seamus chimed in.

“You guys aren’t helping.” Harry said irritated.

“Hey you’re the one that cheated not us.” Seamus replied as they went to sleep.

Harry sighed to himself in defeat. Another year, another dangerous event he’s gotten dragged into. Why can’t any of these years at Hogwarts be normal.

Next Time:

Betrayal, jealousy, and mystery are only a few words to describe the next events. Everyone has turned their back to Harry including Ron and Hermione. Siliveya becomes the star which only causes more trouble for the struggling couple. But there are some highlighting moments like new friends, old secrets, house eleves and ferret boys? See ya next time!

Chapter Forty Five- The Fallen Star and The Flying Ferret

It was a few days later and the four Triwizard champions were gathered for an interview. Siliveya and Fleur sat proudly in chairs while Harry and Krum stood behind them as they had their picture taken. The woman standing next to the photographer was a news reporter for the Daily Prophet.

“What a charismatic quartet.” she said eying each one of them with interest. “I’m Rita Skeeter. I write for the Daily Prophet.” she introduced shaking everyone’s hand. “But of course you know that, don’t you? It’s you we don’t know. You’re the juicy news.” Rita Skeeter commented. “What quirks lurk beneath those rosy cheeks?” she questioned lightly smacking Fleur on the face. “What mysteries do the muscles mask?” she continued looking towards Krum. “Does courage lie beneath those curls?” she added ruffling Harry’s hair. “In short, what makes a champion tick? Me, Myself, and I want to know. Not to mention my rabid readers. So who’s feeling up to sharing?” she asked.

Everyone turned away not wanting to speak a word to the over excited woman.

“Okay then shall we start with the youngest?” Rita Skeeter inquired making Siliveya immediately point to Harry since he was a couple of days younger than her. “Lovely.” she said dragging Harry off to another room for the interview.

“Finally she’s gone.” Siliveya said sighing with relief.

“So your name is Hexington no?” Fleur asked.

“Yeah, but you can call me Siliveya.” Siliveya replied.

“I’m surprised of how you were permitted to compete. The Professors at this school must see something in you.” Fleur stated.

“Probably. But what’s Beauxbatons like? Most of the family members on my mother’s side used to attend.” Siliveya asked.

“Much different than ‘Og warts. We’re taught more than just magic it also serves as a finishing school.” Fleur answered.

“Excuse me, Ms. Siveya.” Krum said joining the conversation.

“Yes.” Siliveya not bothered by the mispronunciation of her name since Krum had trouble saying a lot of name’s correctly.

“Do you know anything about one of the Gryffindor girls...Granger I believe?” Krum asked.

“Oh you mean Hermione, she one of my friends.” Siliveya clarified.
“Why?” she questioned.

“I just wanted to know what her hobbies were or where she hangs out?” Krum asked.

“Well, if you’re looking for a study partner she’s perfect. All she does is read books twenty-four seven. And if you want to find her the library is always a safe bet.” Siliveya explained.

It was then that Rita Skeeter returned with Harry. She then yanked Siliveya by the arm and it was her turn to be interviewed.

“This is a broom cupboard.” Siliveya stated.

“I know it might not suit your high class taste, but it’ll do for now.” Rita Skeeter replied.

“So tell me Siliveya how’s life holding up as you spend your time with students much younger than yourself?” Rita asked.

“I don’t what you’re talking about.” Siliveya said shifting her gaze away.

“Oh, don’t be silly. Why else would the Ministry have allowed you to participate in such a cut throat tournament knowing the limits of your supposed age?” Rita interrogated.

"First of all I'm fourteen years old and second I was allowed to participate because Barty Crouch and the Minister lost a bet against me." Siliveya corrected annoyed.

"Of course." Rita replied sarcastically while winking. "Any who how's your love life? The latest gossip is that you and the famous Boy Who Lived are very serious. Does Potter's psychotic death wish to enter the tournament affect you in the least or is it possible that this was a scheme the two of you were plotting from the beginning?" she inquired curiously.

"No, I had no idea that Harry entered...or didn't enter...or wait a sec my heart's not drowning in sorrow from Harry's choice to pick fame over me." Siliveya said irritated as she glanced at the quill and notepad that magically wrote whatever Rita wanted.

It was the next day and Harry was receiving an extremely tough time from everyone in the school. It seemed all the students had acquired these badges that read *Support Siliveya*, but when Harry came near the badge changed to *Potter Stinks*.

"You cheat, Potter." one student said as he walked down a crowded corridor.

"You stink, Potter." another added.

"Siliveya rules! Go Siliveya!" a first year student cheered pushing past Harry and rushing down the hall.

He walked out into the courtyard in search of Siliveya to tell her something important about the first task, but didn't spot her anywhere. However he did see Ron and Seamus headed in the opposite direction of the corridor he was just in.

"You're a right foul git, you know that?" Harry snapped at Ron.

"You think so?" Ron replied coolly.

"I know so." Harry said annoyed.

"Anything else?" Ron questioned flatly.

“Yeah, stay away from me.” Harry said sternly.

“Fine.” Ron snapped back as he and Seamus walked off.

Harry turned and finally spotted Siliveya who had was standing farther off in his path after having talked to Fleur and some other Beauxbatons students. Harry made his way over to her, but was interrupted by some unwanted company.

“Why so tense, Potter?” Draco called out from his spot in a tree, although Harry just tried to ignore him. “You like the badges me and the boys conjured up? It’s only fair since you are stealing poor Siliveya’s moment.” he taunted.

“Put a sock in it Malfoy.” Harry said still trying to ignore him.

“You know my father and I have a bet. I don’t think you’re gonna last ten minutes in this tournament.” Draco informed before jumping down from the tree with his gang instantly behind him. “He disagrees. He thinks you won’t last five.” he laughed.

“I don’t give a damn what your father thinks, Malfoy.” Harry spat getting in his face. “He’s vile and cruel and you’re pathetic.” he stated before walking off.

“Pathetic? Pathetic?” Draco said angrily as he reached for his wand.

However before Draco could cast a spell another charm hit him turning him onto a small, white ferret. Harry turned around at the humorous site as other student gathered around.

“I’ll teach you to curse someone when their back is turned!” Moody shouted as he ran up to Draco’s ferret form. “You stinking...cowardly...scummy...back-shooting!” he scolded making ferret Draco twirl around in the air with his wand.

Everyone laughed at the scene before them, but the fun ended when Professor McGonagall stepped forth.

“Professor Moody! What are you doing?” Professor McGonagall watching Moody flip ferret Draco around.

“Teaching.” Moody replied coolly.

“Is that...is that a student?” Professor McGonagall said in realization.

“Technically, it’s a ferret.” Professor Moody replied as he sent ferret Draco into Crabbe’s pants.

Goyle tried to get him out only to get himself bitten. When ferret Draco came out of Crabbe’s pants leg Professor McGonagall turned him back to normal with her wand. Completely startled Draco brought himself to his feet before setting his eyes on Moody.

“My father will hear about this!” Draco threatened.

“Is that a threat?” Moody yelled as he started to chase him.

Draco ran for his life with Crabbe and Goyle right behind him. Moody was going to follow but Professor McGonagall started scolding him about using transfiguration as a punishment. Meanwhile Harry had made his way over to Siliveya who was still laughing.

“Siliveya.” Harry said.

“Oh hi Harry. Did you want something?” Siliveya asked as she petted Cleo who had fallen asleep on her shoulders.

“Dragons.” Harry said gloomily. “That’s the first task.” he added.

“I know.” Siliveya said as she started walking off.

“Wait hold on. How do you know?” Harry questioned.

“Ron told me of course. His older brother Charlie had to bring them from Romania. You should have seen them. The dragons were so awesome, especially the Horntail. I hope I get that one.” Siliveya explained excitedly.

“I see.” Harry said annoyed.

“I know the two of you are feuding over you being one of the champions. That’s actually been the whole school’s excuse. You’re

stealing my spotlight so you can be the center of attention for fame and glory." Siliveya commented.

"I didn't put my name in the cup!" Harry shouted angrily.

Siliveya was a bit taken back by his outburst, and frowned at him disapprovingly.

"You know Harry just because everyone is mad at you gives you no reason to take it out on me." Siliveya replied annoyed.

"I know...I'm sorry. It's just...", Harry faltered.

"Don't be stupid. I already know you didn't put your name in the goblet." Siliveya said coolly.

"You believe me?" Harry said surprised.

"Duh, it's too obvious that you didn't. For starters you didn't get permission like I did so that couldn't have been it. There's no way you could have used a potion when Fred and George failed and they're much closer to age seventeen than you are. And third it's called the *Tri-wizard* tournament meaning *three* champions and only *three* champions. Unless you've learned a new spell that allowed you to make the goblet spit out four names instead of three, I highly doubt you had anything to do with it." Siliveya informed.

"Seamus and the others said you were mad at me for stealing your spotlight." Harry mentioned.

"Harry you're doing it again." Siliveya sighed.

"Doing what again?" Harry asked.

"You're going by what others say again." Siliveya answered. "And let me tell you it's getting tiring." she added.

"Well I'm sorry that I can't be as perfect as you." Harry stated.

"And what's that supposed to mean?" Siliveya asked with an eyebrow raised.

“I’m talking about you being able to do anything you want. You get away with everything you do, and no one ever hates you for it!” Harry snapped.

“Well there are reasons for what I do Harry, I wasn’t born miss perfect, sneaky little snake. And besides who are you to talk. You’re the Boy Who Lived, you basically scream perfection. After all weren’t you only the Quidditch player in the century to start during your first year. You, who always manage to save the day despite the fact that you have no idea what you’re doing. You, who holds much more magical power than I. You, who are able to fight off thousands of dementors with a spell way beyond our level! You, who can fight off two of the three unforgivable curses without even trying! Take at look in the mirror Harry you’re the perfection of the entire school!” Siliveya snapped back. “And you broke your promise.” she added sorrowfully.

“What promise?” Harry said confused.

“What promise? How could you forget so quickly? Don’t you remember at the end of last year when we said that we wouldn’t get into more fights, especially ones that were caused by other people like Malfoy? But you did...you let it happen again. It’s like you want to be with me, but only if I stay hidden under your shadow. And when you do this Harry, it hurts it really hurts. I didn’t accuse you of anything and here you are coming at me like this.” Siliveya said as she started crying.

“No wait...Siliveya please...no don’t cry. I’m sorry. Everyone has just been getting to me lately and...” Harry managed to say as he tried to hug her, but she pushed him away.

“Not now I just want to be alone for a while.” Siliveya said sadly as she walked away.

“Great now you’ve done it. Siliveya is the only one who believes you and you’ve upset her again.” Harry groaned to himself while he kicked the ground in frustration.

Chapter Forty Six- The S.P.E.W.

It was a cold fall night and Siliveya couldn't sleep. Her mind kept wandering over her fight with Harry. She was dressed in her black, silk pajamas and sat up in her bed in the girls' dormitory.

"I need to relax. We just had little tiff. But still the things he said. I'm not that perfect. Especially when I was little...I didn't fit in at all." Siliveya thought as she looked at Cleo who was resting along her headboard.

Siliveya couldn't talk to Cleo as much as she did while she was at the Malfoys'. There was no privacy. During the day she was out and about with everyone else, and at night she was sharing her dorm with four other Slytherin girls. Despite her lack of opportunity, Siliveya managed to still communicate to Cleo like she would a normal pet, and for now that was enough. Without anything else to do, Siliveya pulled out her mother's diary once more, flipped to a previous page she read, and took another deep dive into the past.

March 11, 1970

Dear Diary,

It's me again. So far fourth year has been fun. I made a whole lot of new friends since last year, and unfortunately a few new enemies. Yes, Malfoy was at it again. The name Lucius fits him well for he is nothing, but a bloody evil prat. He also reminds of my parents cause he does nothing but talk about the importance of us pure-bloods. Him and the rest of those horrible Slytherins. Well not all of them are bad. Kai Hexington is the complete opposite. He doesn't hate muggle-borns or rant on about dark magic. He's really sweet and funny, not to mention drop dead gorgeous. All the more reason why I agreed to be his girlfriend yesterday.

Malfoy however wasn't pleased. He's been all too forward with the fact that he adores me, but I'm not giving that bastard an inch. He's too prideful, too prejudice, and too pathetic. I mean he wouldn't give me a second glance if I was a muggle-born like Lily who he loves to torment all the time.

Anyway, over the months I discovered that my beloved Kai wasn't the only kind Slytherin around. Another was this boy named Severus Snape. He was quiet and spent most of his time around Lily. But the poor guy can't catch a break. James, Sirius, Lupin, and this other kid Peter Pettigrew bully him day in day out. Why just the other day James levitated Severus upside down showing off his knickers in mid air. I feel sorry for him. Oh shoot I'd better get going I have Quidditch practice in a few minutes. The Ravenclaw team can't go on without their talented keeper.

Siliveya closed the book, and glanced up at the bare ceiling. Professor Snape the fearsome, strict Head of Slytherin house was the victim of Harry's father's pranks. No wonder Snape can't stand Harry or other Gryffindors for that matter.

"I guess that saying is true. You do learn something new everyday." Siliveya thought as she crawled into bed.

It was the next day in the afternoon. As usual the skies were cloudy and dark, and everyone was roaming around after classes. Siliveya passed by the entrance to the Gryffindor common room when she heard Hermione arguing with Fred and George.

"Come on you two, can't you see that they are being brainwashed!" Hermione scolded.

"House elves are not brainwashed. They enjoy working." Fred argued.

"Yeah, we've seen it for ourselves in the school kitchens." George added.

Siliveya also saw Ron who was slumping by trying to stay out of Hermione's path. He spotted her and immediately walked over.

"Hey Siliveya you'd better get out of here fast." Ron warned.

"Why, what's going on?" Siliveya asked.

It was too late for Ron to say anything else for Hermione came rushing over with a determined and annoyed expression on her face.

“There you are Siliveya. Just the person I wanted to see.” Hermione said sharply.

“Although I’m not sure I want to know.” Siliveya sighed.

“Would you like to pay two sickles for S.P.E.W.?” Hermione asked.

“And what exactly is S.P.E.W.?” Siliveya questioned.

“Granger here has gone mental she has.” Fred answered. “She’s thinks that all the house elves need to be freed because they’re brainwashed.” he explained.

“They are. They are taken advantage of, treated cruelly, and not even paid for their work. And S.P.E.W. might I add stands for Society Protecting Elfish Welfare.” Hermione corrected sternly. “So Siliveya will you support the cause?” she asked again.

“Well you see...even though I agree that some elves are treated unfairly and cruel...” Siliveya replied thinking about Dobby and the other house elves that the Malfoys’ owned. “...However it would be very hypocritical for me to do so because...I sort have a house elf too.” she said sheepishly.

“You what! Do you pay her?! Does she serve you while walking around in rags?!” Hermione chastised.

“To be honest I don’t really do anything since I haven’t seen her in a while. Besides my family’s been absent for eleven years before I showed up again. My house elf Ellie could have left and moved on if she wanted to. But she didn’t because my family loved her and treated her like she was one of us.” Siliveya retorted.

“A likely story! She probably was brainwashed never to leave and that’s why she stayed.” Hermione criticized.

“Sure whatever you say Hermione. I’m just gonna head to potions’ class early.” Siliveya said quickly as she walked away.

“And why are you going there? We still have half an hour before class starts.” Ron questioned.

“There’s less crazy in potions class.” Siliveya called out.

“Oh that Siliveya, I just can’t stand her sometimes.” Hermione huffed.

“Well she is kind of right.” Ron said boldly.

“Is that so? Well I’m just going to have to prove it to you. Tonight we’re going to the school kitchens and we’re going to talk some sense into those elves.” Hermione informed.

Meanwhile Siliveya had made it to the dungeons, and just entered the potions classroom. She saw that Professor Snape was already there at his desk working on something.

“You’re a bit early Ms. Hexington.” Professor Snape greeted not looking up from his work before he paused in realization. “You’re not plotting something are you?” he asked suspiciously giving her a cold glare.

“Of course not Professor. Besides with the first task being tomorrow I have no time for pranks.” Siliveya replied innocently.

“I highly doubt that. You may be a repeat of your mother, but you have your father’s mind.” Professor Snape sneered.

“I’ll just take that as the complement I know it was meant to be.” Siliveya replied simply as she sat down at one of the desks and pulled out her books. “Although I wonder why he seems to dislike my father so much. From what I read Harry’s father and the other Gryffindors were the ones that picked on him.” she thought curiously.

Professor Snape scowled but remained silent until it was time for class to start. All the other students filed in. Hermione sat down next to Neville since she was angry with everyone else for not supporting her cause. Ron was next to Seamus and they started talking about Fleur and how they thought she was part veela. Harry finally entered the room noticing Siliveya sitting by herself. He thought that this would be the perfect chance to apologize. Unfortunately just as Harry walked over to Siliveya she was instantly surrounded by Draco, Crabbe, Goyle, Blaise, and Pansy. They were all wearing their

Support Siliveya badges which at the moment were still reading Potter Stinks.

“What do you think you’re doing Potter?” Draco said smirking. “You are not allowed near our prize champion with the first task merely hours away. We wouldn’t want you to sabotage her chances at winning now would we?” he taunted.

“And since when did you decide who I sit next to Malfoy?” Siliveya asked sternly.

“I’m only looking out for your benefit.” Draco reasoned.

“No you’re not. You’re only doing it to spite Harry, otherwise you wouldn’t care.” Siliveya replied annoyed as she sat up and move to another desk. “Come on Harry.” she said in a softer tone.

“Fine, sit next to Potter but don’t blame me when you lose.” Draco sneered.

“Whatever you say ferret boy.” Siliveya replied smoothly causing the other students to laugh at the memory.

“Quiet.” Professor Snape said taking control of the room. “Today we will be making a sleeping draft. Everything you need is on the shelves, and it will be due by the end of class. You may begin.” he instructed.

Everyone quickly got to work with measuring and chopping ingredients. Harry and Siliveya were both silent while working on their project together.

“Look Siliveya I’m sorry for what I said yesterday, I truly am.” Harry apologized.

“I understand Harry, and I’m sorry for what I said too.” Siliveya replied.

“Are you ready for tomorrow?” Harry asked.

“As ready as I could possibly be.” Siliveya replied.

The two didn't share any more words after that. Soon evening came and Siliveya was in the Slytherin common room. She recalled what she heard Hermione say about going to the school kitchens and decided to join them. Siliveya pulled out the headdress from the pocket in her robes and teleported into one of the school's corridors.

"Here it is Ron. The Kitchen is right behind this portrait of fruit." Siliveya heard Hermione inform.

"So you two were going to show up." Siliveya said as she walked up behind them.

"How did you get here?" Ron said surprised.

"I was following you." Siliveya lied since Harry was the only one who knew about her special family heirloom.

"Good then you can help us right these wrongs." Hermione said determinedly.

They entered the doorway behind the portrait using a password that Fred and George gave them. Once they were in the kitchens they saw a whole bunch of house elves scurrying about with their work. However there was one that the three teens immediately took notice of. The elf was dressed in clothes in a very odd fashion. It wore multiple socks on its head and hands, and a small sweater.

"Dobby?" Siliveya said recognizing the badly dressed elf before them.

"Ms. Hexington? Oh it is good to see you." Dobby greeted.

"What are you doing here?" Siliveya asked.

"After Miss kindly gave Dobby a home after Dolby was freed from the Malfoys, Dobby went searching for work." Dobby explained.

"Dobby should be ashamed." another elf spoke in a higher voice.

The second elf was female and wore a small dress. Hermione recognized her as Barty Crouch's former house elf.

“Winky you’re here too.” Ron said.

“Yes, Winky had no where to go when Winky ran into Dobby. But Dobby is ungrateful having the nerve to ask the wizard folk to pay Dobby for his work.” the elf known as Winky stated.

“Nonsense, Ellie thinks Dobby has every right to.” another female elf defended stepping forth.

This elf was much different. She was dressed much too elegantly for a house elf. She wore an emerald green suit that included a jacket and a skirt that went to her knobby knees. She also wore matching heel shoes, and a hat that had a small feather in it. Lastly she had on a black haired wig that went down to her small shoulders.

“Ellie!” Siliveya greeted happily.

“Mistress!” Ellie greeted back with the same enthusiasm as she hugged Siliveya’s leg. “Ellie has been so worried about you Mistress. Ellie hoped that the Malfoy family hadn’t done anything horrible to you.” she added.

“This is your elf?” Hermione questioned receiving a nod.

“But she’s wearing clothes!” Ron mentioned.

“Ellie has always worn clothes sir. The Hexingtons’ thought it was ridiculous for a servant to be dressed in rags.” Ellie explained.

“Winky thinks you’re both shameful. Winky says elves shouldn’t be wearing clothes or asking for pay.” Winky complained.

“But Winky you could have so much more. You have the right to be paid and be free to do whatever you want.” Hermione reasoned.

“No, it’s not Winky’s place. Not any elf’s place.” Winky replied and she started sobbing.

“Hey Ellie can I talk to you for a second.” Siliveya asked bringing Ellie to the side.

“Of course anything for you Mistress.” Ellie said ecstatically.

Meanwhile Hermione tried to persuade the other house elves but her efforts were in vain. None of the other elves cared about what she had to say. Completely defeated Hermione decided to leave taking Ron with her. Siliveya still stayed behind as she finished up her conversation with Ellie.

“So you think you can find something?” Siliveya asked.

“Yes, Ellie knows the perfect thing. It will suit Mistress very well. Ellie will go and retrieve it right now.” Ellie said as she snapped her fingers and disappeared.

Siliveya left soon after for she needed to rest for the big event the next day.

Next Time:

Tomorrow's the big day for the champions to face the first task. Siliveya thinks she ready while Harry isn't quite sure. Will they beat the task? Plus Siliveya failures in Moody's class starts to get to her and she seeks help. See ya soon.

Chapter Forty Seven- The First Task

The whole school was gathered at a large stadium on the outskirts of the castle where the first task was to take place for the Triwizard Tournament. The four champions, Siliveya, Fleur, Krum, and Harry were waiting in a tent next to the arena. Fleur was dressed in a silver and blue fighting outfit for Beauxbatons while Krum had a red and silver fighting outfit for Durmstrang. Harry and Siliveya wore matching uniforms for Hogwarts only Harry's was red with gold stripes under a long black jacket that had the word *Potter* in red, and Siliveya's was emerald green with silver stripes under a long black jacket that had *Hexington* in emerald green.

"Your attention please. This is a great day for all of us. Each of the three tasks involves very considerable danger. Please keep your seats at all times. This will minimize any risks you may be exposed to." they heard Dumbledore announce from outside.

"You seem nervous Harry. Are you alright?" Siliveya asked concerned.

"Considering the fact that I'm about to face a dragon in a tournament I didn't enter, I'm doing fine." Harry replied sarcastically.

"Oh Harry you've defeated much more dangerous things than a silly old dragon. You *will* be fine." Siliveya reassured.

"But I don't know what I'm doing." Harry sighed.

"You usually never do." Siliveya commented making Harry dwell on her words.

Harry heard someone calling him from behind the tent's curtain and walked up to it to see who it was.

"Harry is that you?" Hermione's voice said from the other side.

"Yeah." Harry replied.

“How are you feeling? Okay?” Hermione asked. “The key is to concentrate. After that you just have to...” she continued when Harry didn’t respond.

“Battle a dragon.” Harry finally said.

At these words Hermione immediately walked into the tent and hugged Harry in worry. It was then that Rita Skeeter entered the room with the photographer who took their picture.

“Young love.” Rita Skeeter said while walking up to them. “How...stirring. If anything goes unfortunate today you two may even make the front page.” she added.

“You have no business here. This tent is for champions and friends.” Krum stated.

“No matter. We’ve got what we wanted.” Rita Skeeter replied before she left the tent.

Right after Dumbledore, Madame Maxime, Karkaroff and Crouch walked into the tent.

“Good day, champions. Gather round please.” Dumbledore greeted. “Now you’ve waited, you’ve wondered, and at last the moment has arrived. A moment only the four of you can fully appreciate.” he explained when he noticed Hermione standing next to him. “What are you doing here Ms. Granger.” he inquired.

“Sorry, I’ll just go.” Hermione replied shyly as she left the tent.

“Champions in a circle over here.” Crouch instructed rounding them up. “Alright Ms. Delacour, if you will.” he said holding out a small bag for her to reach into.

Fleur proceeded to take what was inside the bag and pulled out a small green dragon.

“The Welsh Green.” Crouch said giving the name of the dragon as he turned the bag to Krum. “The Swedish Short-Snout.” he again named

bringing the bag to Siliveya. "The Chinese Fireball. Which leaves..." Crouch continued as he finally passed the bag to Harry.

"The Horntail." Harry whispered to himself.

"What was that boy?" Crouch questioned.

"Nothing." Harry said as he reached his hand into the bag.

"The Hungarian Horntail." Crouch informed as Harry brought out the last the dragon.

This dragon appeared much more dangerous than the others for it's spine was covered in spikes from its head to the tip of its tail. Harry sighed uncomfortably knowing it was just his luck.

"These represent four very real dragons. Each of which has been given a golden egg to protect. Your objective is simple...collect the egg. This you must do, for each egg contains a clue without which you cannot hope to proceed to the next task." Crouch explained.

"Very well. Good luck, champions." Dumbledore commented. "Ms. Hexington, at the sound of the cannon you may..." he continued when there was a loud boom from Filch lighting the cannon to early.

It was time. Siliveya calmed herself from her excitement as she approached the exit of the tent. She was ready and determined. Siliveya left the tent and walked through the rocky cavern that led to the arena. Once there she immediately spotted the golden egg sitting upon the rocky hill in the center of the arena, and she also saw the large dragon she was supposed to face walk right in front of it. The Chinese fireball proved itself of its name. It was an eastern style dragon, which calmed Siliveya even more for that was the kind she was used to seeing where she originally grew up. The dragon was reddish brown with long black horns on his head, and sharp black claws that stuck out dangerously from its short arms and legs. The dragon also had a chain around its neck that would keep it from getting very far.

"Okay girl, all you have to do is get that egg. Don't worry about defeating the dragon. You just have to out smart it somehow. I can't

pretend to use my wand this time, it'll only get in the way." Siliveya thought as she walked further.

The crowd cheered her name when they saw Siliveya come into view. The moment she got closer the dragon shot a fireball straight at her.

"*Protego!*" Siliveya shouted putting her right hand forth creating a barrier.

However the fireball was a bit too strong and even though the spell blocked the fire Siliveya was blown back into the rocky wall by the force. Gaining her stamina back, Siliveya quickly dodged out of the way as another fireball came right at her. She was now running in a circle trying to avoid the dragon's attacks but it was getting her nowhere.

"Come on you've got to think quick on your feet. Let's see the opposite of fire is water. That could dose its flames for a little bit. But there's no water around here. Hold on what was that water spell we learned in charms again. Oh yeah." Siliveya thought as she dashed behind a rock avoiding the last fireball.

The dragon crept closer to her hiding spot and the crowd was on edge wondering what she was going to do. Siliveya peaked out from behind the instantly seeing the dragon who spotted her and prepared to shoot its flames once again. The moment it did Siliveya jumped out in front of the flames.

"*Aquamenti!*" Siliveya commanded sending a wave of water from her hands that overpowered the dragon's flames.

Angered the dragon tried to swipe at her with its tail and succeeded sending Siliveya into another wall. Siliveya remained still in a slight daze while the Chinese fireball approached her.

"You can do this Siliveya. Just get up. Get up." Siliveya thought to herself as the dragon was right on her.

The dragon snapped at her with its large mouth and Siliveya jumped onto its snout as it crashed into the wall. She ran down before she stopped and examined the chain wrapped around its neck getting an

idea. Siliveya quickly pointed a finger at the chain while hanging onto the dragon as it bucked and shook trying to get her off its back.

“*Verivirto! Serpensoria!*” Siliveya yelled.

The chain that wrapped around the dragon’s neck and was attached to the ground instantly turned into a medium sized python that was now on the dragon’s back.

“*Engorgio!*” Siliveya added before she quickly jumped off the dragon’s back and hid behind a rock out of sight.

The python grew in size until it was near the size of the dragon. The dragon roared shaking the serpent off its back making the python hiss at it angrily. The two animals began to fight serving as the perfect distraction. Siliveya swiftly made her way over to the golden egg at the center of the arena at the top of the small rocky hill while dodging the feud of the animals. The moment she was next to the egg she turned her attention to the snake.

“*Finite Incantartum!*” Siliveya shouted pointing her finger at the snake causing it to disappear in a magical explosion leaving behind dust.

No longer distracted, the dragon set its eyes on Siliveya realizing it was going to fail its purpose and charged at her.

“*Reducio Maxima!*” Siliveya quickly as the dragon got close enough.

The Chinese fireball now became the miniature figure that Siliveya had picked out of Barty Crouch’s bag. She picked the tiny dragon up by its tail watching it squirm in her hand and walked back over to the golden egg lifting it up in the for all to see.

“In a show of innovative tactics Siliveya Hexington has retrieved her egg and may go on to the next task!” Dumbledore announced as the crowd was standing in their places in shock at what they saw.

For the first time everyone had finally saw what she had been hiding all this time. After a few seconds the shock wore off, and everyone started cheering her name.

"Bloody hell, Siliveya wasn't using a wand...she just pointed her hand." Ron stated.

"I knew she couldn't keep her façade up. She's a cheater and a fraud." Hermione stated.

"How's that cheating? That's not fraud, that's craziest thing I've ever seen. Where on earth did she learn to do that?" Ron questioned aloud.

"That's not something she can learn, Ron. No one can, and there's no proof of something like that happening any book I've ever read." Hermione scoffed.

"Just because it's new doesn't mean it's impossible." Ginny stated from her spot next to them.

"But how? How is she able to?" Ron asked.

"Why don't you ask her." Ginny advised.

Siliveya's turn was over and she took her place in the stands among the adults in a special section for the champions. Fleur went next, following Krum who both succeeded and were sitting next to Siliveya in the stands. Harry was last and waited in the tent as nervous as he could possibly be.

"Stop being so nervous. Siliveya did fine. Hell she did more than fine, how long was Siliveya planning on keeping *that* secret from us. Oh why did I have to get the Horntail." Harry sighed to himself as he stood beside the exit of the tent.

"Three of our champions have now faced their dragons and so each of them will proceed to the next task! And now our fourth and final contestant!" Dumbledore announced.

Harry prepared himself as he entered the arena while hearing some of the crowd chant his name. He came into view and spotted the egg. Not seeing the dragon he proceeded forward only having to jump out of the way as a large spiked tail came crashing down at him. Harry fell down into a small crevice in the rocky arena and set his eyes on

the Horntail that had been hiding on the side the wall. Harry had no time to rest however for the dragon unleashed a fury of flames straight at him. Harry ran out of the line of fire but couldn't make it up the next hill, and became the victim to the dragon's unmerciful tail. He dodged its strikes until the rock beneath him crumbled beneath his feet and he fell onto its tail getting knocked far off into the far off wall in the process.

"Come on Harry! Think of something!" Siliveya shouted down to him worriedly.

Harry was still running from the furious flames sent after and appeared helpless.

"Your wand Harry! Your wand!" Hermione shouted from another section in the stands with Ron next to her watching the scene with concern for his friend.

"Accio Firebolt!" Harry suddenly yelled.

He darted behind a large boulder before the Horntail breathed deadly flames towards that engulfed the rock. In the distance Harry spotted his broomstick flying towards the arena. Timing it right he jumped onto his broom just as the dragon shot another set of fire at him. The crowd cheered and Siliveya, Hermione and Ron stopped having heart attacks. Harry flew towards the golden egg in an attempt to grab it, but the Horntail shot at him making him miss. As Harry flew out of reach the dragon broke loose of its chain and started chasing him. In order to get away Harry flew out of the stadium with the Horntail following closely behind.

Harry was chased all the way back to the castle where he was knocked off of his broom and onto the roof of one of the towers. His broom landed right beneath and as he made his down to get it the dragon started climbing on the roof towards him. Once Harry got hold of his broom the Horntail snapped at him causing him to loose grip of the roof and fall. Fortunately Harry still had his broom and was able to remount it. He headed for the bridge getting his broom scorched from the dragon getting too close. They both crashed into the bridge and fell into the fog below.

Meanwhile everyone at the stadium was waiting nervously for Harry's return when some of the students spotted him in the distance. Siliveya, Hermione, and Ron cheered incredibly relieved while others cheered excitedly. Harry dove back into the arena and claimed the golden egg for himself receiving even more cheers from the crowd.

Chapter Forty Eight- The Make Up And The Let Down

The whole student body was cheering for their hero and heroine or at least most of the student body. Slytherin house was cheering for Krum instead for they didn't like Harry and after Siliveya had made it clear that she wouldn't be used to spite Harry and the others they didn't want to bother. However Gryffindor tower was where the party was at as Harry and Siliveya were hoisted up in the air together by Fred and George while holding their golden eggs.

"Yes, Harry! Knew you wouldn't die. Lose a leg..." Fred said happily.

"Or an arm..." George added.

"Pack it in altogether? Never!" Fred and George cheered together.

"And let's not forget our brilliant female fighter." Fred added excitedly.

"Shock and awe Siliveya. The serpent distraction was choice." George commented.

"Go on you two. What's the clue?" Seamus asked.

"Who wants us to open them?" Harry asked.

"Yes!!" Everyone cheered.

"Do you want us to open them?" Siliveya asked this time.

"Yes!!" everyone cheered again.

Harry and Siliveya proceeded to open them, which was a huge mistake. Once opened the eggs emitted an incredibly loud shrieking sound that made everyone close their ears including Fred and George who dropped Harry and Siliveya on the floor. The two champions quickly closed the eggs bringing some relief to their poor ears.

"What the bloody hell was that?" Ron said as he entered the common room.

Ron and Harry shared awkward glances as Fred and George shooed everyone out of the common room giving the two boys some space.

“I reckon you have to be barking mad to put your own name in the Goblet of Fire.” Ron stated as he walked up to Harry.

“Caught on have you? Took you long enough.” Harry replied flatly.

“I wasn’t the only one who thought you’d done it. Everyone was saying it behind your back.” Ron commented.

“Brilliant. That makes me feel loads better.” Harry said.

“Least I warned you about the dragons.” Ron said.

“No you warned Siliveya, Hagrid warned me about the dragons.” Harry corrected.

“No, no, no, I did. Don’t you remember? I told Hermione to tell you that Seamus told me that Parvati told Dean that Hagrid was looking for you. Seamus never actually told me anything, so it was really me all along. I thought we’d be all right, you know after you’d figured that out.” Ron explained.

“Who...? Who could possibly figure that out?” Harry stated. “It’s completely mental.” he added.

“Yeah, I suppose I was a bit distraught.” Ron replied.

“Boys.” Hermione said sympathetically as her, Siliveya, and Ginny watched the two apologize. “That reminds me...Siliveya you owe us an explanation.” she said glaring at her.

Everyone’s attention went to Siliveya who diverted her eyes from their piercing gazes.

“No, I don’t think I do.” Siliveya replied simply.

“Yes you do, and this time you can’t blow me off! How is it that you can use magic without a wand?” Hermione demanded.

"It's none of your business. Now stop pestering me about it." Siliveya said sternly.

"But we're your friends, why can't you just tell us." Ron asked.

"Friends or no friends, a person's past is their own business. And if they chose to share it with others then it should be because they wanted to, not because they were forced to. Now like I said before just drop the subject." Siliveya explained strictly. "I just can't tell them, not yet. For if I do, it will reveal too much and everything will be ruined." she thought while looking away from them.

It was the next day and everyone had gone to the Great Hall for lunch after their first class. Siliveya and the rest of her class had just had Defense Against the Dark Arts. That morning Professor Moody decided to test the class to see how they progressed with fighting off the imperious curse, and Siliveya failed once again. She just didn't understand why she was so helpless. Once class was over Siliveya chose to stay behind.

"Um, excuse me Professor Moody can I talk to you for a minute?" Siliveya asked once everyone was gone.

"Sure Ms. Hexington. What's the problem?" Moody asked as Siliveya approached his desk in his office just above the classroom.

"Well Professor I wanted to talk to you about my progress in this class." Siliveya said.

"You seemed to be doing fair, though I'm still surprised you haven't gotten a wee bit better at fighting off the imperious curse. Especially with that excellent display you showed against that dragon." Moody replied.

"That's what I wanted to ask you about. Is it possible that you could give me private lessons so that I could better in fighting off the curse?" Siliveya questioned.

"I don't know. Your vulnerability is pretty great, I'm not so sure you're up to it." Moody answered doubtfully.

"Oh please sir, I've been doing well in everything else except for this. It's been bothering me that I'm so weak. Please teach me more. After all wasn't it you who said that we needed to know what we're up against and be prepared." Siliveya reasoned.

"Oh all right." Moody decided. "Come to my office tonight after dinner and we'll start your extra lessons." he instructed.

"Okay, thank you Professor." Siliveya said gratefully as she left his office and dashed out of the classroom.

Siliveya made her way to the Great Hall where everyone else was and headed towards Gryffindor table. When she approached her friends she spotted Harry staring at Cho Chang who was chatting with her friends over at Ravenclaw table. One of her friends took notice making Cho turn around and Harry embarrass himself by spilling his drink on the front of his shirt. When Harry turned back around Siliveya glared in Cho's direction who caught the message and turned back to her friends. Siliveya proceeded with sitting down next to Harry while a large frown on her face.

"What's wrong with you?" Harry questioned.

"Nothing. I'm just a little tired." Siliveya lied.

"Look at this! I can't believe it! She's done it again!" Hermione huffed as she slammed the newspaper she was reading onto the table. "Ms. Granger, a plain but ambitious girl seems to be developing a taste for famous wizards. Her latest prey, sources report is none other than the Bulgarian bonbon, Viktor Krum. No word yet on how Harry Potter's taking this latest emotional blow especially since he's two-timing on the powerful yet dangerous Siliveya Hexington." she read angrily.

"I wouldn't say he's two timing, but he's sure got the wandering eye." Siliveya thought annoyed glancing back and forth from Harry to Cho.

"Parcel for you Mr. Weasley." said a first year Gryffindor boy holding a large box.

“Thank you Nigel.” Ron replied taking the box. “Oh look my mum sent me something.” he said eagerly while ripping open the box.

What Ron pulled out was the ugliest thing he had ever seen. It was magenta purple, and had white lace trimmed around the edges.

“Mum sent me a dress.” Ron said with great distaste.

“Well it does match your eyes. Is there a bonnet?” Siliveya joked.

“Aha.” Harry added pulling out a separate laced item from the box.

“Put those down Harry.” Ron said holding back a laugh. “Ginny, these must be for you.” he said turning towards his younger sister.

“I’m not wearing that, it’s ghastly.” Ginny replied looking at the piece of clothing.

Hermione started giggling to her making Ron turn back around.

“What are you on about?” Ron questioned.

“They’re not for Ginny. They’re for you.” Hermione managed to say in between laughs.

Hearing this everyone else who was within earshot joined Hermione in her laughter. “They’re dress robes.” she explained.

“Dress robes? For what?” Ron said confused.

“Something tells me we’ll find out soon.” Siliveya stated.

Next Time:

Our champions are about to be challenge with the most critical task ever. The Yule Ball. Hearts will be broken, jealousy will rise, and new fashion statements will be made. Meanwhile the Harry dreams of the enemy while Siliveya's obsession with mastering defense against the dark arts gets unhealthy. See ya soon.

Chapter Forty Nine- The Love Triangle 3: Cho's Charm

All of the Hogwarts students were gathered in the Great Hall. The tables had been pushed back beside the walls leaving an empty space in the center of the room. The students were organized having the boys sitting on the right side and the girls sitting on the left. Siliveya, Hermione, and Ginny were sitting next to each other chatting while Harry, Ron, and the other Gryffindor boys were chatting as well. Draco and his group were surprisingly silent as they sat in a far off part of the room from the rest of the boys. The heads of the four houses were present and Professor McGonagall called for attention silencing the noisy room.

“The Yule Ball has been a tradition of the Triwizard Tournament since its inception. On Christmas Eve night, we and our guests gather in this hall for a night of well-mannered frivolity. As representatives of the host school I expect each and every one of you to put your best foot forward. And I mean this literally, because The Yule Ball is, first and foremost a dance.”, Professor McGonagall announced causing the girls to look at each other with excitement and the boys to groan in their seats. “Silence!” she said taking control of the room. “The four houses of Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, and Slytherin have commanded the respect of the wizard world for nearly ten centuries. I will not have you, in the course of a single evening, besmirching those names by behaving like a babbling, bumbling band of baboons.” Professor McGonagall said sternly.

“Try saying that five times faster.” Siliveya whispered to Hermione who ignored her, however Fred and George were ironically sharing the same conversation on the other side of the room.

“Now to dance is to let the body breathe. Inside every girl, a secret swan slumbers longing to burst forth and take flight. Inside every boy a lordly lion prepared to prance. Mr. Weasley.” Professor McGonagall informed while overhearing Ron say something rude about one of the more, in his opinion, less attractive girls.

“Yes?” Ron said realizing he got caught.

“Will you join me please?” Professor McGonagall asked.

Ron hesitantly stood up and walked into the middle of the room towards Professor McGonagall.

“Now, place your right hand on my waist.” McGonagall instructed.

“Where?” Ron said nervously earning many snickers from the other students.

“My waist.” McGonagall repeated helping hold the proper dancing form. “Professor Snape if you please.” she asked.

Professor Snape turned on the rather large record player, and Professor McGonagall started to dance with Ron who tried his best to hide his embarrassed face from the crowd.

“Everybody come together.” McGonagall said as all the girls quickly stood up and the boys slumped further back into their chairs.

“Wow I didn’t know so many boys in our school were so afraid of a little dancing.” Siliveya teased loud enough for the boys to here.

“Well not all of us.” said a voice from beside her.

Siliveya turned to see Draco with his trademark smirk wide as ever. Without a second thought he took Siliveya by the hand and whisked her out onto the floor. During this some of the other boys gained some courage like Neville who started dancing with Ginny. Ron fortunately got a break from Professor McGonagall as she started instructing the dancing students.

“Harry you’d better get on that dance floor soon before Malfoy does anymore damage.” Ron said scurrying back over to where Harry was sitting.

“I guess so.” Harry replied flatly while he stopped staring at Cho who ended up dancing with someone else, and glanced back at Draco who was twirling Siliveya around.

“My Siliveya I never knew you were such a graceful dancer.” Draco commented in an unusually soft tone.

“You weren’t supposed to.” Siliveya replied sharply.

“Well, I do now.” Draco said smirking.

“Excuse me.” Harry said tapping on Draco’s shoulder.

“Get lost. Can’t you see we’re busy Potter.” Draco sneered.

“Are you sure you want to act like that with Professor Moody in the room, ferret boy?” Siliveya mentioned knowing she hit a weak point.

And she was right for Moody was indeed in the Great Hall making Draco’s face go white before he walked off without saying another word. Harry romantically took Siliveya’s hand and brought his other hand to her waist.

“May I cut in?” Harry asked.

“Of course.” Siliveya replied.

The dance lesson went on for another hour and soon all of the students were faced with a new challenge. Over the next few weeks they had to try and find someone to ask to the dance. Some people didn’t have too much trouble, like Krum who had his own fan club of girls trailing behind him. Then there were others that had enough courage to ask people out no problem. And lastly there was Harry and Ron who had no courage at all. Siliveya on the other hand had the same fan club as Krum for all the Slytherin boys were coming at her out of nowhere asking her to the dance. After all despite her reputation, Siliveya was an attractive fourteen-year-old girl not to mention one of the Triward champions, which meant any lucky boy who got to be her date was bestowed with a few minutes of fame. However despite their pleas, including boys from the other houses and Durmstrang, Siliveya always answered no for she already had a date. Or so she thought. Meanwhile Harry and Ron were in the courtyard scoping out the groups of girls for possible date opportunities.

“Why do they always have to travel in packs? And how are you supposed to get one of them on their own to ask them?” Harry asked Ron.

They pasted by a group of Ravenclaws who stopped chatting to stare at them. Neither Harry nor Ron could get a word out before shyly walking away.

“Blimey, Harry. You’ve slayed dragons. If you can’t get a date, who can?” Ron replied. “Hang on why are you worrying about these lot, you have Siliveya. Why don’t you just ask her?” he questioned in realization.

“I can’t it’s too complicated.” Harry replied turning away.

“Why, because you’ve got your eye on that Ravenclaw girl Cho Chang.” Ron inquired.

As if on cue Siliveya approached from the opposite side from the hall.

“Hey Harry, hey Ron.” Siliveya greeted.

“Hey.” Ron replied elbowing Harry forward.

“So Harry it’s pretty exciting that the school’s having a dance.” Siliveya said stated calmly as she inched up to Harry.

“Um, yeah.” Harry said uneasily. “Siliveya will you excuse us?” he said walking around her and hastily leaving around another corner.

Ron followed behind him as Harry headed up a stairway.

“Okay, what the bloody hell was that all about?” Ron asked. “She was right there for you to ask, and I know you couldn’t have been nervous cause you’ve done more than talk to Siliveya in the past.” he added.

Harry wasn’t listening once he caught sight of Cho going down the other set of stairs a little ways below them. He called out for her, but the Ravenclaw girl was too far away to hear him. Meanwhile Siliveya had followed the two teenaged boys out of curiosity of what was bothering Harry, and she saw this little stunt. Siliveya scowled to herself in anger before leaving towards a different corridor.

It was some days later and the dating matter had only gotten worse. At the moment most of the students were in the Great Hall taking end

of term exams. Hermione, Ron, and Harry were sitting side by side. Siliveya was at another table until she finished and left early.

“This is mad. At this rate, we’ll be the only ones without dates.” Ron whispered to Harry only to get whacked over the head by Snape. “Well, us and Neville.” he added once Snape was gone.

“Yeah, but then again, he can take himself.” Harry said laughing.

“It might interest you to know that Neville’s already got someone.” Hermione stated.

“Now I’m really depressed. Yet, I still don’t see why you didn’t ask Siliveya, Harry. I mean you’ve had plenty of opportunities.” Ron said.

“Well it wouldn’t matter now cause Siliveya already got a date too.” Hermione chimed in again.

“With who?” Harry questioned.

“She didn’t say, all I know is that she was a bit peeved about you not asking her. What is going on with the two of you anyway?” Hermione replied.

“Don’t worry about it.” Harry replied flatly.

Before any more could be said Fred who was sitting a little further down the table with his twin and some of the older Gryffindor students passed Ron a small note.

“Get a move on or all the good ones will have gone.” Ron read in a low voice. “Who you going with, then?” Ron inquired.

To answer his question Fred threw a paper ball at a girl around his age who was sitting nearby.

“Oi, Angelina?” Fred called out.

“What?” Angelina replied.

“Do you wanna go to ball with me?” Fred asked.

"To the ball?" Angelina clarified earning a nod. "Yeah I want to go." she answered gaining a dreamy expression as she turned to the girl next to her.

Fred just winked at Ron who looked at Hermione and decided to give it a try.

"Oi Hermione. You're a girl." Ron started to say.

"Very well spotted." Hermione said sarcastically.

"Come with one of us?" Ron asked before the three of them were hit again by Professor Snape. "Come on. It's one thing for a bloke to show up alone. For a girl it's just sad." he stated.

"I won't be going alone, because, believe it or not, someone's asked me!" Hermione said annoyed as she stood up and handed Professor Snape her work. "And I said yes." she added before leaving the room in a huff.

Ron went into denial of whether or not Hermione had a date, while Harry proceeded with trying to ask Cho. Finally the moment came when he ran into her at the Owlery. Unfortunately when Harry asked Cho informed him that she was already going to the ball with someone else. Now Harry was both desperate and devastated. Oh what a mess he had gotten himself into. It was true that he had a bit of a puppy love crush on Cho, and at first it wasn't a big deal. But now his thing for the shy, innocent, delicate Ravenclaw girl was starting to replace his feelings for Siliveya. It was getting out of hand, and judging by what Hermione had said Siliveya obviously caught whiff of what was going on. Oh how this plagued Harry's mind like a virus as he lied emotionlessly on one of the couches in the Gryffindor common room.

A few minutes later Ron was carried into the common room by Ginny and a few other Gryffindor girls who explained how he tried to ask Fleur Delacour out, which resulted in sheer disaster and embarrassment. Time was running out and the two still didn't have any dates, so Harry had to stick with asking the last two people he would have thought to ask. The Patil twins.

Chapter Fifty- The Yule Ball

It was finally the big night, the Yule Ball. Everyone was dressed up in their finest as they headed to the Great Hall for the major event. However Ron was not one of those people. He was still up in the boys' dorm in the Gryffindor common room looking himself over in the mirror.

"Bloody hell!" Ron whined disgustedly as he examined the horrid dress robe his mother bought for him.

Harry entered the room wearing a normal robe, which consisted of a plain, black robe, white dress shirt, and a white bow tie.

"What are those? What are those?" Ron questioned jealously as he saw Harry's reflection in the mirror.

"My dress robe." Harry answered.

"Well they're all right! No lace. No dodgy little collar." Ron replied.

"I expect yours are more traditional." Harry said unsurely.

"Traditional?! They're ancient! I look like my Great Aunt Tessie!" Ron whined. "I even smell like my Great Aunt Tessie." he added. "Murder me, Harry." Ron said defeated as he look at his reflection in the mirror again.

After Ron's little episode they headed towards the Great Hall.

"Poor kid. I bet she's all alone in her room, crying her eyes out." Ron said aloud.

"Who?" Harry asked.

"Hermione of course." Ron replied. "Come on Harry, why do you think she wouldn't tell us who she's coming with?" he inquired.

"Because we'd take the mickey out of her if she did." Harry guessed.

"Nobody asked her." Ron clarified. "Would've taken her myself if she wasn't so bloody proud." he added.

The Patil twins approached Ron and Harry dressed in Indian style dresses.

“Hello boys.” they greeted together.

“Don’t you look...dashing.” one of said eying Ron’s choice of outfit uneasily.

“There you are Potter.” Professor McGonagall said as she walked up to them. “Are you and Ms. Patil ready.” she asked.

“Ready Professor?” Harry questioned confused.

“To dance. It’s traditional that the three champions...well, in this case four. Are the first to dance. Surely I told you that.” Professor McGonagall explained.

“No.” Harry replied nervously.

“Well now you know. As for you, Mr. Weasley, you may proceed into the Great Hall with Ms. Patil.” Professor McGonagall informed looking at Ron’s dress robes with distaste.

Ron left with his date leaving Harry with Parvati Patil. Harry glanced at the other people in the hall. He saw Fleur with her date and then set his eyes on Cho who was entering the Great Hall with Cedric Diggory. She was dressed in a cream colored dress and Harry couldn’t take his eyes off of her.

“She looks beautiful.” Parvati said directing her attention to the stairs.

“Yeah, she does.” Harry said aloud absentmindedly while staring at Cho.

Harry then realized that Parvati wasn’t talking about Cho and turned around to see Siliveya walking down the stairs. She had her hair down in curls with bangs framing their way around her face, and she wore not the dress that the Malfoys bought but a beautiful deep, emerald green gown. It was sleeveless, and had a slit that went to her right mid-thigh. It also had silver serpents embroidered along the sides of her waist. Harry was hypnotized. For that moment he and

Siliveya were the only ones in the room, and he even forgot that she wasn't his date. However Harry's world crashed when reality sunk in, and he watched as Siliveya did not walk towards him but towards Draco.

"You look absolutely stunning." Draco commented.

"Thank you." Siliveya replied as Draco offered his arm.

Siliveya took Draco's arm and they walked over to where Professor McGonagall was lining everyone up. There they spotted Hermione who was on the arm of Viktor Krum.

"Wow Hermione you look great." Siliveya said as they took their place in the line.

"Thanks you too." Hermione replied cheerfully.

Harry remained silent in frustration. Cho was taken and Siliveya decided to go to the ball with the one person he couldn't stand. Plus the weird thing was Hermione seemed okay with it like she already knew. Soon the major event began. The doors to the Great Hall opened as the champions and their dates entered. Everyone had made a path for them and clapped while they walked towards the center floor. The had been decorated to look like a winter wonderland. Everything was white and frosted, and magical snow flew down from the enchanted ceiling.

"Is that Hermione Granger? With Viktor Krum?" Patty Patil asked as she stood next to Ron.

"No. Absolutely not." Ron said looking at Hermione longingly when he noticed Siliveya and Draco. "What is Siliveya doing with Malfoy?" he thought with curiosity.

Everyone took their positions on the dance floor and the orchestra started to play. They gracefully waltzed across the floor as other couples started to join in including Neville and Ginny, Goyle and Pansy, Fred and Angelina, and Cedric and Cho. The song ended and everyone was allowed to sit down at the tables. Ron and Harry sat

with the Parvati twins at one table while Siliveya, Draco, Hermione, and Krum sat at another table with some other couples.

“What are you doing over here Granger?” Draco sneered earning a nudge in his side.

“You promised me you wouldn’t start anything Malfoy.” Siliveya whispered to him annoyed.

Draco sighed and proceeded in talking to Goyle while Siliveya and Hermione conversed together.

“So is it working?” Siliveya asked as they peaked back at Harry and Ron who seemed to not be having fun at all.

“Yeah, it’s working like a charm. Though I can’t believe you chose Malfoy. Isn’t that a little drastic?” Hermione replied.

“Well drastic times call for drastic measures. He thinks Chang is so special. I’m gonna show Harry just what he’s missing out on.” Siliveya explained.

“Good evening everyone, I am hoping you’re enjoying yourselves. And now for your enjoyment. I present to you the Weird Sisters!” Dumbledore announced.

Loud rock music started to play as the Weird Sisters band was revealed from behind the curtain. Everyone jumped out of their seats excitedly and returned to the dance floor as the band started to play. Meanwhile Harry and Ron remained seated watching Siliveya and Hermione.

“Ruddy pumpkinhead, isn’t he?” Ron commented.

“I don’t think it was the books that had him going to the library.” Harry replied. “And what’s Siliveya doing with Malfoy. Of all the people...” he added.

“Well it’s not like you couldn’t have asked. You had your chance.” Ron said.

“That’s not the point. Malfoy is the enemy. Why would she go with him at all?” Harry scoffed.

The Patil twins looked at one another in boredom for they were the only ones not dancing. Suddenly one of the Durmstrang students walked towards Parvati.

“May I have your arm?” he asked.

“Arm. Leg. I’m yours.” Parvati replied relieved as she headed out onto the dance floor.

Ron spotted Krum and Hermione leaving the dance floor, and frowned when he saw Krum kiss Hermione’s hand. Krum left to get drinks while Hermione walked over and sat beside Harry.

“Hot, isn’t it? Viktor’s gone to go and get drinks. Would you care to join us?” Hermione asked.

“No, we’d not care to join you and Viktor.” Ron replied sternly.

“What’s got your wand in a knot?” Hermione questioned.

“He’s a Durmstrang. You’re fraternizing with the enemy. You and Siliveya.” Ron scoffed.

“The enemy? Who was it wanting his autograph? And who was it that tried to ask every girl out but Siliveya?” Hermione chastised looking from Ron to Harry. “Besides, the whole point of the tournament is international magical cooperation...to make friends.” she reasoned.

“Since when is Malfoy any friend of ours? Besides I think Krum’s got a bit more than friendship on his mind.” Ron replied.

Frustrated and annoyed, Hermione sat up and returned to Krum. Siliveya and Draco soon joined them and while they conversed Siliveya and Hermione would glance back at Harry and Ron from time to time.

“Just look at them mocking us.” Ron complained.

"Just give it a rest Ron, it's not going to change anything." Harry stated.

"Bloody hell it won't I'm gonna give Hermione a piece of my mind." Ron said as he stood up and walked over to Hermione. "I need to talk to you." he said.

"Fine." Hermione replied. "Excuse me Krum." she said following Ron towards the Great Hall's entrance.

A slow song started to play and Draco took Siliveya by the hand.

"Oh no, Draco I'm too tired." Siliveya said.

"Come on just one more." Draco persuaded guiding her onto the dance floor.

Reluctantly, Siliveya followed sharing a quick glance with Harry who decided to leave the Great Hall. Siliveya closed her eyes in defeat and wondered if her plan worked. She only went to the ball with Draco to make Harry jealous. She just didn't understand it, after all they had been through Harry was slowly falling out of love with her. But she wasn't going to give up; he wasn't completely gone yet. There was still hope. As Draco twirled her around Siliveya's thoughts wandered to when Professor McGonagall was giving them dance lessons. Oh, how she wanted Harry to step in right now and whisk her away in his arms like he did before. But he never came. The song was just about over when Siliveya dropped her hands to her sides and started walking away.

"Where are you going?" Draco questioned.

"I'm sorry I can't do this anymore." Siliveya said quickly walking out of the Great Hall as she ignored Draco's calls for her to come back.

Once outside she spotted Hermione sitting on the stairs looking very upset. Obviously her conversation with Ron didn't go very well, but Siliveya was too caught up in her own problems to worry about it. Without a word to anyone, Siliveya dashed down the moving stairs towards the dungeons and entered the Slytherin common room.

Chapter Fifty One- The Clue

Harry awoke from his bed with a jolt. It was the middle of the night, and the only visibility came from the moonlight shining through the windows. He had had that dream again. A graveyard, Lord Voldemort ordering around Pettigrew and one other wizard Harry didn't know, and Harry getting hit by the killing curse. The dream was reoccurring for he had it many times before, the first came at the end of the summer. Harry was not sure if it were only a nightmare or a vision of something that happened or will happen. All he could do was lie in his bed and pray that it was the first possibility. He turned on his side, his eyes focusing upon the golden egg that he had nearly lost life and limb for. The time for the second task wasn't very far away, and he had yet to figure out the clue. He wondered if Fleur, Krum, or even Siliveya had figured out their eggs yet. Harry was sure he would find out tomorrow, and with nothing left to do he fell back asleep.

It was the next day and Harry, Ron, and Hermione had just walked out transfiguration class. Ron was complaining about the work load Professor McGonagall was giving them, but Hermione just clarified that it was all for the greater purpose of learning everything they could for their O.W.L.S. next year.

"Well it's still a lot of bloody homework." Ron whined.

"Oh, Ron." Hermione sighed rolling her eyes.

"Whatever. I'm going to get some food. You comin' Harry?" Ron asked.

"Actually Harry I wanted to talk to you about something." Hermione said.

"Oh okay. We'll catch you later Ron." Harry replied as the three of them headed off in different directions.

Hermione lead Harry all the way to the bridge where they stopped to talk.

"The task is two days from now." Hermione stated.

“Really? I had no idea.” Harry replied sarcastically. “I suppose Viktor’s already figured it out.” he mentioned.

“Wouldn’t know. We don’t actually talk about the tournament. Actually, we don’t really talk at all. Viktor’s more of a physical being.” Hermione replied earning a suspicious look from Harry. “I just mean he’s not particularly loquacious. Mostly, he watches me study. It’s a bit annoying, actually.” she added. “You are trying to figure this egg out aren’t you?” Hermione questioned.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Harry said offended.

“It’s just that these tasks are design to test you in the most brutal way. They’re almost cruel.” Hermione explained making Harry look away from her. “You got by the dragons mostly on nerve. I’m not sure it’s going to be enough this time.” she said worriedly.

Harry didn’t respond. Instead he turned and walked away when he heard Siliveya calling his name.

“Harry!” Siliveya shouted as she ran up to him.

“What?” Harry replied flatly as he stopped walking and faced her.

“Are you ready for the next task?” Siliveya asked.

“What do you think?” Harry snapped although Siliveya ignored it.

“Just as I suspected. Well Harry, I was thinking about how you tried to warn me about the dragons even though I already knew. I figured I could give you the same words of wisdom.” Siliveya replied.

“You figured it out?” Harry questioned.

“What do you think?” Siliveya replied using Harry’s sarcasm against him. “Now I won’t tell you the clue, that’s for you to discover, but I will tell how to access the egg. You know the Prefects’ bathroom on the fifth floor?” she informed earning a nod. “Well it’s not a bad place for a bath. Just take your egg and mull things over in the hot water.” Siliveya whispered in his ear.

With that being said Siliveya walked off humming a song from the ball as she left. Harry stared after her with curiosity. She acted so calm with him like she hadn't just been seen on Draco's arm at the ball. But then of course the commonly strange attitude that she carried at times was one of Siliveya's odd attracting traits. However this was apart of Siliveya's plan to win Harry over. She figured if she pretended like nothing happened it would mess with Harry's mind more since he focused on things like that way too much. But at the moment Siliveya had more on her mind than her feelings for Harry for her next training session with Moody was that night.

The first lesson they had only gone at it for an hour and Siliveya still wasn't improving. She was determined and with Merlin as her witness she was going to master the defensive secrets of the dark arts even if it killed her. Meanwhile night had fallen and Harry had taken Siliveya's advice and headed to the Prefect's bathroom. Once there he recalled her instructions and proceeded with taking a bath.

"I must be out of my mind." Harry said as he opened the egg only to hear the eardrum shattering shriek it gave off. "I'm definitely out of my mind." he added quickly closing the egg.

"I'd try putting it in the water if I were you." a familiar voice said.

Harry turned to see one of the ghosts, Moaning Myrtle who was sitting in one of the toilets.

"Myrtle!" Harry said surprised.

"Hello, Harry. Long time no see." Myrtle flirted. "I was circling a blocked drain the other day and could swear I saw a bit of Polyjuice potion. Not being a bad boy again, are you Harry?" she asked.

"Kicked the habit. Myrtle, did you say try putting it in the water?" Harry questioned.

"Well that's what she did. Your little girlfriend. Siliveya." Myrtle explained. "Well go on open it.", she added.

Harry did as he was told and opened the egg in the water after first sinking beneath the surface himself.

“Come seek us where our voice sound. We cannot sing above the ground. An hour long you’ll have to look...to recover what we took.” sang the voices of women from the egg.

Harry brought himself above the water and quickly turned to Myrtle.

“Myrtle there aren’t merpeople in the Black Lake, are there?” Harry asked.

“Ah, very good. I was almost worried you wouldn’t have figured it out as quickly as Siliveya did.” Myrtle replied.

During this time Siliveya had gone to the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom where Moody was waiting for her.

“Ah, Ms. Hexington right on time.” Moody greeted. “Let’s hope we see some improvement this time around.” he added, his magical eye following her every move.

They continued with having Siliveya resist the imperius curse. Unfortunately there was no luck for her.

“Come on Hexington start trying to resist or stop wasting my time.” Moody scolded.

“I’m sorry Professor.” Siliveya replied sorrowfully.

She was a failure, a sheer failure. It was then that she came up with the idea that maybe the imperius curse was too strong for her to handle. What if she tried something she was more used to dealing with?

“Professor, I was wondering if we could give the imperius curse a break and try the cruciatus curse.” Siliveya suggested.

“Are you mad? I’m not about to perform the torture curse on you!” Moody replied.

“Please I think I may have better luck with it.” Siliveya pleaded.

Moody surprisingly gave into her demands a little too easily. She thought it was odd for all the other Professors would have probably given her detention for saying such things, but since she was getting what she wanted she decided not to argue.

"All right now you're absolutely sure?" Moody clarified receiving a nod.
"Fine, then. *Crucio!*" he commanded pointing his wand at Siliveya.

Siliveya was overcome by the familiar pain that Lucius had made her experience many times before. She wriggled and writhed on the floor in agony as she adapted to ache and piercing sting of the torture curse.

"*Recucio!*" Moody said letting Siliveya rest.

"Again!" Siliveya requested.

Moody hesitated but obeyed watching Siliveya hug her arms around herself as the pain became unbearable. But it was in that instant that she no longer screamed or groaned. Though the feeling hadn't subsided Siliveya felt a numbing feeling over come her. It was a sign that she was getting used to it. Siliveya was excited that she was finally making progress and had Moody shoot her with the cruciatus curse over and over again. After about four hours Moody ended the lesson and had Siliveya return to her common room. When she was out of the line of sight of his magical eye, Siliveya used her headdress to return to the girls' dorm in the Slytherin common room for she was far too tired to walk. Siliveya immediately collapsed on her bed from exhaustion and couldn't wait for her next session let alone the second task.

Next Time:

It's time for the second task and the champions are doing their best with the clues they got or at least most of them are. Meanwhile bad omens are making themselves more present, but what could it mean? See ya soon.

Chapter Fifty Two- The Second Task

Two days had passed and everyone was out at the stands on the Black Lake. The sky was overcast as usual, and the air crisp and freezing.

“Welcome to the second task. Last night, something was stolen from each of our champions. A treasure of sorts now lies on the bottom of the Black Lake. Each champion need only find their treasure and return to the surface. Simple enough, except for this: They will have but one hour to do so, and one hour only. Afterwards they’re on their own.” Dumbledore announced.

Harry, Siliveya, Krum and Fleur were lined up at the edge of the dock. Harry was dressed in a red tank top with the Gryffindor insignia and black swim trunks with red and gold stripes along the sides. Siliveya had on a black one-piece bathing suit that had the Slytherin insignia and emerald green and silver stripes on her sides. Krum had on a grey tank and red swim trunks while Fleur was wearing a light silvery blue one-piece bathing suit. Siliveya noticed that Harry had some weird plant thing in his hand and over heard Moody instructing him to eat it. Harry did so, and started fidgeting from the effects of whatever he ate.

“You may begin at the sound of the cannon.” Dumbledore announced as the cannon went off to early once again.

Siliveya, Krum, and Fleur immediately jumped into the water while Harry had to be pushed in. The plant that he ate had given him gills, and webbing on his feet and hands. Meanwhile Siliveya had used transfiguration magic to give herself a mermaid fin and thus the ability to breathe under water. She proceeded to swim further into the deep, dark, murky water when she came across a kelp forest. Siliveya cautiously swam through until she got to a clearing. There she found the home of the mermaids and saw the treasures they had stolen in the distance.

When she swam closer she noticed Harry was already there before staring at the treasures. They weren’t finding items, they were rescuing people. Siliveya saw Ron, Hermione, Fleur’s little sister, and

Draco? Apparently they picked people whom the champion was close to, and all they could think of for her was Malfoy?

“Is it wrong to refuse to rescue a slimy git such as this?” Siliveya thought reluctantly.

Harry had tried to take both Ron and Hermione to the surface, but one of the mermaids intervened saying he could only take one. While Harry was taking his time Siliveya cut the rope that was holding Draco down. She pointed up to the surface telling Harry to hurry up and continued dragging Draco to the surface. Harry was still taking too long when Krum swam by with his head disguised as a shark. Krum took hold of Hermione leaving Harry with Ron, and Fleur’s little sister.

During this time Siliveya had made it to the surface with Draco who had woken up out of the sleep spell he was under.

“What the bloody hell happened?” Draco said trying to stay afloat.

“Just shut up and help me swim back to the dock.” Siliveya replied still pulling Draco by the arm.

Not too soon after did Krum breach the surface with Hermione. Together they swam back to the dock and where helped out of the water.

“You okay Hermione?” Siliveya asked hugging the towels she was given closer to her body.

“Yeah, where’s Harry?” Hermione said looking back down at the lake.

Siliveya glanced pass Hermione seeing Fleur already there, but she didn’t have her sister with her. Minutes passed and Harry still didn’t show, however Ron and Fleur’s sister did. Fleur rushed to the edge of the dock to help her sister up. It wasn’t until a few moments later did everyone see Harry shoot out of the water and onto the dock.

Harry was soon swarmed by his friends wrapping him in towels, and Fleur quickly ran to him.

"You saved her, even though she wasn't yours to save. My little sister. Thank you." Fleur said gratefully as she kissed him on the cheek. "And you...you helped." she said turning to Ron.

"Well, yeah, a bit." Ron replied sheepishly earning a kiss on the cheek as well.

"Harry, are you all right? You must be freezing." Hermione said giving him her towel. Personally, I think you behaved admirably." she added.

"I finished last, Hermione." Harry replied.

"Next to last. Fleur never got past the Grindylows." Hermione explained.

Attention! Attention!" Dumbledore shouted using his wand to amplify his voice. "The winner is Ms. Hexington who showed innate command of the Aquarius Transfigure Charm. However, seeing as Mr. Potter would have finished first had it not been for his determination to not only rescue Mr. Weasley but the others as well, we've agreed to award him second place. For outstanding moral fiber!" he announced earning cheers and boos at the same time.

"First and second! Alright Harry!" Siliveya congratulated.

Afterwards everyone had returned to the school. Siliveya choose to rest while Harry, Ron, and Hermione went to visit Hagrid. They were walking in the forest when Harry wandered off and came across a dead body. He examined the corpse a bit closer to see it was Barty Crouch. Later that day, Harry went to Dumbledore's office to find it empty. He found a sink full of a thick silvery liquid that sucked Harry in and revealed and event that must of happened a long time ago. Once the vision was over Dumbledore showed up and explained to Harry that the silvery liquid was a pensive which is used to hold memories. Harry ended up telling Dumbledore about his dreams and that the second man in the dream was someone he saw in Dumbledore's pensive. Barty Crouch's son, Barty Crouch JR.

Meanwhile Siliveya was in the Slytherin common room brushing up on her studies. She knew she needed to finish her homework now for

she had another training session with Moody and she'd be too tired to do anything afterwards.

"Are you sure you're supposed to be a fourth year?" said an unwanted voice from behind her.

"What do you want? Don't you have some poor first year to bully or something?" Siliveya said annoyed.

"Always so defensive. You should tone it down once and a while." Draco taunted.

"I should have left you there to drown in the black lake, that's what I should have done." Siliveya replied sternly as she gathered up her books and made her way towards the girls' dorm.

Next Time:

The third and final task is soon and who will be victorious.

Chapter Fifty Three- The Third Task

Weeks had passed since the last task. During that long span of time Siliveya's training had continued until the night before the third task. Moody informed her that this would be their last lesson even though the end of the school year was still three months away. When Siliveya asked why, Moody simply replied that there would be no need after the Triwizard Tournament was over. Siliveya thought it to be strange, but Moody was a strange wizard. She usually suspected him to be drunk as much as he kept wolfing down whatever kind of liquor Moody possessed in the bottle he always carried around. Siliveya shrugged it off for she had improved greatly. Although it was painful, *really* painful, Siliveya had gained some experience in blocking the imperius and cruciatus curses. The last time she fought against it she felt a light forming inside of her that seemed to make the pain ease for a few moments. However as soon as the feeling came it left again. Siliveya wasn't sure what to think of it but she figured she understand it more when the time was right.

Anyway the day of the final task had come. Everyone had gathered at the stadium, which sat beside a humongous, vegetative maze. The school band was playing a marching song as the crowd cheered for their champions. Soon after Siliveya, Fleur, Krum, and Harry stepped out onto the field. Fleur was dressed in a light blue jumpsuit. Krum wore a grey long sleeve shirt with the Durmstrang symbol on it and red pants. Harry had on a long shirt that had a black right sleeve and a left red sleeve, and the center was split down the middle with red on the right and black on the left. Lastly top had the Gryffindor insignia, he had on black pants, and his last name was printed on the back of his shirt in red. Siliveya's outfit was the same as Harry's only she had the Slytherin insignia, her shirt was green in the same areas Harry's was red, and her last name was imprinted on the back in white.

"Earlier today, Professor Moody placed the Triwizard Cup deep within the maze. Only he knows its exact position. Now, as Ms. Hexington and Mr. Potter are tied for first position they will be the first to enter the maze, followed by Mr. Krum, and Ms. Delacour. The first person to touch the cup will be the winner! I've instructed the staff to patrol the perimeter. Should any contestant decide to quit he or she need only send up red sparks with their wands or hands." Dumbledore

announced glancing at Siliveya as he spoke his last word. “Contestants! Gather around. Quickly!” he called out as Harry, Siliveya, Krum, and Fleur walked towards him. “In the maze you’ll find no dragons or creatures of the deep. Instead you’ll face something even more challenging. You see people change in the maze. Oh, find the cup, if you can. But very wary, you could just lose yourselves along the way.” Dumbledore informed.

After the pep talk Harry and Siliveya walked in front of the two entrances of the maze, and waited for their cues to enter.

“On the count of three. One...” Dumbledore shouted when the sound of the cannon boomed too early once more.

Harry and Siliveya proceeded with entering the paths to the maze. Once inside the foliage closed up behind them and they were trapped to roam the foggy terrain. Siliveya ran forward in search of the right path, but as she ran further the tall bushes that formed the walls of the maze started moving and closing in on her making her run faster. Meanwhile Krum and Fleur entered the maze as well. Fleur was running around frantically when she heard something behind her. Far away both Harry and Siliveya heard Fleur’s ear piercing scream. Krum had attacked Fleur and left her to be taken by the plants. Harry, who was closest to the scene, dashed in the direction of the scream and found Fleur. He quickly sent a red spark into the air so that she could be rescued, and left to continue his journey through the maze. Along the way he ran into Krum who was now attacking Siliveya.

“Get down!” Siliveya yelled to Harry. “*Expelliarmus!*” she shouted sending a large blast of light in Krum’s direction knocking him out.

Before Harry could say anything Siliveya ran the opposite way. He hastily followed until the two teens were gazing upon the long, narrow path that led straight to their goal, the Triwizard Cup. Upon sight they immediately darted down the path while pushing and pulling each other along the way. Unfortunately the branches took hold of Siliveya’s legs and dragged her to the floor. Harry stopped when he realized that Siliveya was no longer beside him and turned to see her being dragged away.

“Harry!” Siliveya called out.

Harry looked between Siliveya and the trophy deciding on which to choose.

“Harry!” Siliveya called out again.

“*Reducto!*” Harry shouted as he pointed his wand at the branches getting rid of them.

“Thanks.” Siliveya said while Harry helped him up.

“No problem.” Harry replied.

“You know, for a moment there, I thought you were gonna let it get me.” Siliveya stated.

“For a moment so did I.” Harry said.

It the distance a dangerous wind picked up behind that caused the walls to close in on them. Harry and Siliveya ran as fast as they could and ended up grabbing the cup at the same time.

Chapter Fifty Four- The Return of Voldemort

The moment their hands touched the handles of the trophy they were teleported not back to the stadium, but to a graveyard. Siliveya and Harry landed roughly on the ground and the trophy rolled off to the side.

“You okay?” Siliveya ask as Harry stood.

“Yeah. You?” Harry replied.

“I'll manage.” Siliveya answered standing up as well. “Where are we? This place...” she said aloud examining the surrounding.

Harry turned to look at one of the statues that looked like the grim reaper and had the name Riddle on it. In front of the statue was a cauldron. Siliveya kept examining the area when it clicked to her, that dream she had at the end of the summer.

“Harry I think we should go.” Siliveya said nervously.

“I've been here before.” Harry stated.

Siliveya walked back to the trophy and realized what happened.

“Harry, it's a portkey. The cup's a portkey. We need to leave, we're not supposed be here.” Siliveya said.

“I've been here before, in a dream.” Harry said looking at the name Riddle more closely and noticed the name Tom in front of it.

“Harry come on!” Siliveya shouted hurriedly.

Suddenly Pettigrew appeared from the room of a small building before them and looked like he was carrying something. Whatever it was it made Harry's scar burn like fire and he didn't move from his spot. Siliveya looked up and saw the thing in Pettigrew's hands. It wasn't human, more like a very deformed one. That's when it dawned on her. It was Voldemort. Siliveya quickly ran to Harry and started pulling him back by his arm.

“Harry come on we have to go.” Siliveya said with fear in her voice.

A fire ignited from underneath the cauldron as Pettigrew came closer.

“Siliveya get back to the cup!” Harry ordered as he shrunk to his knees from the pain of his scar.

“I’m not leaving you behind!” Siliveya replied defiantly as she tried to bring him to his feet. “Stay away from us Pettigrew!” she threatened holding out hand ready to fight if she had to.

“Kill the spare!” Voldemort commanded.

“*Avada Kedavra!*” Pettigrew shouted aiming his wand at Siliveya.

“No! Siliveya!” Harry cried.

Siliveya saw the bright flash of green light coming at her and tried to dodge it, but she wasn’t quick enough. All she could do was whisper a pair of inaudible words before she was engulfed by the green light of the curse. She was flung a little ways away onto the ground. Her eyes remained closed, her hair spread out and covered part of her face, and her body stayed still and lifeless never to move again.

Meanwhile Pettigrew levitated Harry in the air and bound him to the statue behind him.

“Do it! Do it now!” Voldemort ordered.

Pettigrew took the deformed Dark Lord and dropped him into the contents of the cauldron.

“Bone of the father unwillingly given.” Pettigrew said aloud taking a femur from the grave Harry stood on and placed it into the cauldron with his wand. “Flesh of the servant willingly sacrificed.” he continued as he sliced his own hand off and let it fall into the potion. “And blood of the enemy forcibly taken.” he said taking a dagger and cutting Harry’s arm. “The Dark Lord shall rise again.” Pettigrew finished as he speckled the drops of blood into the mixture.

The whole entire cauldron itself was consumed in flames as Voldemort reformed into a whole being. When the process was finished he had slits for eyes, sickly pale skin, no hair or a nose. His nose resembled more of a snake's than a human's. He was also dressed in black robes.

"My wand, Wormtail." Voldemort ordered as he approached Pettigrew who obeyed. "Hold out your arm." he said.

"Oh thank you master." Pettigrew replied thinking his was going to heal his missing hand.

"The other arm Wormtail." Voldemort demanded.

Pettigrew understood and out the arm that had the dark mark tattooed into his skin. Voldemort pressed his wand against the mark creating a dark mark in the sky that brought down several death eaters.

"Welcome my friends. Thirteen years it's been, and yet here you stand before me as though it were only yesterday." Voldemort said.

He suddenly started ripping off their masks saying how he was disappointed with all of them.

"Not even you...Lucius." Voldemort stated taking his mask away also.

"My Lord, had I detected any sign, a whisper of your whereabouts..." Lucius explained.

"There were signs, my slippery friend. And more than whispers." Voldemort scolded.

"I assure you, my Lord, I have never renounced the old ways. The face I have been obliged to present each day since your absence that is my true mask." Lucius stated.

"I returned!" Pettigrew spoke up.

“Out of fear not loyalty.” Voldemort chastised. “Still you have proved yourself useful these past few months, Wormtail.” he said giving Pettigrew a new arm.

“Oh, thank you master, thank you.” Pettigrew said gratefully.

Lucius had noticed Siliveya’s body lying still on the ground before them. A small smirk grew on his face as he realized it was her. Voldemort took notice as well, and walked over to Siliveya’s corpse.

“Such a beautiful young girl.” Voldemort commented examining her with his foot.

“Don’t touch her!” Harry shouted.

“Harry, I’d almost forgotten you were here standing on the bones of my father.”, Voldemort said turning his attention to Harry. “I’d introduce you, but rumors are you as famous as me these days. The *Boy Who Lived*.”, he said towards his death eaters. “How lies have fed your legend Harry. Shall I reveal to you what really happened that night? About how I truly lost my powers? It was love. You see when dear sweet Lily Potter gave her life for her only son she provided the ultimate protection. I could not touch him.” Voldemort explained. “It was *old* magic. Something I should have foreseen. But things are different now Harry for you see I can touch you NOW.” Voldemort informed pressing a dirty finger to Harry’s scar.

Harry screamed out in agony as the pain of his scar became unbearable. Voldemort stopped and used his wand to release Harry from his bondage.

“On your feet Potter, pick up your wand!” Voldemort ordered. “You’ve been taught how to duel I presume. First we bow to each other, come now Harry Dumbledore wouldn’t want to forget you manners. I said bow.” he commanded making Harry bow to him. “That’s better and now. *Crucio!*” Voldemort yelled.

Harry wriggled and writhed in agony on the floor until Voldemort drew back. Harry tried to fight back, but wasn’t strong enough.

"I'm going to kill you Harry Potter. I'm going to destroy you. After tonight no one will ever again question my powers. After tonight they'll only speak of how you begged for death, and how I being a kind, merciful Lord...obliged. Get Up!" Voldemort demanded bringing Harry to his feet.

Harry ran behind one of the statues to hide, but it wouldn't do him any good.

"Don't turn your back on me Harry Potter! I want you to look at me when I kill you! I want to see the lights leave your eyes!" Voldemort shouted.

"Have it your way., Harry said as he came from his hiding spot. "*Expelliarmus!*" he yelled.

"*Avada Kedavra!*" Voldemort shouted.

The magic from both of their wands connected creating a stream of green and red. Voldemort was starting to over power Harry who was concentrating as best he could. Suddenly white lights burst from Voldemort's wand. One turned into the ghost of the muggle caretaker, the other two turned into ghosts of Harry's parents who flew to his side.

"When the connection breaks we can hold him back for a moment, but for only a moment do you understand?" Harry's father instructed.

"Sweetheart your ready. Let go, let go." Harry's mother said.

Harry did as he was told and broke the connection between his wand and Voldemort's. The ghosts returned to Voldemort's wand providing a distraction. Afterwards he immediately ran to Siliveya body and held onto her arm.

"*Accio!*" Harry yelled pointing his wand at the trophy.

The second the trophy hit his hand Harry and Siliveya vanished leaving behind a very angered Dark Lord.

Next Time:

The Dark Lord has returned, death is in the air, and Harry is riddled with guilt. What will become of everyone when this news spreads? What will happen now that it seems that the darkest moment has come? And what's the secret behind Mad-eye Moody? See ya soon.

Chapter Fifty Five- The Aftermath

Harry and Siliveya landed back on the field at the stadium and the crowd jumped up into cheers. No one had realized what had happened yet as they walked down off the bleachers while Harry started crying into Siliveya's shoulder. Fleur who had come closer was the first one to notice and screamed at the sight. Dumbledore who noticed as well quickly ran to Harry trying to pull him away from Siliveya, but Harry refused to let go.

"No! No! Don't!" Harry cried breaking free of Dumbledore's grip.

"For God's sake, Dumbledore, what's happened?" Minister Fudge asked approaching the scene.

"He's back. He's back. Voldemort's back. They killed Siliveya. I couldn't leave her, not there." Harry explained upset.

"It's alright Harry. It's alright. She's home. You both are." Dumbledore comforted.

"Keep everyone in their seats. A girl's just been killed." Fudge instructed to the other Professors walked up to them. "The body must be moved, Dumbledore. There are too many people." he said.

Hermione, Ron, the twins, and some of the others had come down to the field in shock to see their friend dead. Moody showed up as well and brought Harry away from the scene. He took him back to his office in the defense against the dark arts classroom. Moody locked the door behind them and had Harry sit down on a stool.

"Are you all right, Potter?" Moody asked receiving a nod. "Does it hurt? That?" he questioned.

"Not so much." Harry replied.

"Perhaps I'd better take a look at it.", Moody suggested examining Harry's cut arm.

"The cup was a portkey. Someone had bewitched it." Harry started to explain.

“What was it like? What was he like?” Moody asked suddenly.

“Who?” Harry said confused.

“The Dark Lord.” Moody clarified. “What was it like to stand in his presence?” he inquired.

“I don’t know. It was like I’d fallen into one of my dreams...into one of my nightmares.” Harry explained.

While Harry was talking Moody’s hand began to cramp making him desperately search for something to drink out of his vile. However he found nothing looked at Harry with a devious expression.

“Were there others? In the graveyard, were there others?” Moody asked.

“I...I don’t think I said anything about a graveyard, Professor.” Harry said looking at Moody suspiciously.

“Marvelous creatures, dragons, aren’t they?” Moody stated. “Did you think that miserable oaf would’ve led you into the woods if I hadn’t suggested it? Do you think Siliveya Hexington would’ve told you to open the egg underwater if I hadn’t told her first myself? Did you think Neville Longbottom, the witless wonder, could’ve provided you with gillyweed if I hadn’t given him the book that led him straight to it?” he chastised.

“It was you from the beginning. You put my name in the Goblet of Fire. You bewitched Krum, but you...” Harry said in realization.

“But....but...You won because I made it so, Potter. You ended up in that graveyard tonight because it was meant to be so. And now the deed is done. The blood that runs through these veins runs within the Dark Lord. Imagine how he will reward me when he learns that I have once and for all silenced the great Harry Potter.” Moody said darkly.

Moody pulled out his wand and pointed it at Harry who was backed up against the wall.

“*Expelliarmus!*” shouted Dumbledore’s voice blasting Moody aside into the chair.

Dumbledore, Professor Snape, and Professor McGonagall entered the room immediately confronting Moody.

“Severus.” Dumbledore said allowing Professor Snape to pour Veritaserum, or truth serum, down Moody’s throat.

“Do you know who I am?” Dumbledore asked.

“Albus Dumbledore.” Moody answered.

“Are you Alastor Moody? Are you?” Dumbledore interrogated.

“No.” Moody replied.

“Is he in this room? Is he in this room?” Dumbledore asked.

Moody gestured towards a large chest in the room and they quickly opened it to find the real Mad-eye Moody inside. So if the real Moody was there all the time who was the fraud? Professor Snape examined the fake Moody’s bottle finding traces of Polyjuice potion. Well the fake Moody’s appearance began to alter until he returned back to normal. His tongue twitched from his mouth like a serpent’s and when Harry came closer he lashed out only to be held back.

“Barty Crouch Junior.” Dumbledore said aloud.

“I’ll show you mine if you show me yours.” Barty said showing them his left arm that bore the dark mark showing that he was a death eater.

“You’re arm Harry.” Dumbledore said bringing Harry’s arm to Barty’s.

The mark reacted and moved on its own.

“You know what this means, don’t you? He’s back. Lord Voldemort has returned.” Barty replied.

“I’m sorry, sir. I couldn’t help it.” Harry apologized.

“Send an owl to Azkaban. I think they’ll find they’re missing a prisoner.” Dumbledore said.

Chapter Fifty Six- The Dream

A bright, blinding white light dulled and faded revealing a beautiful moonlit night in a far away land. The temperature was well below freezing in the icy terrain. The buildings themselves were made of ice and snow, and the people inhabiting the area were dressed in blue Eskimo clothes. Hidden within this snow bound citadel was a small area that was untouched by the weather. It had green grass and a warmer flowing stream of water. There a crying young woman sat at the edge of a pool that had two fish swim in a continuous circle around each other.

From a closer look one could see the woman holding a small bundle in her arms. The woman had dark brown hair, tanned skin and blue eyes. The bundle in her arms was a newborn baby; unfortunately it was dead, which explained the woman's sorrow.

“Please spirit of the ocean, spirit of the moon take pity on me. Give me a baby to love and raise.” the woman pleaded gazing at the fish in the pond.

It was then she heard a faint cry, the woman looked down to see if it was her baby but it was not. The small bundle in her arms remained stillborn, but the crying did not cease. The woman stood and followed the sound only to come upon a small something wrapped in silk blankets at the base of a tree. It fidgeted underneath the thick cloth and gave out another small cry. The woman pulled back the blanket to reveal a baby. Unlike her own this baby shared her eye color, but was a slightly darker shade of tan. Also around the baby's neck was a small silver necklace that was had a pendant with a large H embedded in it.

“Oh thank you.” the woman said as she looked towards the sky with deep gratitude. “I think I'll name you Makko.” she said leaving the area taking the baby with her.

The scene faded out to the blinding light once more and opened up to a new area. There were children playing in front of the palace. Most of them were boys followed by an older version of Makko. Makko was an eight year old girl, who lived with her mother and father in the

Southern Water Tribe. Here everything was based on water for half the citizens had the ability to bend water and used it to fight, heal, etc.

Some of the boys Makko was with were young waterbenders and were having a pretend duel. One of them ended up winning and was congratulated by the other kids.

“Hey Wakute, I’ll duel you next.” Makko said determinedly.

“You duel me? Please. You can’t even bend water and even if you did you’d be no match for me and my skills.” Wakute taunted.

“I don’t need water to beat a jerk like you.” Makko snapped.

“Ha, that’s a laugh. Why don’t you run back to your mommy and daddy before you get hurt. Then again they probably wouldn’t want you anyway. It must be very shameful not to have any bending abilities when your mother is a water-bending master and your father’s the Avatar. But hey sometimes worthlessness can’t be helped.” Wakute insulted.

Makko at that moment got really angry as she gripped her fists together causing a plague of itchy boils to appear all over Wakute and the other boys’ bodies. They hastily started scratching themselves for relief, but it only made it worse.

“What did you do to us you freak?” Wakute cried.

Now this wasn’t the first time Makko had caused something out of the ordinary. Many random explosions, disappearing objects, or strange happenings have occurred when ever she was around.

“She’s a witch that’s what she is!” another boy accused.

“What is going on here?” came a woman’s voice.

“Mommy!” Makko said as she ran to her mother and hugged her leg. “They’re being mean to me.” she said pointing at the boys.

"Alright, you boys better run along otherwise I'll be having a talk with your parents," Makko's mother instructed after looking at their boiled covered faces.

Once the boys were gone Makko's mother turned to her in suspicion.

"Makko did you make those boils appear on those boys." she asked.

"I'm sorry mommy. They were picking on me, and I got really mad. And it just happened." Makko explained.

"Makko." her mother sighed. "You have to stop doing this." she said as they reached their home.

"Well it's about time you got home, sis." a man said to Makko's mother once they were inside.

The man looked similar to his sister for they had the same eyes, skin tone, and hair color. He had a beard and his hair was pulled back into a short ponytail. His fiancée was sitting beside him with long black hair and bangs that covered her face. Her skin was pale and separate from her light green and white outfit was a blue necklace around her neck. Her eyes were dull for she was blind, and she also wore no shoes.

"Uncle Sokka, Auntie Toph!" Makko said happily as she ran to them.

"Hey squirt! What have you been up to?" Toph asked.

"She accidentally gave some of the neighborhood boys boils on their faces." her mother answered for her.

"Again! Haven't we told you to stop creeping people out with your hocus pocus voodoo powers!" Sokka scolded.

"Sokka cut it out you know she doesn't have any control over it." Toph warned elbowing him in the side.

"Have any control over what?" asked another man that entered the room.

The man was bald with gray eyes, pale skin, and a blue arrow on his head.

“Your daughter pulled another crazy magic act on the other kids today.” Sokka explained.

“I’m sorry daddy. I’m sorry I’m not a normal bender like you, mommy, and auntie Toph.” Makko apologized as she started crying.

“Now look what you did Sokka! You upset her!” her mother criticized.

“I’m sorry Katara, but you said it yourself that she’s need to stop it.” Sokka defended. “What do you think Aang?” Sokka asked looking towards her father.

“I think that it doesn’t matter what powers she has. Makko you don’t have to be a bender to make us happy. Besides for all we know you’re probably just a late bloomer.” Aang reassured kneeling down to her eye level.

Once again everything evaporated into light and reappeared to a new scene. This time it showed Makko sitting at the edge of an iced road. She was now fourteen. Her hair was curly and her figure more defined. As tradition in the water tribes girls were of marrying age at sixteen, and already Makko had her eyes set on a young water-bending guy who lived close by. But she wasn’t good enough for everyone had labeled her too strange to be around because of the accidents and mishaps that occur while others are in her presence. Makko just stared sadly into the canals that they used for transportation.

“Maybe I really am just a freaky witch.” Makko thought gazing at her reflection. “I wish I could just bend elements like my family does and not remain this outcast I’ve been cursed to be.” she continued to think. “I wish.” she softly spoke holding her hand above the water.

Suddenly the water rose beneath her hand. It took Makko awhile to realize what she was doing until she looked down at her hand. The water dropped as soon as she noticed it. Makko tried again by putting her hand over the canal and concentrated as hard as she could. The

water rose to her hand again and kept flowing as she stood and brought her hand higher.

“I’m doing it. I’m actually bending the water.” Makko said happily as she streamed the water the best she could around herself and back into the canal.

The vision faded as soon as it came and a new ripple in time opened. Makko was walking pass the palace now seventeen years old. Over those last three years she had really grown into a beautiful young lady, and although of age she had yet to be engaged. Her mother and father were much more understanding on the subject and thought that it was okay if their daughter wanted to marry for love and not have it arranged. However that didn’t stop her from flirting. Ever since she was able to start bending she trained for hours everyday so that she could be a master like her parents. Unfortunately she couldn’t be a master, but she was able to learn whatever minor tricks she could. Another trait that her family and the rest of the tribe found odd was that Makko didn’t just do a few minor bending moves with water, but air, earth, and fire too. This ability was something only an Avatar possessed.

That day Makko’s family along with the chief, who happened to be her grandfather, were gathered in the palace for a meeting about her. It was at that moment that she was passing by when her younger cousin Dao Lee, who was Sokka and Toph’s son, ran up to her.

“Yes Dao Lee.” Makko asked knowing the twelve year was ready to burst if he didn’t talk right at that moment.

“As family it is my duty to inform you that everyone thinks you’re the next Avatar.” Dao Lee explained.

“What are you going on about now?” Makko replied skeptically.

“I guess I’ll just have to show ya.” Dao Lee sighed grabbing his cousin by the hand.

Dao Lee brought Makko to a safe place that was close enough for them to spy on the meeting.

"Katara I think your daughter really is the next Avatar." the chief replied.

"Yeah, she's even water tribe, which is the next nation in the Avatar cycle." Sokka added,

"But that doesn't make any since. The next Avatar can only be born after the previous one dies, and Aang's still here." Toph corrected as she put a hand to her expecting belly.

"Well there has to be some reason Makko is capable of bending all four elements." Aang said.

"Alright! Alright I'll confess!" Katara exclaimed under pressure.

"What are you talking about Katara?" Sokka questioned.

"You see...Makko...she's..." Katara faltered.

"It's okay just tell us." Aang said in a comforting tone.

"Makko she's...she's not our real daughter!" Katara answered.

"What do you mean? You told us that..." Aang started to say when Katara interrupted.

"When we were at the North Pole I gave birth to a stillborn baby. I went to the spirit oasis and pleaded with the spirits to give our baby life. That's when I heard a faint cry. I wandered around the oasis until I found Makko at the base of a tree. I thought it was a blessing to find this little bundle of joy abandoned when I had just lost my own. I buried our baby in the spot where I found Makko. But that's probably why she's been so out of place here. Makko isn't ours Aang." Katara painfully explained.

After hear her now step mother's explanation, Makko ran off to the outskirts of the city and sat out on the shore crying. Everything she knew was a lie. And if she didn't belong here where did she belong? Where were her real parents? Her real family? An hour pasted and Katara had finally found her.

“Makko, sweetie I have to talk to you.” Katara said.

“It’s all right you don’t have to say anything. I already know. I heard you guys talking at the meeting.” Makko replied.

“I see.”, Katara said solemnly. “I know nothing can change what has already happened, but I just want you to know I’m sorry. I should have told you sooner.” she added.

“You were just doing what you thought was right. I can’t judge you for that.” Makko replied. “But I guess this means it’s time for me to go.” she stated.

“Are you sure?” Katara asked.

“Yes, somewhere out there are my real parents, my real family. And I’m going to find them. Besides after hearing the stories about how you and Aang stopped the Fire Lord in the war and brought peace to the world I’ve always wanted to do something like that. You know save the world.” Makko said gazing dreamily out into the sky.

“I’m sure you’ll find your way.” Katara replied. “But before you leave I need to give this.” she said holding out the small necklace with the H embedded in it. “You were wearing this around your neck when I found you. Maybe it’ll help you find what you’re looking for.” Katara said getting teary eyed.

Makko took the necklace in her hand and gave Katara a big hug.

“Thank you for everything Katara. Please tell the others goodbye for me.” Makko said.

“Of course, goodbye. I love you. And no matter what you’ll always be my daughter.” Katara replied as they stopped hugging and Makko walked towards one of the canoes.

“Goodbye mom.” Makko said as she got into the canoe.

Makko left the southern water tribe never to be seen again. She had been paddling for days with no hope of reaching land any time soon.

She examined the necklace more closely and turned it over. On the back of the necklace was the name Siliveya.

“In one day everything has changed so much. Oh, I just want to find my true home. I wish I could returned to where I truly belong.” Makko said as she lied down from exhaustion in the canoe.

Suddenly the small necklace she held in her hand began to glow engulfing everything in a bright light as the scene disappeared and reopened to something new. It was nighttime. The sky was overcast and the wind picked up as a brutal storm was approaching. There all sights could be set on Hexington Manor where three dark, cloaked figures crept towards. Within the manor screams could be heard in the grand bedroom as Sapphire Hexington gave birth to her first child. Her husband Kai Hexington was by her side, as well as a nurse helping her along. Sapphire was breathing heavily, pushing when instructed to, and sweating bullets as she brought her baby into the world. With one final push she gave birth to a beautiful baby girl.

The maid cleaned the baby off and handed the bundle to the brand new parents. Sapphire cradled her daughter in her arms getting a glance at her. The baby looked exactly like her mother.

“She has your looks.” Kai said proudly admiring the baby’s dark tanned skin, bright blue eyes, and the few dark brown strands of hair that were on her head.

“Hello my little darling, hello.” Sapphire said happily causing the baby to laugh. “She may have my looks, but she has your smile.” she commented. “What shall we name her?” she asked.

“It should be a strong name, she going to be a very powerful witch I know it.” Kai stated.

“I like Siliveya.” Sapphire suggested.

“Yes that’s the perfect name. Little Siliveya Kai Hexington.” Kai agreed.

It was then that the maid returned to the room.

“Sir, Madame you must get out of here...” the maid didn’t get to finish her sentence for she was hit by a flashing green light.

“Death eaters.” Kai said in realization as he pulled out his wand. “Sapphire you too weak to move. Stay here and I’ll deal with what’s going on outside.” he ordered giving his wife one last kiss.

Kai walk out of the room into the hallway, but not before locking the doors and putting a shielding charm around the bedroom. From around the corner to death eaters appeared with their wands at the ready.

“What are you filth doing here? Get out of my house.” Kai said dangerously as he hexed the two death eaters into a nearby wall.

Kai approached them to make sure they were unconscious when a blinding green flash hit him from behind. He had failed. Kai fell to the ground lifeless as his attacker walked up closer.

“A tragic shame. I expected more from the great Kai Hexington, but I guess it’s your fault for choosing the wrong side.” the death eater said in a familiar voice.

The other two death eaters arose from their unconscious state. Meanwhile Sapphire was frightfully holding baby Siliveya in anticipation of what was going on out there. She was still too weak from the pregnancy to move and her wand was no where in sight. Her questions were answered when the bedroom doors were blasted open and she did not see her husband, but the three death eaters who were attacking the manor.

“Stay away from me!” Sapphire threatened in fear for her baby.

“Now, now boys what do we have here. The lovely Sapphire Phoenix.” the death eater with the familiar voice spoke.

“It’s Hexington! Why are you here? Where’s Kai?” Sapphire yelled demanding answers.

“Kai has been eliminated as he always should have been. And as for you, you are free to go, I just want your baby.” the leader death eater answered.

“No! You will not touch her! I’d rather die then give my baby up to you.” Sapphire said defiantly.

“As you wish.” the leader death eater said as he walked up to Sapphire.

With a bit of struggle the lead death eater stole Siliveya away from her mother.

“No my baby! Give me back my baby! You bastard!” Sapphire cried.

“If you were going to be this worried about your daughter’s safety you should have thought of that before you got pregnant. And don’t worry I’m going to take good care of her.” the lead death eater taunted as he left the room. “Kill her.” he commanded.

The last few sounds that could be heard were Sapphire’s desperate cries for her baby and her blood curtailing scream once she was murdered. A blinding green light filled the scene and bright blue eyes opened wide with a jolt.

“Mom!!” a female voice screamed in pain and shock.

Chapter Fifty Seven- The Awakening

It was the next day and it was a very dark day indeed. Everyone was gathered in the Great Hall for a funeral, Siliveya's funeral. The banners that floated from the ceiling were black and a clear feeling of emptiness could be felt amongst the whole crowd.

"Today we acknowledge a really terrible loss. Siliveya Hexington was as you all know, exceptionally hard working, infinitely fair-minded, and most importantly a kind, loving friend. Now I think, therefore, you have the right to know exactly how she died..." Dumbledore spoke.

Unknowing to anyone in the castle the sound of small footsteps could be heard throughout the corridors as a pair of feet made their way to the Great Hall.

"...Siliveya Hexington was murdered by Lord Voldemort! The Ministry of Magic does not wish me to tell you this. But not to do so, I think, would be an insult to her memory." Dumbledore informed. "Now the pain we all feel at this dreadful loss reminds me and reminds us that while we may come from different places and speak in different tongues our hearts beat as one. In light of recent events the bonds of friendship we've made this year will be more important than ever. Remember that and Siliveya Hexington will have not died in vain. You remember that and we'll celebrate a girl who was strong, noble..." he continued but stopped when he heard the doors leading to the Great Hall slowly slide open.

Everyone turned to see what Dumbledore was staring at and who would be rude enough to interrupt like that. What they saw shocked them. When the door was cracked open enough they saw a bare foot enter the room followed by a leg, another foot and leg, and soon the entire person. The whole school gasped loudly in surprise. It was Siliveya. Her hair was messy, and she was dressed in a black nightgown that Madame Pomfrey had dressed her in. Siliveya made small steps down the aisle as everyone started whispering to one another and standing up. Harry, Ron, and Hermione were the first to stand, and they quickly made their way out of the crowd ran to Siliveya.

"Siliveya?" Harry said disbelievingly.

“H...He..hhh.” Siliveya struggled to say.

“Yes, yes it’s me Harry.” Harry said gaining more of a relived tone.

“Help.” Siliveya said in a soft tone before falling forward.

Harry caught her in his arms before she could reach the ground. She wasn’t dead but her breathing was ragged.

“She’s alive! Siliveya’s still alive.” Harry announced happily as the Professors quickly rushed over to them.

Chapter Fifty Eight- The Explanation

Siliveya was quickly taken to the hospital wing. She hadn't woken up or spoken since she walked in during the funeral, and remained in a coma. That day Harry had decided to visit her. He had felt so guilty because she had almost died. When he walked into the hospital wing he found Siliveya lying peacefully in the bed closest to the far window. Her breathing was steady and she was lying on her back. Harry stuck some flowers in vase that sat on the nightstand beside her bed, and bent down to kiss her forehead.

"I'm sorry Siliveya this was all my fault. You kept telling me to come back when we were in the graveyard, but I took too long. If I was quicker you wouldn't have been this badly hurt." Harry said softly as he stroked her hand.

Unknowing to Harry Dumbledore entered the hospital wing as well and stood beside him.

"Professor." Harry said a bit startled.

"Hello Harry, you're doing alright I hope." Dumbledore replied receiving a small nod. "I put you in terrible danger this year, Harry. I'm sorry." he added.

"Professor when I was in the graveyard, there was a moment when Voldemort's wand and mine sort of connected." Harry questioned.

"*Priori Incantatem.*" Dumbledore mumbled to himself. "You saw your parents that night, didn't you?" he inquired.

"Yeah." Harry said a little more cheerfully.

"No spell can reawaken the dead, Harry. I trust you know that." Dumbledore explained.

"About that Professor, I was wondering if there is a counter curse to protect someone from the killing curse?" Harry asked.

"No, I'm afraid not. The killing curse cannot be countered and is irreversible. Why do ask?" Dumbledore questioned.

"Well is just that when Siliveya and I were in the graveyard. I saw her...I saw her get attacked with the killing curse. And if its irreversible then how could she be...?" Harry answered confused.

"Are you absolutely sure it was the killing curse?" Dumbledore inquired.

"Yes." Harry replied confidently.

Dumbledore processed the information he received in his head not quite sure of the answer.

"To be honest Harry I do not know what happened to allow Siliveya to live, but for now we should just consider ourselves grateful that she is. Dark and difficult times lie ahead. Soon we must all face the choice between what is right and what is easy." Dumbledore explained. "But know this, you have friends here. You're not alone." he said reassuringly.

That night Siliveya had suddenly awoken from her bed. She gazed at her surroundings of the empty room trying to recollect what happened. Then it came back to her, Hogwarts, the Triwizard Tournament, Harry, Ron, Hermione, Voldemort, her getting hit with the killing curse, she remembered everything.

"That's right I died." Siliveya thought placing a hand to her head. "But why, why am I alive now." she said softly.

She remembered being in the graveyard trying to pull Harry back when Pettigrew showed up with Voldemort. Then Pettigrew attacked her and the last thing she saw was a blinding green light. But then Siliveya remembered uttering something, and that something caused her to get that eternal light feeling that she had gotten when she had trained with Moody. Could that have been what saved her?

Siliveya then recalled her dream, her whole life had flashed before her eyes. But it was the last part of the dream that bothered her the most. She saw her mother and father's death. They were killed by death eaters not Voldemort himself. And the voice of the lead death eater sounded so familiar. Siliveya had to know the truth, the whole truth.

“Ellie.”, Siliveya called weakly.

A popping sound was heard as Siliveya’s loyal house elf immediately appeared by her mistress’ side.

“ Young Mistress, oh thank goodness you’re okay.”, Ellie said happily.

“Yes its good to see you too Ellie. I need to ask you something.”, Siliveya managed to speak.

“Of course young Mistress, Ellie is here for anything you need.”, Ellie said eagerly.

“While I was unconscious I had a vision. It was about the night my parents died. Ellie, do you know any more of what happened? Who killed them? What happened to me?”, Siliveya asked.

“Well Miss, Ellie remembers the death eaters invading the manor. Ellie was in another part of the castle at the time, and did not show up until she heard your mother scream. There was a big bright green light, and Ellie saw one of the cloaked men carrying you away who mentioned that he planned to kill you. Ellie had to do something to protect her young Mistress. Ellie attacked the horrible death eater and blew him into a wall. Then Ellie quickly took hold of you and apparated somewhere far away. Ellie knew you had to be raised somewhere safe so Ellie put a small, special necklace that bore your name and the families crest around your neck. Ellie then used her powers to transport you to a world very far away where you’d be safe.” Ellie explained.

Siliveya took all the information in before looking towards Ellie once more.

“Ellie did you ever see who it was that was taking me?” Siliveya questioned.

“When Ellie attacked the death eater that was holding you, she did see a glimpse. It was that Master Malfoy.” Ellie answered.

Siliveya's eyes widened with shock. This whole time...the man she had been forced to live with for nearly the past four years was the murderer of her parents.

"Lucius." Siliveya said both darkly and tearfully. "Thank you Ellie, that's all I wanted to know. Right now I just need to rest, I'm far too exhausted." Siliveya said putting her head back to her pillow and closing her eyes.

"Of course young Mistress. Ellie will be here to watch out for you" Ellie said remaining by her bed.

Some weeks passed and it was soon time for the schools to go their separate ways. Almost everyone was in the court saying their goodbyes and exchanging addresses. The Durmstrang and Beauxbatons students left for their transportations home as everyone applauded. Harry ended up finding Ron and Hermione who had escaped the large crowd.

"Do you think we'll ever just have a quiet year at Hogwarts?" Ron asked aloud.

"No." Harry and Hermione answered at the same time.

"No, I didn't think so. Oh, well. What's life without a few dragons?" Ron stated.

"Everything's going to change now isn't it?" Hermione said suddenly.

"Yes." Harry replied knowingly. "Come on let's visit Siliveya." he said as they walked towards the hospital wing.

"She's been in the hospital for awhile, is she ever going to recover." Ron questioned.

"She's been through a traumatic event Ronald. Besides Madame Pomfrey said she should be on her feet soon enough." Hermione informed. "Promise you'll write this summer. Both of you." she added.

"I won't. You know I won't." Ron replied.

"Harry will, won't you?" Hermione asked.

"Yeah. Every week." Harry said sarcastically.

The three friends just laughed amongst them selves as they headed for the castle. And this would be the last peaceful moment they would share for far away a war was growing.

Next Time:

Fourth Year has drawn to a close. And what will fifth bring now that Voldemort is back and on the move.

QueenofNobodies: "Thank all of you who have been reading and reviewing so far. The story's not over yet. And also to solve any confusion that may have not been answered by this chapter. In chapter fifty-eight, The Dream, if you haven't figured it out yet, Makko is Siliveya. You just have to piece the order of the dreams, and Ellie's explanation together the right way in order to understand. That's all I can tell, because if I said anymore it would ruin the rest of the plot. See ya soon!"

Chapter Fifty Nine- The Order Of The Phoenix

“Kill the spare!”

“Avada Kedavra!”

“No! Siliveya!”

“He’s back. Voldemort’s back. They killed Siliveya.”

“The Dark Lord...What was it like to stand in his presence?”

“Help.”

“To be honest Harry I do not know what happened to allow Siliveya to live, but for now we should just consider ourselves grateful that she is.”

“When Ellie attacked the death eater that was holding you, she did see a glimpse. It was that Master Malfoy.”

“Lucius.”

“Dear Mr. Potter. The Ministry has received intelligence that at 6:23 this evening you performed the Patronus Charm in the presence of a Muggle. As a clear violation of the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery you are hereby expelled from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.”

Siliveya opened her eyes for one of the few times since her incident. Many things had happened since the end of fourth year, all of course resulting in her lying alone in one of the bedrooms in Grimmauld Place. She had been there for at least two months now. The place belonged to Sirius, and was being used as some form of headquarters. Here she also got to meet Mr. and Mrs. Weasley who were very nice, although Mrs. Weasley was a bit overprotective. Siliveya had been weakened greatly since the tournament and Mrs. Weasley made sure she stayed off her feet. She wasn’t allowed to leave the room except to go to the bathroom, and when she wanted to get up and do something else like help cook or whatever Mrs. Weasley told her to go back to her room and rest. It wasn’t so bad for

Siliveya had Ginny, Ron, Fred, George, and Hermione to keep her company. She also had Ellie and Cleo at her side twenty-four seven.

Siliveya sighed to herself deeply, there were so many things running through her mind right now. The one and most important thing was the Malfoys, Lucius to be more specific. That foul loathsome evil wretch, everything horrible that happened to her in her life was caused by him.

“I swear, that one day I will get Lucius back for what he’s done.” Siliveya thought angrily when she heard footsteps and voices in the other room.

Siliveya managed to sneak out and walked over to the closed door on the right of hers. She pressed her ear against the door. Inside she heard Hermione, Ron, and Harry! Harry was here. Siliveya hadn’t seen him since school, and during her time at Grimmauld Place she had been told not to write to him for some odd reason. Any who Siliveya stopped her thoughts and listened to their conversation.

“Are you alright? We overheard them talking about the Dementor attack. You must tell us everything.” Hermione said worriedly.

“Let the man breathe, Hermione.” Ron added.

“And this hearing at the Ministry. It’s just outrageous. I’ve looked it up. They simply can’t expel you. It’s completely unfair.” Hermione stated.

“Yeah. There’s a lot of that going on at the moment.” Harry said absentmindedly. “So, what is this place?” he asked.

“It’s headquarters.” Ron answered.

“Of the Order of the Phoenix. It’s a secret society. Dumbledore formed it back when they first fought You-Know-Who.” Hermione continued to explain.

“Couldn’t have put any of this in a letter, I suppose? I’ve gone all summer without a scarp of news.” Harry questioned annoyed.

“We wanted to write, mate. Really, we did. Only...” Ron faltered.

“Only what?” Harry asked.

“Only Dumbledore made us swear not to tell you anything.” Hermione replied.

“Dumbledore said that?” Harry said surprised.

It was then that Siliveya heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and quickly used her headdress to apparate back to her room. Meanwhile Fred and George, who were now seventeen and allowed to use magic wherever they wanted, apparated into the room Harry, Ron, and Hermione were in.

“Harry!” Fred greeted as they popped in behind them.

“Thought we heard your dulcet tones. Don’t bottle it up, though, mate. Let it out.” George added.

“If you’re all done shouting...do you wanna hear something more interesting?” Fred stated.

During this time Siliveya had occupied herself with changing her clothes and fixing herself up. There was no way she was going to stay locked up in this room.

“What are you doing young Mistress? Mrs. Weasley said you needed to rest.” Ellie asked.

“Yeah, but I need a break Ellie.” Siliveya replied as she changed into a simple black tank top with black pants that had green stripes down the middle.

When Siliveya was done and approached the door she heard voices out in the hallway. She creaked open the door just a tad and saw Harry, Ron, Hermione, Fred, George, and Ginny at the edge of the stairs. They seemed to be listening in on the meeting downstairs for she heard extra voices.

“If anyone has a right to know, it’s Harry. If it wasn’t for Harry we wouldn’t even know Voldemort was back. He’s not a child, Molly.” Sirius’ voice argued.

“But he’s not an adult either. He’s not James, Sirius.” Mrs. Weasley argued back.

“Well, he’s not your son.” Sirius stated.

“He’s as good as. Who else has he got?” Mrs. Weasley questioned.

“He’s got me.” Sirius replied.

“How touchingly paternal, Black. Perhaps Potter will grow up to be a felon, just like his godfather.” they heard Snape’s voice sneer.

“Now, you stay out of this, Snivellus.” Sirius sneered back.

“Snape’s part of the Order?” Harry inquired.

“Git.” Ron stated.

Unfortunately the teens eavesdropping came to an end for Hermione’s cat Crookshanks took great interest in the magical ear that they were using to listen. They tried to get the ear away from the cat, but Crookshanks ended up snatching the ear and ran off.

“Hermione, I hate your cat.” Ron said.

“Bad Crookshanks.” Hermione called down to the cat.

Mrs. Weasley exited the room and invited everyone to come downstairs to the kitchen for dinner. With that being everyone ran down the stairs except Fred and George who apparated instead. And also after two years Harry finally got to see Sirius. In the kitchen everyone was seated including Lupin, Moody, another man named Kingsley, and Tonks who was a young woman that was apart of the Order. She was a metamorphagus, which allowed her to change her appearance into anything she wanted. Tonks was busy making animal faces for Ginny while Mrs. Weasley handed a plate of food to Fred.

“Here Fred bring this upstairs for...” Mrs. Weasley said before Siliveya appeared behind Ron.

“No need Mrs. Weasley since I’m already down here.” Siliveya stated spooking Ron out.

“Will you stop popping in out of nowhere, you’re going to give me a heart attack.” Ron said grabbing his chest where his heart should be.

“Siliveya you’re all right.” Harry said relieved.

“Hi Harry.”, Siliveya greeted when Mrs. Weasley started leading her out of the room.

“What are you doing downstairs dear, you should be resting.” Mrs. Weasley said.

“Mrs. Weasley I’ve been resting for five months. If I do any more resting I’ll be a complete mess once school comes. Besides it’s lonely upstairs with everyone down here and all.” Siliveya complained.

“Oh Alright, here have a seat beside Remus and Fred. Just don’t overdo anything.” Mrs. Weasley said helping Siliveya to her seat.

“This is very, very peculiar. It seems your hearing in the Ministry is to be before the entire Wizengamot.” Mr. Weasley said reading the newspaper.

“I don’t understand. What has the Ministry of Magic got against me?” Harry questioned.

“Show him. He’ll find out soon enough.” Moody said when everyone else didn’t answer.

Kingsley handed him the newspaper that showed Harry’s picture with the title *Harry Plotter: The Boy Who Lies?* on the front page.

“He’s been attacking Dumbledore as well.” Sirius said.

“Hey don’t forget about me. Dum Dum Minster Fudge had me put into St. Mungo’s for the last two months.” Siliveya added.

“But that’s good isn’t it? You were injured.” Hermione reasoned.

"I was placed in the Mental Institution ward. Fudge says that it was only an accident and if I say anything about Voldemort he'll argue that traumatic mistake of allowing an underage witch participate in the Tournament caused me to be mentally ill, therefore I don't know what I'm talking about." Siliveya explained.

"Fudge is using all his power, including his influence at the Daily Prophet to smear anyone who claims the Dark Lord has returned." Sirius informed.

"Why?" Harry asked.

"He thinks Dumbledore's after his job." Lupin answered.

"But that's insane. No one in their right mind could, believe that..." Harry argued.

"Exactly the point. Fudge isn't in his right mind. It's been twisted and warped by fear. Now, fear makes people do terrible things, Harry. The last time Voldemort gained power he almost destroyed everything we hold most dear. Now he's returned, and I'm afraid the minister will do almost anything to avoid facing that terrifying truth." Lupin explained.

"We think Voldemort wants to build up his army again. Fourteen years ago, he had huge numbers at his command. And not just witches and wizards, but all manner of dark creatures. He's been recruiting heavily and we've been attempting to do the same. But gathering followers isn't the only thing he's interested in. We believe Voldemort may be after something. Something he didn't have last time." Sirius stated.

"You mean like a weapon?" Harry questioned.

"No. That's enough. He's just a boy." Mrs. Weasley said taking away the newspaper. "You say more and you might as well induct him into the Order." she argued.

"Good, I want to join. If Voldemort's raising an army, then I want to fight." Harry said determinedly.

“Me too.” Siliveya chimed in.

Sirius smirked at their answers, but said no more.

“Nonsense, you two won’t be fighting in anything right now.” Mrs. Weasley stated.

“One question that has been bothering me. It was true that you were hit with the killing curse?” Sirius asked looking in Siliveya’s direction.

“From what I remember yes.” Siliveya answered uneasily as Harry nodded his head slowly in agreement.

“Then how are you alive now?” Moody questioned.

All eyes were on Siliveya who sort of looked away.

“Okay that’s it no more talk of this, and let’s eat.” Mrs. Weasley said changing the conversation.

Next Time:

Harry has to face the Ministry to see whether or not he can return to school. Siliveya joins him only to escape the interrogating Order. What will happen? See ya soon!

Chapter Sixty- The Hearing

It was the next day Harry was being escorted to hearing at Ministry by Mr. Weasley. They were still in the Muggle world and were leaving from a subway station.

“Trains. Underground. Ingenious, these Muggles.” Mr. Weasley commented as he tried to get pass the individual gates that blocked his path.

Harry who had a better grasp on Muggle machinery than Mr. Weasley put money in the machine so the gate would open up for them. They proceeded to the streets where Mr. Weasley led Harry to a telephone booth.

“I’ve never used the visitors’ entrance before. Should be fun. Right. Good. I’ll just get my Muggle money.” Mr. Weasley said entering the phone booth with Harry.

The phone booth served as an elevator and went down below ground to the Ministry. The place was huge. Crowds of people were walking every which way, and hundreds of fireplaces to enter and leave. Further on were statues and water fountains made of gold. Harry was looking around at everything amazed.

“It’ll get old after awhile trust me.” he heard Siliveya’s voice beside him.

Harry looked to his side to see Siliveya wearing a black dress and her hair in curls.

“Siliveya what are you doing here?” Harry asked.

“I sneaked out of the house. I’m desperate need to stretch my legs out, besides I didn’t want your Godfather to start interrogating me again.” Siliveya explained. “But more importantly I’m here for moral support.”, she added.

“Molly’s going to go into hysterics when she finds out you’re gone.” Mr. Weasley stated.

"Don't worry, Fred and George know I'm here. They'll tell her." Siliveya replied.

They made their way to the elevator where they were joined by Kingsley who whispered something in Mr. Weasley's ear.

"Merlin's beard. Thank you, Kingsley." Mr. Weasley said. "They've changed the time of your hearing." he said to Harry.

"When is it?" Harry asked.

"In five minutes." Mr. Weasley answered as they rode the elevator to their destination.

"Department of Mysteries." a female voice said once the elevator stopped and the doors opened.

Harry, Siliveya, and Mr. Weasley started to walk towards the meeting room when they heard people talking.

"And I'm confident, Minister, that you will do the right thing." they saw Lucius say to Minister Fudge.

Fudge and Lucius paused their conversation when they realized they were being watched and made eye contact with Harry, Siliveya, and Mr. Weasley.

"Um, Harry you go ahead without me, I have some...business to take care of." Siliveya whispered to Harry.

Mr. Weasley had Harry leave while Siliveya approached the two authority figures, her heels clicking loudly on the dark floor.

"Ms. Hexington you seemed to be doing...well." Lucius said hiding the annoyance in his voice.

"Good Morning Minister, Mr. Malfoy." Siliveya greeted giving Lucius a hateful glare when she said his name. "And yes I've made a full recovery, all thanks to our wonderful Minister here." she added gesturing a hand to Fudge with a smile on her face.

"Well I should be heading to the hearing. I expect for you to be on your best behavior Ms. Hexington," Fudge said as he left the hall.

"Of course Minister." Siliveya said sweetly and as soon as Fudge was gone her smile immediately dropped.

"So Lucius, are you having fun warping the Minister's mind? I'm sure you're over delighted with joy that your Dark Lord has returned." Siliveya said darkly as she circled Lucius like a hawk.

"You shouldn't talk like that, you wouldn't want the Minister to place you in the Mental ward again would you?" Lucius replied smirking.

"Oh I'm not going back to St. Mungo's nor am I going back to you. I do as I please." Siliveya stated.

"Less we forget that I own you Ms. Hexington. Until you reach age seventeen you belong to me. That is of course if you reach age seventeen." Lucius sneered.

"Oh, I'll reach it. You see Lucius there's something about me you don't know, and when the time comes you're going to regret what you've done to me.", Siliveya whispered in his ear. "In the mean time you should enjoy yourself, WHILE YOU CAN." she said turning on her heel and walking towards the meeting room.

Meanwhile Harry was sitting before the entire Ministry counsel.

"Disciplinary hearing of the 12th of August into offenses committed by Harry James Potter resident at number four Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey." Fudge announced. "Interrogators: Cornelius Oswald Fudge, Minister of Mag..." he continued before being interrupted.

"Witness for the defense. Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore." Dumbledore interrupted as he entered the room.

"You got our message that the time and place of the hearing had been changed did you?" Fudge asked.

"I must have missed it. But by a happy mistake, I arrived at the Ministry three hours early." Dumbledore replied. "The charges?" he asked.

"The charges against the accused are as follows: That he did knowingly and in full awareness of the illegality of his actions produce a Patronus Charm in the presence of a Muggle." Fudge informed. "Do you deny producing said Patronus?" he inquired.

"No, but..." Harry tried to answer.

"And you were aware that you were forbidden to use magic outside school while under the age of seventeen?" Fudge asked again.

"Yes, I was, but..." Harry tried to say again.

"Witches and wizards of the Wizengamot..." Fudge started to say.

"I was only doing it, because of the Dementors." Harry blurted out causing the other members of the Ministry to converse amongst each other.

"That's quite clever. Muggles can't see Dementors, can they boy? Highly convenient." Fudge asked.

"I'm not lying." Harry defended.

"Of course he's not." Siliveya said walking into the room as well.

"What are you doing in here? This is a closed hearing." Fudge questioned.

"Siliveya Kai Hexington witness for the defense." Siliveya stated.

"Get out of here before I have you taken away!" Fudge bellowed.

"Minister after everything that I've experienced in the last few months there's nothing you can say that'll make me leave. So you'd better sit back and let me talk." Siliveya replied sharply.

Fudge waved his hand letting her continue and Siliveya stood beside Harry.

“Now Dementors may sound like a very unlikely story. But Minister, witches, and wizards lend me your ears. Have we ever known Harry to be dishonest? I mean wasn’t Harry the one who saved me when the Chamber of Secrets was opened at school? Wasn’t Harry the one you were trying to protect during our third year and didn’t care that he blew up his Aunt Marge sending her off into the midnight sky?” Siliveya preached. “I mean look at this innocent face.”, she said holding Harry’s chin with her hand. “I’ve known Harry for a long time and I know for a fact that he does not lie. I could ask him anything and he would tell the honest truth.” Siliveya said removing her hand from his face. “Now Harry my darling dearest have you ever had your eye on a certain female seeker from Ravenclaw house?” she asked sweetly.

“Wait, what does...” Harry questioned.

“LIAR!” Siliveya shouted in his face.

“Enough! I’m sorry to interrupt your little show and I’m sure Potter’s defense would have been a very well rehearsed story. But since you can produce no witnesses of the event...” Fudge announced.

“Pardon me, Minister, but as it happens, we can.” Dumbledore interrupted.

Dumbledore brought in an old woman while Harry and Siliveya sat in the in the seats above.

“Please describe the attack.” Fudge asked the woman.

“What did they look like?” another Ministry woman asked.

“Well one of them was very large and the other rather skinny.” the woman answered.

“Not the boys. The Dementors.” Fudge clarified.

“Oh, right, right. Well, big. Cloaked. Then everything went cold as though all the happiness had gone from the world.” the woman explained.

“Now, look here. Dementors don’t just wander into a Muggle suburb, and happen across a wizard. The odds are astronomical. I don’t think anyone would believe...” Fudge said.

“...The Dementors were there by coincidence, Minister?” Dumbledore inquired.

“I’m sure I must have misunderstood you, professor. Dementors are, after all, under the control of the Ministry of Magic. And it’s so silly of me, but it sounded for a moment as though you were suggesting that the Ministry had ordered the attack on this boy.” an older, toad faced, female Ministry member questioned.

“That would be disturbing indeed, Madam Undersecretary, which is why I ‘m sure the Ministry will be mounting a full-scale inquiry into why the two Dementors into why the two Dementors were so very far from Azkaban, and why they mounted an attack without authorization. Of course, there is someone who might be behind the attack. Cornelius, I implore you to see reason. The evidence that the Dark Lord has returned is incontrovertible.” Dumbledore explained.

“He’s not back.” Fudge said sternly.

“In the matter of Harry Potter the law clearly states that magic may be used before Muggles in life-threatening situations.” Dumbledore added.

“Laws can be changed if necessary, Dumbledore.” Fudge stated.

“Clearly. Has it become practice to hold a full criminal trial to deal with a simple matter of underage magic?” Dumbledore questioned.

“Those in favor of conviction?” the second Ministry woman spoke.

Some raised their hands including Fudge and the toad face woman.

“Those in favor of clearing the accused of all charges?” the same woman spoke.

The rest of the Ministry raised their hands along with the woman who spoke and Siliveya and the witness. Harry sat on pins and needles until the votes were tallied up not including Siliveya and the witness.

“Cleared of all charges.” Fudge declared.

Next Time:

It's time for everyone to return to Hogwarts, but little did they know what awaited them once they got there. See ya next time!

Chapter Sixty One- The New Sheriffs Of Hogwarts

After the hearing Harry, Siliveya, and Mr. Weasley headed back to Grimmauld place where everyone was excited to hear the good news. In the kitchen Harry was explaining what happened to Ron and Hermione while Ginny, Fred, and George were cheering and dancing in a circle.

“Harry got off! Harry got off! Harry got off!” the three red heads chanted.

“Well I knew you would be cleared. Especially with Dumbledore at your side.” Ron stated as he piled some food onto his plate.

“Yeah, he swung it for me.” Harry said aloud. “Unlike some people.” he said glancing at Siliveya who was busy being engrossed in her mother’s diary.

“Why what happened?” Hermione asked.

“She presented herself as one of my witnesses, but then start asking me about Cho.” Harry whispered out of Siliveya’s hearing range.

Hermione and Ron shared worried glances, but said nothing.

“He got off! He got off!” Ginny, Fred, and George still chanted.

“All right settle down you three.” Mr. Weasley said.

“I’m not so sure about Cho, but Siliveya’s been attacking strange...” Hermione started to say when Ron coughed behind her. “Well stranger. Something’s been bothering her. Maybe you should see what’s up.” she suggested.

“Oi, Siliveya what’s that you got there?” Fred asked from his spot beside her.

“Yeah I thought Granger was the only book reader in our group.”, George chimed in.

“It’s nothing don’t worry about it.” Siliveya said quickly putting the diary away.

“Alright everyone when you finish eating I want you to continue cleaning your rooms.” Mrs. Weasley said.

“I thought you might have told us we were done. Do you know how much mold we cleaned since we arrived here?” Ron complained.

“You were so keen on helping the Order. You can do your part by making headquarters suitable to live in.” Mrs. Weasley replied.

“I feel like a house elf.” Ron whined.

“Well now that you understand what dreadful lives they lead, perhaps you’ll be a lot more active in S.P.E.W.!” Hermione chastised.

“Are you still obsessed with that?” Siliveya said joining the conversation.

“Yes, and it wouldn’t be a bad idea to show people exactly how horrible it is to clean all the time. We could do a sponsored scrub of Gryffindor common room, it would raise awareness as well as funds.” Hermione explained.

“I’ll sponsor you to shut up about spew.” Ron mumbled to himself.

The next day everyone was scattered within the house. Harry was conversing with Fred and George in his room at the moment when they noticed Ron walking by a bit distraught.

“What’s up with you Ron?” Harry asked.

Ron was holding a letter and remained silent when Fred walked over to see what the problem was.

“A prefect?” Fred said surprised.

“What are you sure?” Harry asked.

“Yes, it was addressed to me.” Ron replied.

Prefect was a symbol of authority for Hogwarts students. Each house had two, one boy and one girl. The next level was Head Boy and Head Girl. Ron's older brothers Percy and Bill had been prefects and Head Boys during their time at Hogwarts.

“Surely it must be...I would have thought Harry would have been the one.” George stated.

“Well I am one.” Ron sighed.

“To think our little brother ickle Ronnie is a prefect.” Fred teased.

“Shut up!” Ron said annoyed.

“What are you going to do? Give us detention.” George taunted.

Ron just stood there frustrated when Hermione and Siliveya came into the room.

“I got it! We got it!”, Hermione said excited when she noticed the prefects badge in Ron's hand. “Harry you...” she started to say when Fred interrupted.

“Actually Ron the prefect.” Fred corrected.

“You? But why would they even...I mean that's good...but...” Hermione stammered.

“Why wouldn't Dumbledore pick Harry?” Siliveya asked aloud.

“I probably don't get points for causing trouble.” Harry answered simply.

“Well this is still a momentous occasion. Congratulations Ron. Three prefects in one room.” Hermione said happily.

“Three?” George said confused.

Siliveya held up her Slytherin prefect badge, which was green and silver with image of a serpent and the letter *P* for prefect. Hermione's and Ron's were the same except theirs were red and gold and had the image of a Griffin.

“Three.” Siliveya said coolly allowing everyone to get a full glimpse of her badge.

“What!!” Fred said shocked as he ran over to Siliveya and examined her badge more closely.

“But we had such high hopes for you. Now you’ve become a prefect too. Oh the world is coming to an end.” George exaggerated in desperation as he hugged her.

“Relax you guys. It’s not like I’m going to turn into a strict bounty hunter like Filch or Percy. In fact I could use this new power to help you.” Siliveya reasoned gaining a mischievous glint in her eyes.

“You’ll do no such thing. You’re a prefect! You have to obey the rules and set a good example!” Hermione scolded.

“But I will be setting a good example. Remember I am a *Slytherin* prefect. Anyone else would abuse this power and use it to boss people around, but I would be doing the opposite. I would use my power to help those who normally fall victim to those of my house.” Siliveya said knowingly as a smirk crept its way onto her face.

“Oh you’re impossible!” Hermione shouted frustrated as she stormed out of the room.

“If anything we’ve defiantly got to be wary of Granger.” Fred stated.

“Yeah who knows, we might see the error of our ways because of her, and turn over a new leaf.” George added.

Everyone busted out into laughter at the ridiculous thought. Soon Ron walked out of the room followed by the twins leaving Harry and Siliveya alone.

“So...” Siliveya spoke not really having anything to say.

“They made you prefect. That’s...great.” Harry said uneasily. “Do you know who the other prefect for your house is?” he asked.

"No, but something tells me I won't be surprised when we find out." Siliveya replied.

"Ron and Hermione mentioned that something has been bothering you. Have you been doing alright?" Harry asked.

"Other than be being bedridden for five months straight, doing great." Siliveya answered simply. "However...Harry you still love me right?" she inquired.

"Of course." Harry said walking up to her. "What ever made you think I didn't?" Harry asked again.

"Besides your obsession with Cho?" Siliveya thought annoyed as she put on a calm face. "Nothing it was just that everything's been so hectic lately..." she said while embracing him.

"I know we've both been through a lot in the past year. But trust me there's nobody else but you." Harry reassured returning her embrace.

"He lies. I wish I could believe his words, but I can't. And yet I love him as much as ever. Why am I so weak?" Siliveya thought sadly.

Finally the time had come. The day everyone was to return to Hogwarts. It was the following day and everyone had boarded the train. Siliveya, Ron, Hermione, and Harry were in a compartment together.

"I can't believe it!" Ron ranted.

"I do." Siliveya said while gazing out the window.

"What? What happened?" Harry asked.

"Malfoy is the other Slytherin prefect." Ron answered.

"I would have been surprised if he wasn't picked." Siliveya stated.

"No matter, I'll be sure to give Crabbe and Goyle plenty of detentions." Ron said satisfied.

“You can’t do that!” Hermione chastised finally looking up from her book.

“And like Malfoy isn’t going to abuse his power. I might as well even up the score.” Ron argued.

“Does responsibility mean anything to you?” Hermione said.

“Well if Ron doesn’t do something about Malfoy then I certainly will.” Siliveya said coolly.

“Oh I give up!” Hermione said throwing her up in the air in complete annoyance.

The Hogwarts Express finally reached its destination and the students began to leave. Siliveya had to stay behind to get a few of her things so Harry, Ron, and Hermione were walking outside together when an unwanted voice called out to them.

“I’m surprised the Ministry’s still letting you walk around free Potter.” Draco said as he walked by with Crabbe and Goyle at his side. “Better enjoy it while you can. I expect there’s a cell in Azkaban with your name on it.” he added making Harry angry and try to lash out at him. “Watch it Potter, as a prefect I can give you as many detentions as I want.” Draco smirked as he stepped back out of Harry’s reach.

“Not if I have a say in it!” shouted Siliveya’s voice called out from behind them.

“Siliveya you’re here.” Draco said in a softer tone as he watched her approach them. “Last time I remember my father said you were incapacitated at St. Mungo’s.” he taunted.

“Your father says a lot of things...Unfortunately you’re the only one who mistakes them for words of wisdom.” Siliveya retorted causing him to frown but quickly regain his smirk.

“As I was saying before you’d better tread lightly around me Siliveya, seeing as I’m a prefect now.” Draco boasted as he showed off his badge.

“News Flash Malfoy, I’m the other Slytherin prefect, meaning I have just as much power as you do.” Siliveya said putting her badge in his face.

“All the more proof that Dumbledore is as much a nutter as Potter.” Draco sneered.

“Get lost Malfoy!” Hermione snapped.

“Oh did I strike a nerve?” Draco commented smirking wider than ever. “I’ll be seeing you later.” he said to Siliveya before walking off with Crabbe and Goyle stalking behind him.

“What did he mean by that?” Ron asked aloud.

“Well since we’re both prefects that means we’ll be stuck working together. I’m starting to hate this prefect thing already.” Siliveya sighed.

Chapter Sixty Two- The Loony, The Witch And The Malfoy

Siliveya, Harry, Hermione, and Ron made their way to the carriages where they met up with Neville.

“Hi guys.” Neville greeted.

“Hey, Neville.” they all replied at the same time.

It was then that Harry heard a noise from behind him. He turned and saw a strange creature attached to the carriage. It resembled a horse, but was black and skeletal like. It also had thin bony wings on its back. Harry examined the animal with surprise for he had not seen anything like it before.

“What is it?” Harry asked aloud.

The others turned around not seeing anything, except for Siliveya who eyed it cautiously.

“What’s what?” Ron questioned.

“That. Pulling the carriage.”, Harry answered.

“It’s so creepy.” Siliveya said.

“What’s creepy?” Neville asked.

“Nothing’s pulling the carriage, you two. It’s pulling itself, like always.” Hermione said knowingly.

“No it isn’t. There’s some big, creepy, black horse standing in front of us.” Siliveya retorted.

Neither Hermione nor Ron nor Neville could see what Harry and Siliveya saw making the situation very frustrating.

“You’re not going mad.” said a voice from the carriage.

Harry and Siliveya walked around to see a girl with long platinum blonde hair who was reading an issue of *The Quibbler* upside-down.

“I can see them too.” the girl said bringing down the newspaper allowing her face to be seen. “You’re just as sane as I am.” she added smoothly.

Without another word everyone boarded the carriage with the girl.

“Everyone, this is Loony Love...Luna Lovegood.” Hermione introduced correcting herself.

“Cool necklace.” Siliveya said to Luna.

“It’s charm, actually. Keep away the Nargles.” Luna explained with a dazed expression in her icy blue eyes. “Hungry. I hope there’s pudding.” she stated.

The carriage pulled off and during that time Ron looked over at Hermione in question.

“What’s a Nargle?” Ron whispered.

“No idea.” Hermione whispered back.

They reached Hogwarts and were gathered into the Great Hall. In the light of her new position as prefect for her house Siliveya had to sit at Slytherin table, which she did not like one bit. Draco was sitting beside her while in deep conversation with the other students in their house. Clearly not interested, Siliveya just watched the first years get sorted and softly applauded when a new student came to their table.

“Good evening children.” Dumbledore greeted. “We’re pleased to welcome back Professor Grubbly-Plank who’ll be taking Care of Magical Creatures while Professor Hagrid is on temporary leave.” he announced.

Though it did not take much to notice Siliveya scanned the staff table to see the large man missing. It was then she also spotted a familiar face at the end of the table. It was an old toad-faced woman wearing a pink cardigan.

"That woman. She works with the ministry. She was at Harry's hearing." Siliveya thought as she glanced towards Gryffindor table where she noticed that Harry realized the same thing.

"We also wish to welcome our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher Professor Dolores Umbridge." Dumbledore continued to say as he gestured towards the toad lady. "And I'm sure you'll join me in wishing the professor good luck. Now, as usual, our caretaker, Mr. Filch, has asked me to remind you..." he continued when Umbridge tapped on her glass with her fork.

Everyone turned to look at her since she just interrupted the headmaster. However Umbridge merely smiled as she stood up and walked before the school.

"Thank you, headmaster, for those kind words of welcome. And how lovely to see all your bright, happy faces smiling up at me. I'm sure we're all going to be very good friends." Umbridge said in a creepily sweet tone.

"That's likely." Fred and George whispered sarcastically.

"I doubt it." Siliveya stated under her breath while rolling her eyes.

"The Ministry of Magic has always considered the education of young witches and wizards to be of vital importance. Although each headmaster has brought something new to this historic school progress for the sake of progress must be discouraged. Let us preserve what must be preserved, perfect what can be perfected and prune practices that ought to be prohibited." Umbridge announced.

"Thank you, Professor Umbridge. That really was most illuminating." Dumbledore said as she returned to her seat.

"Illuminating? What a load of waffle." Ron argued.

"What's it mean?" Harry asked.

"It means the Ministry's interfering at Hogwarts." Hermione answered.

“Five minutes into the game and already there’s evidence that this year’s gonna take us for spin.” Siliveya sighed to herself.

Soon the feast was over and it was time for the prefects to escort the new students around the school. Hermione had to practically yell at Ron to get him to pay attention.

“All right Hermione. Come on. This way munchkins.” Ron said to the first years.

“Don’t call them munchkins! They’re first years.” Hermione chastised.

“Fine.” Ron groaned.

Meanwhile Siliveya was gathering the first years from Slytherin. They all looked terrified and tiny. Siliveya thought there must be something in the water for she couldn’t remember her and the others being that small.

“Okay all you newbies follow us.” Draco ordered.

As they walked through the corridor they started explaining what was what when they made it to the hall of the moving stairs.

“And this is the main stairway, it leads to all the other floors and corridors. But be wary of the stairs they change quite often.” Siliveya explained.

“Now if you follow us we’ll show you the best house in the whole school.” Draco said smirking making Siliveya roll her eyes.

They headed down to the dungeons and stopped in front of the trapdoor that led to the common room.

“*Sectum sempra.*” Siliveya spoke allowing the door to open. “This is the password to get into our common room. It’s crucial that you don’t forget it.” she informed turning towards the first years.

“Otherwise you’ll be out past curfew and we’ll have to give you a full week of detention.” Draco taunted making the students grow fearful expressions.

They entered the common room and stood in a circle.

“This is the Slytherin common room. The dormitories are off to your right. The girls are up the stairs and to your upper right and boys to your lower. You’ll find all of your belongings have already been brought down.” Siliveya explained.

“Now you lot have been fortunate enough to be selected into the Great House of Slytherin, but get a few things straight. Rule one: I am the boss.” Draco started when Siliveya elbowed him the side. “Sorry we’re the boss.” he corrected causing Siliveya to just shake her head. “Rule two: Slytherins only hang around other Slytherins. And Rule three: Out of all the houses Gryffindor is our rival so stay away from them, especially Potter and his followers. Is that understood?” Draco commanded.

The first years nodded their heads nervously.

“Good your free to go.” Draco ordered.

“And what exactly was that?” Siliveya questioned.

“Just showing the fresh meat who’s in charge” Draco answered as he lied down on one of the couches next to the fire place. “Come sit.” he said gesturing towards his lap.

“I’ll be fine over here.” Siliveya said sharply as she sat on the couch across from him.

“So how did you do it?” Draco suddenly asked.

“Do what?” Siliveya replied not knowing what he meant.

“You were dead. I saw you. Everyone did. And then suddenly you come waltzing in on your own funeral. How did you do it?” Draco asked again.

“I don’t believe that concerns you in the slightest.” Siliveya answered.

“Really?” Draco said as he sat up.

“Look Malfoy, for some odd reason you’re thinking that my view of you has been upgraded from scum of the earth because we’re both prefects. Well guess what you haven’t been, so stop trying act like you’re my friend.” Siliveya spat.

“Siliveya fiery as always. Tell me. How much does it take to douse those flames of yours.” Draco sneered.

“I wouldn’t put my self into the context of fire...I’m more like venom. They more you hang around me the quicker I’ll be likely to kill you.” Siliveya whispered in Draco’s ear darkly after she stood up and walked over to him. “Rule four: You stay out of my way and I’ll stay out of yours. Is *that* understood Malfoy?” she added.

“Of course.” Draco replied turning his mouth to her ear. “I’ll find a way to break you. Mark my words, my little Slytherin outcast.” he smirked.

“Yes, because you’ve been doing such a good job so far.” Siliveya taunted giving him an equally mischievous smirk as she drew back.

“Drakey!!” Pansy’s shrill voice called out making the two teens look up.

Before he could react, Draco was instantly embraced by Pansy’s pudgy arms. He groaned in annoyance as Siliveya’s smirk grew wider.

“She hasn’t been doing anything to you, has she Drakey?” Pansy asked.

“No, we’ve just been discussing some business.” Draco replied.

“I just can’t believe you were made prefect. What an atrocious idea!” Pansy insulted.

“Watch it Parkinson. Since I am prefect I can easily give you detention.” Siliveya said when she saw the hopefully look in Draco’s eyes that he could possibly get a break from his possessive leech. “On second thought, to give you detention would only separate you from Malfoy here. And we wouldn’t want that now would we. You two have fun.” she said leaving for the dorms.

"That Hexington is such a horrid person." Pansy commented with her arms still wrapped around Draco's neck.

Draco just remained silent and simply smirked in the direction Siliveya left.

Next Time:

Its a war within the school as Harry has becomes an outcast once again. As the ministries eyes and ears Umbridge will prove to be a new obstacle to overcome. Maybe a new season of Quidditch could lighten the mood. See ya soon!

Chapter Sixty Three- The Threat of Umbridge

May 15, 1974

Dear Diary it's me again. I can't believe that Malfoy would stoop so low. That evil venomous snake! He's been out of Hogwarts for two years and he's already caused more trouble than when he was HERE. Malfoy was never happy with the fact that I chose Kai over him. And now he's done the unforgivable. He's been working at the Ministry under his father's wing, and has had numerous run ins with my parents. Well, during one of these encounters, he persuaded my parents to make me marry him. An arranged marriage to Lucius Malfoy! It's like I'm living in a nightmare. However my parents are happier than ever, and they've wrote me hundreds of letters saying how proud they are of me, and how they like Malfoy as a better husband choice than Kai. How dare Malfoy go over my head like that! I don't see why he's so obsessed over me anyway. Why can't he just marry that vile Narcissa Black who was always trailing behind him like a lost puppy? He'll get what's coming to him that bastard.

Any who I miss Kai, he graduated last year and it's been lonely without him. I mean there's always Potter, Lily, Sirius, Lupin, and that creepy Pettigrew kid, but we never really hung out together plus they're a year behind me. On a new note Lily and Potter started dating, which is a definite shock. I thought Lily hated Potter because he was such an arrogant bully. Well, Kai was a bully too, but he only bullied Slytherins so that doesn't count. And that Snape kid looks more pathetic than ever. I think he might have had a crush on her or something. I'm not sure we never talked much, although he does seem nice.

Another thing is this guy named Voldemort has been causing a lot of trouble. He's like an extreme version of my parents and the other Slytherins, and he's been forming this follower group called death eaters. Malfoy proudly wrote to me that he's one of them. My parents also like this Voldemort guy too, and they want me to join. They say he's bringing what the wizarding world needed a long time ago. Kai says he's nothing but trouble. He says Voldemort is pro pure-blood and wants to kill all the muggle-borns and half-bloods. That's just horrible.

Our headmaster Professor Dumbledore has been forming a rebellion against Voldemort called the Order of the Phoenix. I think I'm going to join that.

Siliveya closed her mother's diary and set it aside in her room. Being a prefect did have its benefits for she now had her own room instead of having to share one with the other Slytherin girls. Not wanting to be late for class she quickly got dressed into her school robes and left out of the door. She made her way to Defense Against the Dark Arts class where she found most of the class already there. Draco was sitting in the back of the room with Crabbe, Goyle, Blaise, and Pansy surrounding him. Siliveya passed by him without even sparing him a glance and found Harry sitting a little further down in class.

“This seat taken?” Siliveya asked.

“No, go ahead.” Harry said.

“So did you fair well last night?” Siliveya questioned.

“Not exactly.” Harry replied looking back at the other students who were keeping their distance.

One of the students created a paper airplane and started flying it around the room when it suddenly caught fire and was reduced to nothing but ashes.

“Good morning, children.” greeted Umbridge’s dreadful voice as she entered the room. “Ordinary Wizarding Level examinations. O-W-Ls. More commonly known as OWLs.” she said as she walked to the front of the class and wrote the words on the board with her wand. “Study hard and you will be rewarded. Fail to do so, and the consequences may be severe.” Umbridge stated while a smile crossed her features.

With a flick of her wand she sent out books, which read *Dark Arts Defense: Basics for Beginners* for everyone to use.

“Your previous instruction in this subject has been disturbingly uneven. But you’ll be pleased to know; from now on you’ll be following a carefully structured, Ministry-approved course of

defensive magic." Umbridge explained when she saw Hermione's hand raised. "Yes?" she said acknowledging her.

"There's nothing in here about using defensive spells?" Hermione asked.

"Use spells?" Umbridge repeated giving a slight laugh. "Well, I can't imagine why you would need to use spells in my classroom. " she added.

"We're not gonna use magic?" Ron questioned from his spot next to Hermione.

"You'll be learning about defensive spells in a secure, risk-free way." Umbridge answered.

"What use is that? If we're attacked, it won't be risk-free." Harry spoke out.

"Students will raise their hands when they speak in my class." Umbridge retorted.

This time Siliveya raised her hand.

"Yes, Ms. Hexington?" Umbridge said aloud.

"Just out of curiosity when you say we can't use magic does that include me? Cause I don't use a wand." Siliveya asked twinkling her fingers.

"Of course you don't." Umbridge said distastefully. "And no, it is the view of the Ministry that a theoretical knowledge will be sufficient to get you through your examinations which, after all is what school is all about." she explained.

"And how's theory supposed to prepare us for what's out there?" Harry spoke out again.

"There's nothing out there, dear. Who do you imagine wants to attack children like yourself?" Umbridge inquired.

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe Lord Voldemort.” Harry answered causing many students to cringe at the name.

“Now, let me make this quite plain. You have been told that a certain dark wizard is at large once again. This. Is. A. Lie.” Umbridge stated firmly.

“It’s not a lie. I saw him. I fought him.” Harry argued.

“Detention Mr. Potter!” Umbridge declared.

“So according to you Siliveya went into a coma of her own accord?” Harry questioned.

“Ms. Hexington’s accident was a tragic mistake of allowing her participate in the tournament.” Umbridge replied sternly.

“Sure just talk about me like I’m not sitting in this room.” Siliveya said annoyed.

“It was attempted murder. Voldemort tried to kill her.” Harry snapped.

“Enough! Enough.” Umbridge shouted. “Now since Ms. Hexington is right here I shall ask her. Wasn’t your accident just a tragic mistake?” she asked looking at Siliveya.

“That depends on who made the mistake, but don’t worry I forgive you.” Siliveya answered vaguely.

“Very well then.” Umbridge said in an agitated tone. “See me later, Mr. Potter. My office.” she instructed when Siliveya put her hand in the sir once more. “Yes, Ms. Hexington?” Umbridge regrettably asked.

“So if what you’re saying is true and old Moldyvort hasn’t returned. And there’s nothing out there that we would need to be defending ourselves against then why are we having this class anyway? We should use this class for something more enjoyable like nap time.” Siliveya suggested with a grin.

“That is completely absurd.” Umbridge said with that same creepily happy tone she had.

“Oh so Voldemort is back then?” Siliveya replied.

“No!” Umbridge shouted.

“But you just said he was.” Siliveya said simply.

“That’s enough! I said no such thing!” Umbridge said getting angrier by the minute.

“Yes you did. I said that Moldyvort wasn’t back then you said that was absurd so that must mean that he is. Or is he not?” Siliveya retorted her grin turning into a smirk.

“Silence! Twenty points from Gryffindor!” Umbridge shouted frustrated.

“But I’m in Slytherin.” Siliveya corrected coolly.

Harry, Hermione, and Ron were snickering under their breath at Siliveya’s actions where Umbridge just stared her down disapprovingly.

“Fine. But I would have expected better behavior from a prefect.” Umbridge stated. “One more word out of you and I’ll have your badge revoked.” she threatened.

Siliveya remained quiet but gave Umbridge a cocky defiant look.

After class everyone filed out the room headed for potions.

“What were you thinking? You could have gotten your rights as a prefect taken away.” Hermione chastised.

“But I didn’t. I just wanted to see how far I could push toad-face.” Siliveya replied.

“And what’s with that nickname you gave You-Know-Who?” Ron questioned.

“I call him Moldyvort. I think its funny.” Siliveya answered.

“There’s nothing funny about the him.”, Ron said.

“True but Voldemort is not someone who deserves any form of respect whether through loyalty or *fear*.” Siliveya stated as she walked ahead of them.

“That...actually made sense.” Harry agreed while he watched Siliveya disappear into the crowd.

It was then that an older Gryffindor student named Angelina ran up to Harry.

“Harry!” Angelina called out.

“Oh, hey Angelina.” Harry greeted.

“Guess what I’ve been made Quidditch captain.” Angelina informed. “And with Oliver gone we’re in need of a new keeper so I’m hosting tryouts on Friday, and I need you to be there.” she added.

“Well I can’t. Professor Umbridge gave me detention all this week.” Harry replied regrettably.

“What?! Can’t you reschedule it or something?” Angelina argued.

“Not Likely.” Harry replied.

“Well this had better be all the detentions you’re getting. I can’t afford to have you miss practice.” Angelina scolded.

Meanwhile Siliveya was confronted by her Slytherin brethren including Montague, a brawny seventh year who was captain of their Quidditch team.

“Hey Hexington!” Montague called out.

“What?” Siliveya said walking over to the group.

“In light of the recent graduates of previous years the Slytherin Quidditch team has dwindled down, and must be reformed.” Montague explained.

“No.” Siliveya answered firmly and started to walk away only to be blocked by Crabbe and Goyle.

“Why not?” Montague asked.

“Because the last time I agreed to be apart of this stupid team, I was attacked and ended up waking up beneath a couch in the common room.” Siliveya replied as she glared in Draco’s direction. “So I’ll say it again NO. Besides don’t you have some one else to fill the position?” she stated as she folded her arms.

“Yes, but I remember watching you when Flint was still captain and you’re really good. Plus we don’t need you to be seeker. You’re gonna be our keeper.” Montague informed.

“Yeah well when Flint asked me to join he had a lot more charm than you. So you’re going to have to ask better than that.” Siliveya said.

“Will you be our new keeper?” Montague asked annoyed.

“Fine, I’ve got nothing better to do anyway.” Siliveya answered flatly.

It was evening and Harry had to go to Umbridge’s office for his detention. He made it to the classroom and proceeded to the office door. When he opened it he saw that the room had changed drastically compared to the other times he’s seen it. The walls were pink and covered with hanging portraits of cats. Even the Décor shared the same creepily cheery atmosphere. Ms. Umbridge was at her desk sitting down when she noticed Harry.

“Good evening, Mr. Potter. Sit.” Umbridge greeted gesturing towards the desk beside her. “You’re going to be doing some lines for me today, Mr. Potter.” she added as Harry sat down and pulled out his quill. “No, not with your quill. You’re going to be using a rather special one of mine.” she said standing up and handing it to him. “Now I want you to write, I must not tell lies.” she instructed.

“How many times?” Harry asked.

“Oh, let’s say for as long as it takes for the message to sink in.” Umbridge replied.

“You haven’t given me any ink.” Harry said.

“Oh you won’t need any ink.” Umbridge informed.

Harry thought it was odd but continued to write his lines while Umbridge had her back to him. As he wrote red ink came from the quill or at least he thought it was ink. When he finished his first sentence Harry felt a burning sensation in his left hand. Upon closer examination he saw that the sentence he just wrote had engraved itself into his skin. He was writing with his own blood. Harry paused as Umbridge walked around the desk to face him.

“Yes?” she asked.

“Nothing.” Harry replied staring up at her.

“That’s right. Because you know, deep down you deserve to be punished. Don’t you Mr. Potter.” Umbridge stated in a creepy soft tone.

Harry didn’t say anything as Umbridge left him to continue his lines, but if one thing was for sure, it was that this woman was going to be more trouble than she was worth.

Next Time:

Quidditch fun and teacher trouble. Umbridge causes more problems for the students as well as the teachers. Meanwhile Hermione and Siliveya clash in their jobs as prefects. See ya soon.

Chapter Sixty Four-The Lion And The Serpent

It was late that evening and Harry had returned to the Gryffindor common room. He was sitting on the couch with Ron and Hermione.

"How can Dumbledore have let this happen?" Hermione cried suddenly, making Harry and Ron jump. "How can he let that terrible woman teach us? And in our O.W.L. year too?" she added.

"I swear Hermione you're the only person I know that'll worry about grades at a time like this." Siliveya commented appearing behind them.

"How did you?" Ron said jumping even more.

"First years." Siliveya lied.

"Well, we've never had great Defense Against the Dark Arts teachers, have we?" Harry stated. "You know what it's like, Hagrid told us, nobody wants the job, they say its jinxed." he continued.

"Yes, but to employ someone who's actually refusing to let us do magic! What's Dumbledore playing at?" Hermione said sharply.

"Dumbledore's got nothing to do with it. The Ministry is finally showing their true colors. They're wretched morons the lot of them." Siliveya said as she sat on the arm of the couch.

"Look enough of this. Let's just focus on our homework." Harry said changing the subject.

"How about Snape's I finished the essay already, I can help you." Siliveya suggested.

"Will you write my introduction?" Ron asked.

"I talk, you write." Siliveya laughed as she sat in front of Ron as he pulled out his parchment and quill.

Harry got out his quill as well since he wasn't sure what to write either.

“Okay. The properties of moonstone and its uses in potion making...” Siliveya began to say.

However Hermione was not paying attention, she was squinting over into the far corner of the room, where Fred, George, and Dean Thomas were now sitting at the center of a knot of innocent-looking first years, all of whom were chewing something that seemed to have come to of a large paper bag that Fred was holding.

“No, I’m sorry, they’ve gone too far.” Hermione said standing up and looking positively furious. “Ron, Siliveya come with me.” she added.

“Why...I don’t think we need to.” Ron faltered by himself some time.

“Oh Hermione they’re not causing any harm.” Siliveya said waving her off.

“You two know perfectly well that those are bits of Nosebleed Nougat or...or Puking Pastiles...” Hermione chastised.

“Fainting Fancies?” Harry suggested quietly.

One by one the first years fell to the floor causing laughter to fill the room. Hermione marched over to Fred and George who were holding clipboards and scribbling things down. Siliveya followed while Ron slunk back into his seat.

“That enough!” Hermione said forcefully to Fred and George who looked up with mild surprise.

“Yeah, you’re right. This dosage looks strong enough, doesn’t it?” George clarified.

“I told you this morning you can’t test your rubbish on students!” Hermione scolded.

“We’re paying them.” Fred indignantly.

“I don’t care it could be dangerous!” Hermione argued.

“Calm down Hermione, they’re fine!” Siliveya intervened.

“Yeah look they’re coming to now.” George added.

“Feeling all right?” Fred asked a small brunette girl at his feet who nodded. “Excellent.” he said happily.

“It is NOT excellent!” Hermione yelled.

“Course it is they’re alive aren’t they!” Fred argued.

“You can’t do this, what if you made one of them really ill?” Hermione criticized.

“We’re not going to make them ill, we’ve tested them on ourselves.” Fred replied simply.

“If you don’t stop doing it, I’m going to...” Hermione threatened.

“Hermione will you chill out already. Let them has some fun, besides their experimenting is for a good cause.” Siliveya reasoned.

“No it is not. You’re a prefect Siliveya you should agree with me. And as for you two if you continue to do this to the other students I’ll write to your mother.” Hermione said strictly.

“You wouldn’t.” George said horrified.

“Oh yes I would.” Hermione replied.

“I swear you’re such a suck up tattletale. You’re worse than Percy.” Siliveya accused.

“It is our job to take care of problems like this. How dare you contradict me.” Hermione snapped.

“Well then if that’s the case. Fred, George I’m confiscating all of your products.” Siliveya said firmly.

“What?” Fred said shocked. “No way!” he added.

“Yeah, you know how important these tests are for our business.” George stated.

"I do. Which is why I'm going to from now on take what ever you have and test it on the Slytherins, then I report back to you with the results." Siliveya answered smiling.

"You can't do that!" Hermione shouted. "That's completely against the rules, plus dangerous!" she continued taking one of the clipboards and slamming it onto the floor.

"And what will you do about it? I don't have any parents for you to run to." Siliveya challenged.

"I'll have your badge revoked!" Hermione threatened.

"I'd like to see you try seeing as you would have to report to Snape and he doesn't even like you." Siliveya stated smirking.

"You're despicable! You think you can just break the rules whenever you want!" Hermione yelled getting in her face.

"Well I'm sorry that some of us don't fit the high and mighty standards of the soap box you've so graciously placed yourself on!" Siliveya yelled back causing Fred and George to snicker to themselves. "So Miss Smarty Pants why don't you do us all a favor and graduate that way you could spend your time make rules and sucking up to the adults instead of bothering us!" she hissed.

Hermione opened her mouth to speak but quickly shut it from being far too shocked to say anything.

"That's what I thought." Siliveya said as she took one of Fred and George's boxes of tricks. "Harry, Ron, Fred, George I'll see you tomorrow." she said as she headed for the portrait exit.

"A gem. A true gem." Fred said aloud.

"Yeah, at least someone in this school has the same sense as we do." George agreed as Hermione walked back to where Harry and Ron were.

"Thanks for backing me up Ronald." Hermione said acidly.

"You handled it fine by yourself. Besides Siliveya does have a point." Ron mumbled to himself.

Hermione brought her bag into her lap and started pulling out numerous hats onto the couch.

"What are these for?" Harry asked.

"For the house-elves. I'm going to lay them out on the floor and cover them up." Hermione explained.

"Hang on, you're trying to trick the house-elves into picking up hats. You're setting them free when they may not want to be." Ron said.

"Of course they want to be free!" Hermione said knowingly. "And leave those hats alone Ron." she added.

It was the end of the week and everyone was swamped over with loads of homework in preparation for their O.W.L.s. They were currently in charms when Siliveya noticed Harry's right hand.

"What happened to your hand?" Siliveya questioned in a low voice.

"It's nothing don't worry about it." Harry said tucking his hand under his sleeve.

"Nonsense let me see." Siliveya said taking hold off his hand.

There she saw the still existent scar created by Umbridge's special quill.

"What has Umbridge been doing to you during those detentions? Slicing you open with knives?" Siliveya said worriedly.

"Is there something you'd like to share with us Ms. Hexington?" Professor Flitwick asked.

"No. Sorry Professor." Siliveya replied.

After class they were headed towards the Great Hall when Hermione brought up the subject of Harry's hand.

“You should tell Dumbledore about this Harry.” Hermione suggested.

“No, I won’t give Umbridge the satisfaction.” Harry replied.

“But Harry it’s perfectly simple.” Hermione insisted.

“No it’s not. What ever this is Hermione it’s not simple.” Harry said.

“Oi Siliveya!” called out Draco’s voice.

“Yes Malfoy.” Siliveya said as her and the others turned around.

“What are you doing? You’re setting a bad example for our first years. Remember Rules Two and Three?” Draco said with Crabbe and Goyle behind him.

“Do you remember Rule four?” Siliveya retorted.

“Huh, what rules?” Harry said confused.

“Guys I did! I did it! I’m keeper!” Ron said cheerfully as he ran up to them. “What are you doing here Malfoy?” he asked as his expression grew grim.

“Why rounding up our Quidditch members for practice of course.” Malfoy replied.

“Okay so why are you here?” Hermione asked this time.

“Didn’t Siliveya tell you? She’s our new keeper for the Slytherin team.” Draco said standing by Siliveya’s side.

“What? Why didn’t you tell us?” Harry asked.

“Well I was going to, but in midst of everything that’s been going on I sorta forgot.” Siliveya answered sheepishly.

“Anyway we need to make sure she is fit for playing so Siliveya if you will.” Draco said taking Siliveya by the arm.

“Fine. But don’t touch me.” Siliveya said sternly as she snatched her hand back.

"Well you going to have to wait Malfoy cause Gryffindor has the Quidditch pitch first." Ron informed.

"Well Weasley I guess we get to watch you practice. So you'd better be good for your sake." Draco taunted. "Come on Siliveya let's go." he said walking off.

Siliveya waved back at the others before following her Slytherin team members. It was that afternoon that the Gryffindor team suited up for practice. On the Quidditch pitch Harry was helping Ron practice and he was actually pretty good. Soon the whole team went out onto the pitch where the Slytherin team watched from the stands.

"What's that Weasley's riding?" Malfoy called out to them. "Why would anyone put a flying charm on a moldy old log like that?" he added causing the other Slytherins to laugh except Siliveya.

"Ignore them." Harry said to Ron.

"Okay everyone let's practice on our passing." Angelina instructed as she held a quaffle in her free hand.

The team formed a circle and began to practice. Angelina threw the quaffle hard to Fred, who passed it to George, who passed it to Harry, who passed to Ron who dropped it. Draco and the others started laughing while Siliveya remained silent. They went through a few more rounds resulting in Ron dropping the quaffle over and over again. They then moved to game formation and everyone took their proper positions. Angelina blew her whistle and everyone let loose the quaffle, the bludgers, and the snitch. They only made it through the middle of the play when Angelina blew her whistle again.

"Stop...stop. Stop!" Angelina screamed. "Ron your not covering your middle post! You need to keep shifting around while you watch the chasers! Either stay in center position until you need to move or circle around them! But don't drift vaguely off that's how you missed the last three goals!" she scolded.

"Gryffindor are losers! Gryffindor are losers!" the Slytherins chanted in the stands.

After a few more laughs Montague led them down to the grassy bottom of the pitch.

“Alright Angelina you’ve had your time. Now it’s our turn to practice.” Montague called up to them.

“Whatever. Come on everyone. Same time same place next week.” Angelina said heading towards the ground.

“Wow Weasley that was just as pathetic as I thought.” Draco teased.

“Oh and you think you’ll be any better Malfoy. Siliveya doesn’t even play Quidditch, she’s probably worse than I am.” Ron retorted when he, Harry, Fred, and George landed on the grass.

“And what’s that supposed to mean?” Siliveya said offended as she appeared out of the crowd.

“It means that having you on the team wouldn’t help them. Right?” Ron said a persuading tone while winking at her.

“No, I don’t see what you mean.” Siliveya said annoyed.

“Well then team let’s begin. You losers can watch if you want.” Montague instructed.

The Slytherin team took to the air on the Nimbus Two thousand and ones that Draco had donated to them back in second year. They went into the game formation with Siliveya at the goals, the chasers with the quaffle, Crabbe and Goyle with the bludgers, and Draco with the snitch. They begun their practice while the Gryffindor team stood by in the stands and watched.

“I think you might’ve ticked Siliveya off.” Harry commented to Ron.

“Well, it’s true Siliveya doesn’t play Quidditch, so there’s no way she could be good at it.” Ron replied.

“Not necessarily.” another team member named Katie Bell said. “During your second year I remember over hearing some of the first

year Gryffindors talk about watching Siliveya practice catching the snitch. They said she was really good on a broom." she explained.

"Yeah and she was so good that the old Slytherin captain Marcus Flint, wanted to drop Malfoy from the team so that she could be their new seeker." another chaser named Alicia added.

"Siliveya never told us about any of this." Ron scoffed.

"Yeah, when it was time for the first game Malfoy was still playing." Harry said disbelievingly.

"No one really knows the whole story, but when Siliveya agreed to join the team, Malfoy made sure that she wasn't able to play. And after the first game with us that year I assumed she must have quit." Katie answered.

"Okay so she was great seeker supposedly, but there's no way that Siliveya could be good at keeper." Ron stated stubbornly.

"You might be eating your words ickle Ronnie." Fred said pointing towards the field.

The Slytherin team were running a drill to help Siliveya practice blocking the goals. They had split into a three on three team while Siliveya hovered below the goals.

"See look at that she's hovering way too low to block her middle goal." Ron laughed.

Draco passed the quaffle to Montague who was coming at Siliveya at a quick speed. He threw the quaffle towards the middle goal which was the highest and farthest for her to reach. Siliveya flew her broom upward and spun around knocking the quaffle at least ten yards from the goal.

"Looks like she knows what she's doing." George said.

"That was a lucky save." Ron replied.

"Hey she has a firebolt.", Angelina said squinting a bit to make sure she was right. "That's why Hexington blocked it so easily she's got speed on her side." she huffed.

"Yeah, well there's no way she'll get the next one." Ron reassured.

They went back to watching the practice and this time Malfoy was throwing the quaffle at the right goal while Crabbe hit a bludger in her direction. Siliveya couldn't dodge the bludger without stopping, which would cost her the goal. Instead she kept moving while flipping herself over so she was riding upside-down. The bludger whizzed by barely missing the surface of her broomstick allowing Siliveya to dive downward and scoop the quaffle in her arms.

"What are you trying to do kill me?!" shouted at Crabbe as she tossed the quaffle to Montague.

"Just making sure you're ready for anything." Montague replied.

"Still say it was a lucky move, mate." Fred taunted making Ron mumble under his breath.

"Yeah cause I'd say she's definitely got skill." George added.

"Oh shut up." Ron sulked.

For the next fifteen minutes the Slytherin team continued to train their new keeper, and Siliveya only missed the quaffle once. Crabbe and Goyle had over done it with the bludgers and she was too busy protecting herself to go after it.

"Well that's enough for today. Good job everyone." Montague instructed.

"Hey scarhead! I'm sure you're regretting making Weasle-bee your keeper now!" Draco taunted.

"Come one you guys let's go." Harry said standing.

Siliveya swooped down next to Harry and the others and hovered just outside the stands.

“So Ron do you think I can’t play now?” Siliveya asked.

“It was just luck.” Ron replied annoyed. “And for our sakes you should have missed them all.” he added.

“Oh I get it, so just because I’m in Slytherin I’m not allowed to have fun playing Quidditch like you guys? I have to hold back and pretend to be bad just so you’ll win and be happy? Well forget it Ron, I’m on the team now. So if you wanna win so badly I suggest you get your game up to par or go back to relying on Harry to catch the snitch in time like you usually do.” Siliveya said firmly before flying off.

“Ouch.” Fred said aloud.

“She told you.” George timed in.

It was the next day and Harry was walking alone in the outskirts of the castle where he ran into Siliveya.

“Oh Siliveya.” Harry said a bit startled.

“Hey Harry, what are you doing by yourself? Where’s Ron and Hermione?” Siliveya asked.

“I just wanted some time to myself, but you can come with if you want.” Harry replied.

“All right.” Siliveya shrugged.

They reached Hagrid’s hut who still hadn’t returned yet, when Harry noticed something flying over the forest. They ventured into the forest to find whatever it was. Once there Harry and Siliveya found a herd of those creepy skeletal horses that were pulling the school carriages. Among them was Luna Lovegood who was petting one of the creatures on the head.

“Hello, Harry, Siliveya.” Luna greeted without turning around.

“Your feet. Aren’t they cold?” Harry asked noticing she was missing shoes.

“A bit. Unfortunately, all my shoes have mysteriously disappeared. I suspect nargles are behind it.” Luna explained.

“What are they?” Siliveya asked looking at the strange horse-like creatures.

“They’re called thestrals.” Luna answered. “They’re quite gentle really, but people avoid them because they’re a bit...” she started to say.

“Different.” Siliveya finished.

“But why can’t the others see them?”, Harry asked.

“They can only be seen by people who’ve seen death.” Luna informed.

“So you’ve known someone who’ died, then?” Siliveya said as she examined one of the thestrals more closely.

“My mum. She was quite an extraordinary witch, but she did like to experiment and one day, one of her spells went badly wrong. I was nine.” Luna explained.

“I’m sorry.” Harry said sympathetically.

“Yeah, I never knew my parents. They were murdered. But I was way too young to remember. I guess my own near-death experience allows me to see them.” Siliveya said as a sad expression filled her eyes.

“Sorry.” Luna said.

“It’s okay. You still live with you’re dad right?” Siliveya asked.

“Yeah. We both believe you two by the way. That He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is back and you two fought him and the Ministry and the Prophet are conspiring against you guys and Dumbledore.” Luna said confidently.

“Thanks. It seems you’re about the only ones that do.” Harry stated.

“I don’t think that’s true.” Luna replied as she took a piece of meat out of her bag and threw to a baby thestral. “But I suppose that’s how he wants you to feel.” she added.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked.

“Well, if I were You-Know-Who I’d want you to feel cut off from everyone else, because if it’s just you alone you’re not as much of a threat.” Luna explained.

“Well put.” Siliveya commented as she went to pet the baby thestral.

Chapter Sixty Five- The High Inquisitor Of Hogwarts

After speaking with Luna, Harry and Siliveya returned to the castle. They were entering the Great Hall and instantly overheard Hermione and Ron's bickering.

"Do you ever stop eating?" Hermione complained.

"What? I'm hungry." Ron replied simply as Harry and Siliveya approached them.

"Harry. Siliveya." Hermione said taking notice.

"Can we join you?" Harry asked.

"Pardon me, Professor, but what exactly are you insinuating?", everyone in the Great Hall heard Umbridge speak.

"What's going on now?" Siliveya said aloud.

"I don't know. Let's find out." Harry said walking towards the large doors.

Groups of people began to slowly file out of the Great Hall to see what the commotion was and found Umbridge arguing with Professor McGonagall.

"I am merely requesting that when it comes to my students you conform to the prescribed disciplinary practices." Professor McGonagall retorted.

"So silly of me, but it sounds as if you're questioning my authority in my own classroom, Minerva." Umbridge stated.

"Not at all, Dolores, merely your medieval methods." Professor McGonagall replied.

"I am sorry, dear. But to question my practices is to question the Ministry and by extension, the minister himself. I am a tolerant woman but the one thing I will not stand for is disloyalty." Umbridge said firmly.

“Disloyalty.” Professor McGonagall repeated disapprovingly.

“Things at Hogwarts are far worse than I feared.” Umbridge announced turning to the large group of students that gathered around them. “Cornelius will want to take immediate action.” she added before walking off.

McGonagall left as well leaving the students to decipher the situation.

“What was that all about?” Ron asked.

“It means that this is just the beginning of another normal school year at Hogwarts.” Siliveya stated coolly.

In a days time all the students were gathered around the outside of Great Hall watching Filch nail a scroll to the wall.

“Proclamation Educational Decree number twenty three. Dolores Jane Umbridge has been appointed to the post of Hogwarts High Inquisitor.” Siliveya read.

“She’s been promoted?”, Hermione said curiously.

“Yeah, she’s supposed to have the power to monitor the other teachers and report what she finds out straight to Fudge.” Siliveya replied. “This could be trouble.” she mentioned.

“How so?” Harry asked.

“Well I’ve been doing some research on Umbridge and one thing I found out is that she’s not to fond of half-humans. And well suddenly Hagrid came to mind.” Siliveya explained before leaving to go to Divination class.

Harry looked at Ron and Hermione in question who both merely shrugged. Not knowing what to think of it they decided to head to Divination class as well. And if there was a subject that wasn’t taken seriously by the entire school it was Divination. A day didn’t go by without a few students believing that they were going to die within the next twenty-four hours after having that class. Siliveya however had a definite interest in the topic regardless if the Professor wasn’t too

skilled at it themselves. It was different and that was a trait Siliveya was very familiar with.

By the time the bell rang everyone was already seated in class. Siliveya, Harry, Ron, and Hermione were all seated next to each other at one table while Draco and his followers were at lower table on the far left side of the room.

“Dream interpretation is a most important means of divination. For the Inner Eye sees sights to which the outer world is blind.” Professor Trelawney explained before bumping into the small table in front of her as she usually did during these lessons.

She bent down to pick up one of the books that had dropped on the floor only to come face to face with a pair of pink heels. She gazed up to see Umbridge standing in front of her with a smug look on her face.

“What are you doing here?” Professor Trelawney asked as she stood up.

“Don’t mind me dear. You see...Professor Trelawney isn’t it?” Umbridge replied receiving a nod. “In addition to my teaching duties the Ministry has asked me to act as an informal observer here at Hogwarts. Cornelius’ eyes and ears, as it were. Nothing whatsoever to worry about. Please do go on. I’m just a fly on the wall” she explained as she stepped aside.

“Oh, yes, well. Well...dream.” Professor Trelawney said returning her attention to the class.

“Just one question, dear.” Umbridge interrupted. “You’ve been in this post how long, exactly?” she asked.

“Um, nearly sixteen years.” Professor Trelawney answered.

“Quite a period. And it was Dumbledore who appointed you?” Umbridge asked again.

“He did.” Professor Trelawney replied.

Umbridge quieted down and allowed her to continue.

“The interpretation...” Professor Trelawney said turning towards the class.

“Just one more thing.” Umbridge intervened once more. “Is it isn’t too much bother, could you please predict something for me?” she requested.

“I’m sorry?” Professor Trelawney said confused.

“Predict something.” Umbridge repeated. “Well, surely you’re not surprised I ask. You would have foreseen it.” she stated smirking slightly.

“Um...uh...the inner eye does not see upon command.” Professor Trelawney retorted.

“One teensy little prophecy?”, Umbridge asked again receiving Professor Trelawney’s silence. “No. Pity.”, she said scribbling some things down on her clipboard.

“No, wait. Wait. I think. I think I do see something. Yes, I do. Something dark. You are in grave danger.”, Professor Trelawney informed.

“Lovely.”, Umbridge said not believing her.

Umbridge walked out of the room leaving Professor Trelawney flabbergasted. Everyone else merely shared glances or smirks depending on who it was. And it was only going to get worse. Umbridge patrolled the halls using her wand for everything. She separated kissing couples and tucked in shirts for groups of boys who walked by. Fred and George were showing off a few of their recent inventions only to have Umbridge dispose of the things with a flick of her wrist. And as far as classes go, Professor Trelawney wasn’t the only one getting interrogated.

Everyone had gone to potions class and found Umbridge waiting at the door. Class started and Professor Snape became her next victim.

“You applied first for the Defense Against the Dark Arts post, is that correct?” Umbridge asked.

“Yes.” Professor Snape answered sharply.

“But you were unsuccessful?” Umbridge asked again.

“Obviously.” Professor Snape replied with sense of sarcasm in his tone.

Ron snickered at the table nearby, which was a mistake for Professor Snape heard him. A few moments later when Umbridge left room, Ron received a big whack on the head, and this time it was Harry, Siliveya, and Hermione’s turn to laugh.

During the course of the next few weeks Umbridge was causing more damage than anyone could have imagined. One by one more rules were posted outside of the Great Hall by Filch. And everyday Umbridge seemed to be coming with new rules for everything. There could be no music, Fred and George’s inventions were banned, proper dress and decorum was to maintained at all times, etc.

The only relief from Umbridge’s rampage was that the first Quidditch game of the season had finally come. It was morning and everyone was in the Great Hall. Under Umbridge rules Siliveya could no longer sit with Harry and the others so once again she was forced to sit at Slytherin table. Over the course of the last two days she had noticed that her Slytherin brethren were up to something. Her suspicions were confirmed when she saw shiny, silver badges in the shape of crowns on all their robes.

“What did you guys do now?” Siliveya questioned trying to read the badge in Draco’s hand.

“Why this is a tribute to our star Quidditch player.” Draco answered showing her the badge.

On the badge read the words *Weasley is our King*. Siliveya was instantly reminded of the badges that Draco had made the previous year to make fun of Harry.

“Let me guess, these are for Ron?” Siliveya clarified.

“Yes, I even wrote a song for him.” Draco boasted.

“Oh, how sweet. So what’s next a moonlit picnic by lake? Or possibly you and Ron holding hands and skipping down the corridors in romantic bliss?” Siliveya teased.

“What!!”, Draco shouted a little too loudly causing everyone else at the table to focus on them. “Don’t you ever say that again!” he said angrily.

“Sorry you actually brought that one on yourself. But hey you can’t help it if you’re stupid.” Siliveya replied smirking.

“Consider yourself lucky that today’s game day. Otherwise...” Draco sneered.

“Otherwise you would’ve had more time to come up with a better comeback cause after unfortunately knowing you for nearly five years that clearly wasn’t your best.”, Siliveya finished his sentence as she stood up. “Well I have some homework to finish up on before the game. Catch you later.”, she said simply while walking out of the Great Hall leaving Draco furious.

It was later that day and everyone was out at the Quidditch pitch for the rivalry game of Slytherin versus Gryffindor. The other students were cheering loudly for who they wanted to win in the stands, and both teams were suited up and on the field with brooms in hand. Madam Hooch, the school umpire, stood in between the two teams.

“Captains shake hands.” Madame Hooch ordered.

Angelina and Montague stepped forward and shook hands while glaring at each other.

“Mount your brooms.” Madame Hooch commanded.

Everyone did so and was giving each other challenging looks. Harry and Ron overlooked all the Slytherin team members noticing that they still had their special badges. Harry looked towards Siliveya and saw that she was the only one who wasn’t wearing one. Madame Hooch blew the whistle and threw the quaffle up into the air. The bludgers and the snitch were released right after.

The game began as Ron and Siliveya took their places at the goals. Harry and Draco were keeping their eyes open for the snitch, and the chasers and beaters started to go at it. Meanwhile the scorekeeper who was a Gryffindor in Fred and George's year named Lee Jordan, did the commentary of the game.

"And it's Angelina, Angelina with the quaffle, what a player that girl is. I've been saying it for years, but she still won't go out me." Lee Jordan said.

"Jordan." Professor McGonagall scolded from the seat beside him.

"Just a fun fact, Professor, adds a bit of interest. And she's ducked Warrington, she's passed Montague, she's...ouch...been hit from behind by a bludger from Crabbe. Montague catches the quaffle, Montague heading back up the pitch and...nice bludger there from George Weasley. That's a bludger to the head for Montague, he drops the quaffle, caught by Katie Bell. Katie Bell of Gryffindor reverse passes to Alicia Spinnet and Spinnet's away." Lee Jordan announced.

During this time Siliveya was readily awaiting the quaffle to come her way. She was looking further down and saw Ron looking as nervous as ever when something about Lee Jordan's commentary caught her attention.

"Dodges Warrington, avoids a bludger...close call Alicia. And the crowds are loving this, just listen to them. What's that they're singing?" Lee Jordan paused.

He refrained from speaking listen closely to the song that rose from the Slytherin stands.

"Weasley cannot save a thing, he cannot block a single ring! That's why all Slytherins sing, Weasley is our King!" the Slytherin crowd cheered. "Weasley was born in a bin, he always lets the quaffle in! Weasley will make sure we win, Weasley is our King!" they continued.

"So that's the song Malfoy was talking about." Siliveya thought when she saw Alicia and Angelina coming her way.

“And Alicia passes back to Angelina! Come on now, Angelina only looks like they have the Slytherin’s new keeper, Siliveya Hexington to beat. Oh, but Hexington is much too low to protect her goals! Angelina shoots towards the left...AND SHE...aaaah!! Hexington swiftly swoops over and knocks the quaffle back half way down the field! More to that Hexington girl than meets the eye!” Lee Jordan commented.

Meanwhile Ron was on pins and needles as the Slytherins singing got louder and louder and this time the quaffle was coming for him.

“So it’s the first test for new Gryffindor Keeper, Ron Weasley, a promising new talent on the team. Come on Ron!” Lee Jordan cheered.

Unfortunately, the favor was in Slytherin for Ron dove wildly with his arms spread out wide and the quaffle flew straight threw and into his central hoop. From this the Slytherins began to sing even louder. The quaffle was fought over once more and finally landed in Montague’s hands who headed straight for Ron again.

“And Montague has dodged Alicia again, and he’s heading straight for the goal Stop it Ron!” Lee Jordan shouted.

Once again Ron missed the quaffle earning Slytherin another point and two more right afterwards.

“And Katie Bell of Gryffindor dodges Pucey, ducks Montague, throws to Angelina! Angelina takes the quaffle, she’s past Warrington, she’s heading for the goal, come on now Angelina...NO!!” Lee Jordan cried. “It’s forty-nil and Hexington once again catches the quaffle! Man this girl is good, but then again we’ve seen her take on a dragon. Hell I’d date her if she wasn’t already taken!”he announced.

“Jordan!!” Professor McGonagall scolded again.

“Just kidding Professor.” Jordan replied sheepishly.

It was then that Harry and Draco had spotted the snitch. It was near the Slytherin goal posts and both teenage boys immediately dove for

it. They were neck in neck with arms extended, but in the end Harry was able to grab hold of the fluttering sphere.

“Harry Potter has caught the snitch! GRYFFINDOR WINS!!” Lee Jordan announced excitedly.

Suddenly Harry was hit in the back of the head with a bludger and fell five feet to the ground. The Gryffindor team members including Siliveya quickly landed their brooms to see if he was okay.

“Harry are you all right?” Siliveya asked.

“Of course I am.” Harry said grimly as he let Siliveya pull him to his feet.

“It was that thug, Crabbe.”, Angelina informed angrily. “He whacked the bludger at Harry the moment he saw him catch the snitch.” she explained.

“Saved Weasley’s neck, haven’t you Potter?” Draco sneered as he landed behind them. “I’ve never seen a worse keeper. By the way did you like my lyrics?” he taunted.

“Yes, I’m sure Ron is ready to fall into arms to only mildly express his love for you.” Siliveya mocked.

“What?!” Harry and Ron said both shocked and confused.

“Oh, never mind.” Siliveya said crossing her arms.

“Anyway, we wanted to write another couple of verses. But we couldn’t find rhymes for fat and ugly you know for his mother. We also couldn’t figure useless loser for his father.” Draco said smirking.

Fred and George overheard this and started glaring at Malfoy.

“But you like the Weasleys don’t you Potter? Spend holidays there and everything, don’t you? Can’t see how you stand the stink, but I suppose when you’ve been dragged up by Muggles even the Weasleys’ hovel smells okay.” Draco continued.

Harry had to hold back George while Siliveya and Angelina were dragging Fred away.

“Or perhaps. You can remember what your mother’s house stank like Potter, and Weasley’s pigsty reminds you of it.” Draco laughed.

Within a second both him and George were going at Draco completely ignoring the girls’ shouts to stop.

“*Impedimenta!*” Madame Hooch shouted knocking George and Harry on their backs. “What do you think you’re doing?! I’ve never seen behavior like this before! Back to the castle, the both of you, and straight to the Head of House’s office! Go now!” she scolded furiously.

Harry and George reluctantly left the pitch only to have exceedingly horrible result meet them when they got there. Later that evening Harry, Ron, Hermione, Fred, and George were talking amongst each other in the common room.

“You were banned from the team?!” Hermione said shocked.

“Umbridge was the one who banned us, McGonagall only wanted to give us a school year supply of detention.” Fred explained.

“How could you three be so reckless?!” Hermione chastised.

“For once I actually agree with Hermione.” Siliveya commented.

“Oh you do, do you?” Harry said sharply.

“Yes that was sloppy, very sloppy. You shouldn’t have attacked Malfoy.” Siliveya replied.

“Defending him are we?” Ron grunted.

“No Malfoy deserved it, but think about it. Malfoy always insults us this is nothing new. You should have ignored him and waited for another time to get him back.” Siliveya answered.

“I’m not going to back down from Malfoy.” Harry said firmly.

"Harry there's a fine line between bravery and stupidity, and you're messing with it. Realize something if you had waited to get Malfoy back later you would have had a better chance of not getting in trouble. But instead you and George attacked him in front of everyone primarily the staff, and with Umbridge. And now instead of hurting Malfoy, he's doing a victory dance because he just got three of Gryffindor's key Quidditch players bumped off the team for good. Do you see the sense in this?" Siliveya reasoned.

"But we had to do something." Harry argued.

"You've should've done nothing!" Hermione scolded.

"Exactly. Look you guys seem in need so I'll give a piece of advice when it comes to fighting." Siliveya offered.

"And what might that be?" Fred inquired.

"Well there are three ways to fight. The first is offensive fighting which is what you just tried to do to Malfoy. The second is defensive which is fighting just enough to run away. And the third, which is the one I prefer, is known as neutral fighting where you do nothing." Siliveya informed.

"And how does doing nothing help?" Ron asked skeptically.

"Well it's not so much that you continue to do nothing. You're doing nothing because instead attacking or fleeing...you listen and wait for the opportune moment to strike. And that my friends is the secret to victory." Siliveya explained.

"I think I understand." Fred said.

"Yeah." George agreed.

"Where's is this written?" Hermione questioned.

"It's not in any of the books you've read. It's apart of a noble and ancient art." Siliveya replied proudly.

“So out there somewhere is a book about the three rules of fighting?” Ron joked.

“ Well, technically there are eighty-five ways, but you guys can only handle the first three for right now.” Siliveya answered simply.

Everyone shared confused glances, but went with it anyway. Too much had gone on that day to bother interrogating are arguing about something new.

Next Time:

The trouble has merely started when Umbridge starts to abuse her power even more. Something has to be done soon. Well Hermione and Ron have the perfect plan. The obstacle is: convincing everyone else to go with it. See ya soon!

Chapter Sixty Six- The Last Straw

It was morning and everyone was filing out towards the courtyard. At the time Harry was by himself and ended up running into no one but the Ravenclaw girl, Cho Chang.

“Cho.” Harry called out catching sight of her in the crowd. “What’s going on?” he asked.

“It’s Professor Trelawney.” Cho simply replied before walking off ahead of him.

When everyone reached the courtyard they found Professor Trelawney standing there crying her eyes out as Filch brought out her suitcases. Umbridge appeared amongst the crowd and approached the weeping Professor.

“Sixteen years I’ve lived and taught here. Hogwarts is my home. You can’t do this.” Professor Trelawney pleaded.

“Actually I can.” Umbridge replied with a smug look on her face as she held up another one of her decrees.

At that moment Professor McGonagall ran out and comforted Trelawney.

“Something you’d like to say dear?” Umbridge inquired.

“Oh, there are several things that I would like to say.” Professor McGonagall stated glaring at Umbridge.

It was then that Dumbledore appeared as well and walked out to the center of the crowd.

“Professor McGonagall, might I ask you to escort Sybil back inside?” Dumbledore requested as he approached them.

Professor McGonagall did just that as Trelawney thanked Dumbledore over and over again.

“Dumbledore, may I remind you that under the terms of Educational Decree Number twenty-three as enacted by the minister...” Umbridge began to retort.

“You have the right to dismiss my teachers.” Dumbledore interrupted. “You do not however, have the authority to banish them from the grounds. That power remains with the headmaster.” he corrected.

“For now.”, Umbridge stated as a wide grin spread across her face.

“Don’t you all have studying to do?!” Dumbledore said to the crowding students.

With the matter resolved everyone left the courtyard to continue their day. Later that day Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Siliveya were in the Gryffindor common room discussing the situation at hand.

“That foul, evil, old gargoyle.” Hermione ranted as she paced back and forth in the room. “We’re not learning how to defend ourselves. We’re not learning how to pass our O.W.L.s. She’s taking over the entire school.” she stated.

“Security has been and will remain the Ministry’s top priority.” said Fudge’s voice through the radio.

Harry turned it up louder as the four friends listened in.

“Furthermore, we have convincing evidence that these disappearances are the work of notorious mass murderer Sirius Black.” Fudge reported.

“Harry.” called another voice.

“Sirius.” Harry said recognizing the voice quickly as he ran towards the fire place. “What are you doing here?” he asked.

“Answering your letter.” Sirius image replied in the fire. “You said you were worried about Umbridge. What’s she doing? Training you to kill half-breeds?” Sirius questioned.

“She’s not letting us use magic at all.” Harry answered.

“Well, I’m not surprised. The latest intelligence is that Fudge doesn’t want you trained in combat.” Sirius informed.

“Combat?” Siliveya said confused.

“What does he think, we’re forming some sort of wizard army?” Ron stated.

“That’s exactly what he thinks. That Dumbledore is assembling his own forces to take on the Ministry. He’s becoming more paranoid by the minute. The others wouldn’t want me telling you this, Harry but things aren’t going at all well with the Order. Fudge is blocking the truth at every turn and these disappearances are just how it started before. Voldemort is on the move.” Sirius explained.

“Well, what can we do?” Harry asked.

“Someone’s coming. I’m sorry I can’t be of more help. But for now at least, it looks like you’re on your own.”, Sirius replied as his image vanished from the flames.

“He really is out there, isn’t he?” Hermione said turning towards the window where a storm was raging outside. “We’ve got to be able to defend ourselves. And if Umbridge refuses to teach us how, we need someone who will.” she said determinedly.

Hermione looked towards Harry with an idea clear in her head. Ron and Siliveya caught onto what she was thinking while Harry realized it last.

“No, no way. I couldn’t possibly.” Harry refused.

“Come on Harry just consider it.” Hermione persuaded.

“But what about you Siliveya?” Harry suggested.

“I could, but it would be harder for me to, since I’m not skilled in the wand department. Harry just give it a try.” Siliveya replied.

“Yeah, mate. You’d be perfect for the job.” Ron said confidently.

"We'll round up some people for a meeting and go from there." Hermione explained.

It was the next day and winter had clearly made its presence known with snow covering the entire area. Meanwhile Harry, Siliveya, Hermione, and Ron had sneak off to Hogsmeade for their special meeting.

"This is mad. Who'd wanna be taught by me? I'm a nutter, remember?" Harry argued.

"Look on the bright side, you can't be any worse than old toad face." Ron consoled.

"Thanks Ron." Harry said a tad annoyed.

"I'm here for you, mate." Ron replied.

"Who's supposed to be meeting us then?" Harry asked.

"Just a couple of people." Siliveya answered as they walked up to one of the buildings.

It was a bit raggedy and broken down, but they entered anyway.

"Lovely spot." Ron said distastefully.

"Thought it would be safer off the beaten track." Hermione explained.

The four of them headed into the back room and waited. Soon the summoned group had shown up which included Neville, Fred, George, Ginny, Luna, Dean Thomas, the Patil twins, and Cho. Harry, Ron, Siliveya, and Hermione were sitting in front of everyone when Hermione was the first to speak.

"Hi. So you all know why we're here." Hermione greeted as she stood up. "We need a teacher. A proper teacher. One who's had real experience defending themselves against the Dark Arts." she explained.

"Why?" one of the boys asked.

“Why? Because You-Know-Who’s back, you tosspot.” Ron retorted.

“So they say.” the boy argued directing his gaze at Harry and Siliveya.

“So Dumbledore says.” Hermione added.

“So Dumbledore says because they say. The point is where’s the proof?” the boy stated.

“If Potter and Hexington could tell us more about how she got attacked.” another boy suggested.

“We’re not going to talk about what happened that night, so if that’s why you’re here, you can clear out now.” Harry said standing up.
“Come on, Hermione. They’re here because they think I’m some sort of freak.” he said ready to leave

“Is it true you can produce a Patronus charm?” Luna asked.

“Yes.” Harry answered reluctantly.

“It’s true, Siliveya and I have seen it.” Hermione clarified.

“Blimey Harry, I didn’t know you could do that.” Dean Thomas said amazed.

“And he killed a basilisk, with the sword in Dumbledore’s office.” Neville added.

“You guys.” Siliveya tried to interrupt noticing Harry’s discomfort from everyone’s praise.

“Third year, he fought off about a hundred Dementors at once.” Ron chimed in.

“And Last year he really did fight off You-Know-Who.” Hermione stated proudly.

“Guys!” Siliveya intervened gesturing everyone’s attention to Harry.

"Thanks. Look everyone, it all sounds great when you say it like that, but the truth is most of that was just luck. I didn't know what I was doing have the time and I nearly always had help." Harry explained.

"He's just being modest." Hermione corrected.

"No Hermione I'm not. Facing this stuff in real life is not like school. In school, if you make a mistake, you can just try again tomorrow. But out there, when you're a second away from being murdered or watching a friend nearly die right before your eyes..." Harry said as he and Siliveya shared a glance. "...You don't know what that's like." he added.

"That's right Harry, we don't. But you and Siliveya do. And if we're going to have any chance at beating Voldemort we'll need your help." Hermione reasoned.

"He's really back." a second year boy said aloud.

From that point on everyone was sold. Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Siliveya sat at a desk while everyone else formed a line to sign the parchment they had with the heading *Dumbledore's Army*. When it was Cho's turn to sign she lingered a little longer to share a glance with Harry. Siliveya noticed and immediately intervened.

"So Harry with everything that's going on, how do keep anyone from telling?" Siliveya asked.

"Um...well." Harry stammered after getting brought out of his daze.

"I've already figured that out. This parchment is charmed so if anyone who signs it snitches we'll know who it is straight away." Hermione informed.

"Oh, and another thing. Harry you're going to be on your own with this teaching thing." Siliveya said.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

“Well someone has to keep Umbridge and her followers off our tails. And since Defense Against the Dark Arts has been one best classes, I’ll play look out while you play teacher.” Siliveya suggested.

“Your best class?” Hermione questioned.

“Yeah, that along with charms, and transfiguration. Besides I was in the tournament last year, I’m sure that gives me enough credit.” Siliveya retorted.

Not to raise suspicion the group returned to the castle before they could be missed.

“Okay. First we need to find a place to practice where Umbridge won’t find out.” Harry said.

“The Shrieking Shack?” Ginny suggested.

“It’s too small.” Siliveya informed.

“Forbidden Forest?” Hermione offered.

“Not bloody likely.” Ron disapproved.

“Harry, what happens if Umbridge does find out?” Ginny asked.

“Who cares?” Hermione blurted out. “I mean, it’s sort of exciting, isn’t it? Breaking the rules?” she added.

“What did you just say?” Siliveya said shocked.

“Who are you and what have you done with Hermione Granger?” Ron asked causing everyone to laugh.

“All right, over the next few days everyone should come up with a couple of possibilities of places we can practice. We’ve got to make sure, wherever it is there’s no chance she can find us.” Harry instructed as they entered the doors to the castle.

Unknowing to them Umbridge was standing on the ledge above overhearing the echoes of what they were saying. It was only the next

day that a new rule was added by Filch on the outside wall of the Great Hall.

“Proclamation Educational Decree number sixty-eight. All student organizations are henceforth disbanded. Any student in noncompliance will be expelled.” rang Umbridge’s voice throughout the school.

During this time Neville was walking on the seventh floor when he passed by a bare wall. The wall started to form and change until it turned into a door. He opened it to find a large training room inside. Realizing what this meant, Neville quickly left to get everyone else. He was able to round up Harry, Hermione, Siliveya, Ron, Fred, and George.

“You did it Neville. You found the Room of Requirement.” Hermione praised.

“The what?” Ron said confused.

“It’s also known as the Come and Go Room. The Room of Requirement only appears when a person has real need of it, and it’s always equipped for the seeker’s needs.” Hermione explained.

“So say you really needed the toilet?” Ron said making everyone look at him.

“Charming, Ronald. But yes, that is the general idea.” Hermione informed.

“It’s brilliant. It’s like Hogwarts wants us to fight back.” Harry said excitedly.

“Well what are we waiting for let’s get to it!” Siliveya said anxiously.

Chapter Sixty Seven- The Rise Of Dumbledore's Army

With the Room of Requirement on their side Harry and the others had what they needed to start having a real Defense Against the Dark Arts class. Siliveya did her job of making sure no one was followed on their way to the room and later joined everyone when the coast was completely clear.

“Okay the first lesson we'll be learning the disarming charm, also known as *Expelliarmus*. In the event of any fight it is always a useful tactic, for it allows you to knock your opponents wand straight out of their hand.” Harry informed.

“Now everyone form a line and you'll all practice the disarming charm on this dummy.” Siliveya instructed.

The dummy had the appearance of a death eater and was holding a wand in its hand. As everyone formed a line, Neville ended up being first to try.

“*Expelliarmus*.” Neville said nervously causing his own wand to fly backwards out of his hand.

Everyone in line had to duck to avoid being hit as Neville's wand struck the back wall.

“I'm hopeless.” Neville sighed shamefully.

“You're just flourishing your wand too much. Try it like this.” Harry explained while standing next to Neville. “*Expelliarmus!*” he said perfectly casting the wand out of the dummy's hand.

The rest of the class went the same way with some people, like Hermione who did well from the first try, and others like Neville who needed a little more work.

The session soon ended for everyone had to get to their next class before any of the Professors, especially Umbridge could be the wiser.

Siliveya appeared outside of the Room of Requirement to check for clearance and noticed Filch coming their way.

“Um, excuse me. Mr. Filch sir?” Siliveya said quickly walking over to him.

“What do you want?” Filch said coldly.

“Well, I overheard some students saying that they were going to set off some dungbombs in the prefects' bathroom. And knowing that this is against the rules I just thought you should know.” Siliveya lied.

“Is that so? Well thank you, I'll see to it right now.” Filch said excited at the thought of being able to punish some students.

Once he was gone Siliveya returned to the main wall and waited for the secret door to appear again. When it had Siliveya opened it to alert everyone.

“It's okay to leave you guys, but hurry I don't know how long it'll last.” Siliveya informed.

“Right.” Harry said.

As quickly as those words were exchanged was as quickly as everyone filed out of the room. Siliveya guided them out with Hermione, Harry, and Ron, being the last to leave. They waited for the door to disappear before heading towards Defense Against the Dark Arts.

“What took you so long?” Harry asked.

“Filch, but don't worry I sent him to stop some students from setting off dungbombs in the prefects' bathroom.” Siliveya replied as they headed down to the fourth floor.

“But won't he know something's up when he gets there and there are no dungbombs?” Hermione questioned.

It was at that time they heard a mild explosion echoing through the corridor. The students who were present looked around to see what it was. It wasn't until moments later did everyone see Filch walking down the corridor covered in smoke. He passed Siliveya, Harry, Ron,

and Hermione's path and once he was gone they looked at Siliveya in question.

"Not necessarily." Siliveya answered Hermione's question while smirking.

With that said and done they made their way to class, and sat down in the open seats. Umbridge was there grinning as creepily as ever.

"Good Morning class. I need you to open your books to page two hundred and thirty-four." Umbridge instructed. "And today you will please copy the approved text four times to ensure maximum retention." she continued. "There will be no need to talk.", Umbridge added.

"No need to think's more like it.", Hermione mumbled under her breath.

Meanwhile Neville was silent practicing the disarming charm under his desk.

"Wands away." Umbridge demanded taking notice.

That night there was another session for the D. A. Siliveya had snuck most of the students in, but the Ravenclaw group was still missing. She was waiting by the main wall entrance when she saw Cho and the rest of the Ravenclaw members cautiously making their way to the Room of Requirement. However there were too many of them crowded together so Filch was following behind them. Siliveya saw him and quickly opened the door.

"In here hurry up." Siliveya mouthed to the Cho and the others.

They were able to make it in without Filch following them. However while Filch was hiding behind one of the flame pillars he walked up just in time to see the last bits of the door fade away.

Inside the Room of Requirement Harry had already had everyone split up in two rows for the next lesson.

“Stunning is one of the most useful spells in your arsenal. It’s a wizard’s bread and butter, really. Siliveya and I will show you in this quick demonstration.”, Harry informed as he walked to the end of the line with his back to the wall, and Siliveya walked to the opposite end with her back facing the fire place. “Okay on three. One...two...” Harry started to count.

“*Stupefy!*” Siliveya yelled casting a red light from her hands knocking Harry backwards and onto the floor.

“But he said on three.” one of the younger students complained.

“Well allow that to be a lesson to all you. When you’re out there facing an enemy who has a direct intent on killing you, there’s no such thing as a fair fight. Use every available second to your advantage.” Siliveya explained.

“Okay who wants to be the first to try?” Harry asked as he got off of the floor.

A second year named Nigel walked over to where Siliveya stood with his wand out.

“All right Nigel show me what you got.” Harry said encouragingly.

Nigel hesitated but finally held his wand in the air.

“*Stupefy!*” Nigel quickly said successfully knocking Harry to the floor, but also making himself fall backward in the process.

“Good. Not bad at all, Nigel. Well done.” Harry praised as they both got back up.

Next was Ron and Hermione who decided to duel each other.

“I’ll go easy on you.” Ron said.

“Thanks, Ronald.” Hermione said sarcastically as he walked to the other end of the line.

Naturally the girls were cheering for Hermione while the boys cheered for Ron. Hermione held a straight determined face with her wand at the ready. Ron was a bit sluggish as his head swelled from the boys cheers.

“*Stupefy!*” Hermione said quickly before Ron could get the first syllable out and blew him to the floor.

The girls cheered and crowded around Hermione. Ron recovered himself before walking back over to the others including Harry and Siliveya.

“I let her do that.” Ron defended. “It’s good manners, isn’t it? It was completely intentional.” he added.

“Well I guess that’s girls: two, and boys: zero.” Siliveya stated.

“But Hermione only won once.” Ron argued.

“I was also including me knocking Harry into oblivion.” Siliveya laughed as she joined the group of girls in their cheering.

It was time to leave and Siliveya proceeded with her scouting job. She appeared in the corridor next to the one perpendicular to the main entrance to the Room of Requirement. She glanced around the corner to see Filch set up with a table and his loyal cat Mrs. Norris in the front of the main entrance. He had seen them. Siliveya hastily apparated back to a hidden corner inside the room.

“Is the coast clear?” Harry asked as she walked up to them.

“We can’t go out the normal way out. Filch is sitting right in front of the exit.” Siliveya informed.

“But how did he know anyone was here?” Hermione questioned.

“That’s irrelevant at this point. But as a new rule when we come to this room we need to do it in pairs or by ourselves, because Filch was attracted here from seeing a large group of students walk this way and must have noticed the door vanishing.” Siliveya explained.

“Okay, but what do we do know?” Ron asked.

“We need to just think of another exit.” Harry suggested.

“The left side of the room will be safe enough, it out of his line of sight so we’ll never pass him.” Siliveya informed.

They went with the new plan. While Filch waited silently for his suspicions to come true, everyone hastily ran out of the new exit as Siliveya guided them out. It was the following day when everyone saw Filch’s once again post a new rule to wall amongst the others.

“Educational Decree number eighty-two. All students will submit to questioning about suspected illicit activities.” Siliveya read along with some of the other students. “Damn.” she thought annoyed.

During the next session Siliveya merely gathered everyone up for a speech.

“Okay everyone. Filch obviously informed Umbridge about what he saw yesterday, and now we’re all going to be interrogated.” Siliveya informed.

“But that should be easy.” Hermione said.

“Yes, but I would like to remind everyone the importance of not allowing Umbridge to ever find out. It would jeopardize everything we are working so hard for, plus who knows what she’d do to us as a punishment.” Siliveya explained.

“I hope you guys understand how important this is.” Harry commented.

Everyone nodded in agreement. Over the course of the next two days Umbridge had practically interrogated the whole school without receiving any results. Meanwhile the D.A. sessions continued to go on. Harry had everyone in pairs practicing and perfecting what he had taught them so far.

“Now, focus on a fixed point and try again.” Harry instructed Neville.

“*Expelliarmus!*”, Neville said still receiving no results.

Another two days went by and Harry had everyone doing advanced levitation spells.

“Very good. Keep your concentration.” Harry said as he walked pass everyone one in the room.

He reached the group that Cho who was levitating Nigel in the air.

“A little higher.” Harry corrected moving Cho’s hand up.

Cho got distracted by it and turned to stare at Harry, which caused the spell to fail and Nigel to have a painful landing on the floor. Siliveya, who allowed herself to be levitated by Fred, glared in their direction. At the end of the session Siliveya pulled Fred and George off to the side while everyone else was leaving.

“What do you need?” Fred asked.

“I need some help distracting Filch. And who would know better of how to do that then you two.” Siliveya said.

“Well, with flattery like that how could we say no.” George said smiling.

“Yes, besides we’d do anything for our favorite Slytherin.” Fred added.

“Okay boys what have you got?” Siliveya asked.

“Well, we could use fever fudge.” Fred suggested.

“Yeah they give you these massive, pus-filled boils.” George explained.

“Perfect.” she said grinning.

The three of them proceeded with setting the perfect trap for Filch. They put the decorated fever fudge in a pink heart shaped box with a magenta bow, and set it on the table. They then stood by and waited for Filch to show up. When Filch did he immediately picked up the box and read the note. Thinking it was from Umbridge, he gullibly ate

all the fever fudge in the box. Later on he returned to Umbridge's office with a face full the worse acne anyone could possibly have.

The next day another scroll was nailed outside of the Great Hall. Obviously Filch wasn't enough and Umbridge needed reinforcements.

"Those wishing to join the Inquisitorial Squad for extra credit may sign up in the High Inquisitor's office." Umbridge's voice rang through schools as everyone read the new scroll.

Siliveya noticed Draco, Crabbe, Goyle, Blaise, and Pansy looking up at the new scroll with mischievous faces.

"Uh oh, this can't be good." Siliveya thought worriedly.

So while the D.A. had another session where they learned about advance charms that were used to shrink objects, Siliveya went into further investigation about the Inquisitorial Squad.

Siliveya made her way to the Defenses Against the Dark Arts classroom and up the stairs to Umbridge's office. She opened the door to find a small line up Slytherins including Draco, his followers, and Filch. Umbridge was busy awarding them with special badges when she noticed Siliveya's presence.

"Did you want something dear?" Umbridge asked in that creepily sweet tone of hers.

"Um, yeah. I want to join that Inquisitorial squad thing you had posted outside the Great Hall." Siliveya answered while being very distracted by the level of pinkness and kitteness of Umbridge's office.

"You want to join?" Draco sneered.

"Yes Malfoy for after seeing the line up Umbridge already has for this squad, I figured she would want to have a member who actually had a decent level of intelligence." Siliveya stated plainly.

"Now, now, no reason to argue or insult." Umbridge interrupted. "Here my dear, just sign up here on the parchment and I'll get you your badge." she said pushing Siliveya along.

“So what do we do exactly do in this squad?” Siliveya asked as she signed her name.

“Well as I already explained to the others, you will patrol the entire school and report anyone who is breaking the rules. Also you will have the full authority to send anyone to detention or relieve them of house points.” Umbridge explained.

“I could handle that.” Siliveya replied coolly. “I guess it was a good thing I decided to research this thing further.” she thought.

“Well here you go dear. It was a wise choice to join. I’m sure you’re parents would be proud.” Umbridge stated as she pinned the Inquisitorial squad badge under her prefect one.

“Whatever you say.” Siliveya said flatly with a hit of anger her gaze.

Siliveya was the first to leave the classroom and the moment she was alone she reappeared in the Room of Requirement in the dark corner she had made for herself.

“Working hard is important, but there’s something that matters even more. Believing in yourself.” announced as he was helping people with their practicing. “Think of it this way. Every great wizard in history has started out as nothing more than what we are now, students. If they can do it, why not us?” he spoke confidently when Siliveya walked up to him.

“Siliveya. Where have you been?” Harry asked.

“Out scoping the new threat.” Siliveya answered as everyone quieted down to hear what she had to say. “Umbridge has devised a new way to get us. It’s called the Inquisitorial Squad.” Siliveya explained.

“Is that one of their badges?” Hermione asked.

“I joined just to see what it was about. And I found out that all our enemies in Slytherin, primarily Malfoy are apart of it. Their job is to find anyone who breaks Umbridge’s rules and bring them straight to her. For this we must be very cautious.” Siliveya informed. “Also Filch

is apart of this and there's no doubt that he's going to have extra eyes and ears watching this whole floor." she added.

"Well, what do we do?" Neville asked.

"We use the this Room of Requirement to our advantage. Anytime any of you come here and enter the main door imagine a distraction in its place. A closet, a hole in the floor, anything that will keep them from getting to us." Siliveya answered.

"But now that you're apart of that squad, won't they suspect you?" Luna questioned.

"I'll be trying to keep them off your trail the best that I can. We'll be fine as long as Umbridge never finds out what's really going on." Siliveya replied.

"Okay, now I believe this session is over so we should head out of here." Harry said.

The next day everyone had taken Siliveya's advice. Luna, who was boldly skipping down the corridor to the Room of Requirement by herself, had become a target for the Inquisitorial squad. Around the corner were Filch, Draco, Crabbe, Goyle, and Siliveya who were idly standing by as they watched Luna enter the main door.

"Is that it?" Draco asked.

Filch nodded turning his head.

"Well, what's the hold up let's get her." Siliveya said.

The five of them ran towards the door as it began to shrink into a smaller door. Siliveya came to a halt while the others crashed into the door causing it to open and they landed on the floor of a broom closet.

"Now this is what I call some extreme male bonding." Siliveya joked at the fact that Draco, Filch, Crabbe, and Goyle had landed on top of each other.

"Oh shut up and get us out." Draco managed to say.

"I could, but unless you want to be dragged by your feet I don't think that's such a good idea." Siliveya replied.

"I hate you." Draco sneered.

"Not as much as I hate you." Siliveya said sweetly.

Meanwhile everything was fairing well for the D.A. as they neared their last session of the term. Neville had improved greatly and was able to properly execute the disarming charm.

"So that's it for this lesson. Now we're not gonna be meeting again until after the holidays." Harry announced causing everyone to groan. "So just keep practicing on your own as best you can. And well done, everyone. Great, great work." he continued.

Everyone applauded before leaving to get their things. Harry's attention was captured by Cho who was standing by the board they posted all their information on. Ron and Hermione noticed and looked at each other with deep concern.

"Um you coming Harry?" Ron said.

"I'll, catch up with you later." Harry replied.

"I'm sure Siliveya wants to know about how good we did." Hermione suggested.

"I know just give me a few minutes." Harry said as he headed towards Cho.

Ron and Hermione shot each other even more worried glances as they left the room. Harry passed all the students saying thank you and Happy Christmas while making his way to Cho.

"Are you all right? I heard Umbridge gave you a rough time the other day." Harry said as he stood next to her.

"Yeah. I'm okay." Cho replied. "Anyway, it's worth it. You're a really good teacher, Harry. I've never been able to stun anything before." she added smiling.

During this time, Siliveya was making her way to the Room of Requirement to congratulate Harry. She had run into Ron and Hermione only to find him missing. When they told her where he was they seemed to be acting very nervous. Siliveya wasn't sure why, but her fears were realized when she stood outside of the open door of the Room of Requirement. Harry and Cho were standing dangerously close to each other, and there was mistletoe hanging above them which was obviously created by the room.

"Mistletoe." Cho said softly.

"Probably full of nargles, though." Harry stated moving in closer.

"What are nargles?" Cho asked confused.

"No idea." Harry replied.

The two of them completely leaned in and shared a deep, longing kiss. At that moment Siliveya's loving heart was punctured and ripped to worthless shreds as both blood-boiling anger and an endless void of sadness swelled up deep inside her. The room must have sensed her presence for just as it gave the hormone driven couple mistletoe, it gave the betrayed witch lightning. A cloudy sky formed above the still kissing pair and a bolt of lightning shot down in between them causing Harry and Cho to unlock lips and fall to the floor. Too upset to watch anymore Siliveya hastily darted her way back to the Slytherin common room with tear filled eyes.

Next Time:

Broken Hearts fall from the sky creating the darkest of dreams. Nothing will ever be the same as everything falls apart. See ya soon.

Chapter Sixty Eight- The Inner Sight Of Broken Hearts

After nearly getting electrocuted Harry had returned to common room where Hermione and Ron were waiting for him.

“You kissed Cho?!” Hermione said shocked as she and Ron were sitting on the couch in front of the fireplace. “Harry how could you?” she added.

“That’s wasn’t a smart move, mate.” Ron said.

“What? It was just a harmless kiss.” Harry replied from his place on the floor.

“Harry you’re Siliveya’s boyfriend. You just cheated on her.” Hermione scolded.

“Yeah, but we’re...oh you don’t understand.” Harry said turning away.

“Then help us to. What’s going on?” Ron asked.

“For her safety Siliveya wrote me a letter awhile back saying that we couldn’t be as serious as we were. Therefore there shouldn’t be anything wrong with me and Cho.” Harry answered.

“Siliveya didn’t seem to think so.” Hermione stated.

“What do you mean? She was the one who wanted this.” Harry replied.

“Harry, I’m sure under Siliveya’s living conditions with the Malfoys she had to tell you to back off, but I doubt she wanted you to flirt yet alone date anyone else.” Hermione informed.

“Well something strange happened when I was with Cho. We were kissing and suddenly we were struck by lightning.” Harry said.

“Lightning?” Ron repeated confused.

“Yeah, it came down right in between us and we fell on the floor.” Harry added.

“Oh no, she knows. Siliveya saw you.” Hermione said worriedly.

“What, how?” Harry asked.

“Um, well, when Ron and I left the room we bumped into her. She asked us where you were and just told her that you were still in the room.” Hermione replied.

“I’m sure a visit from you should cheer her up.” Ron suggested.

“Are you mad?” Hermione snapped.

“But I should go to her. If Siliveya did see what happened then I owe her an explanation.” Harry argued.

“Don’t you two understand how she must be feeling?” Hermione said receiving no response. “Harry, Siliveya has suspected that you were after Cho since last year, and she was devastated when you didn’t ask her out to the Yule Ball.” she started to explain.

“She couldn’t have been too sad, if she was willing to go with Malfoy.” Harry scoffed.

“She only went to the ball with Malfoy to make you jealous and focus on her!” Hermione yelled. “Harry what you just did to Siliveya was what you were accusing her of during third year. And if she saw you, which I’m assuming she did, the last she’s going to want to do is see or even talk to you. If you go to her now, she’d kill you.” she reasoned. “The poor thing must be lying on her bed crying her eyes out.” Hermione sympathized.

“Well what do you expect me to do?” Harry asked.

“Just give her some space.” Hermione suggested.

“Yeah, then she’d only claw your eyes out instead of kill you.” Ron stated.

Harry sighed in defeat at the situation at hand. He had made the largest, gravest mistake of his lifetime, however unlike the previous years this one might be unfixable. During this time Siliveya had run all

the way back to the Slytherin common room. It was pretty late so everyone had gone to their dorms and she had the place to herself. Too upset to make it to her room, Siliveya collapsed on one of the couches by the fireplace and cried her broken heart out. It wasn't until a few minutes later that, Siliveya realized she was no longer alone. Draco had just entered the common room after doing his nightly patrol of the school. Siliveya didn't want Draco to see her in this condition so she quickly wiped her eyes and face dry with the sleeves of her robe. Draco had just walked down the stairs and spotted Siliveya instantly.

"Where have you been?" Draco asked firmly. "We were supposed to scope out the whole area for Umbridge and you went missing again." he mentioned.

Siliveya remained quite with her back still turned to him.

"Hello, I just asked you a question." Draco said annoyed as he raised his tone and still received silence. "Doesn't matter, I know you're hiding something you keep coming and going whenever we need you. You're only pretending to be in our squad you blood traitor." he sneered.

Siliveya still didn't acknowledge him. For once, she had no smart comebacks or threats. Her mind and heart were far too clouded to care, so she remained where she sat on the couch and tried to fight back her sobs.

"Dammit Siliveya! Don't you ignore me!" Draco shouted angrily as he walked in front of her.

Siliveya had her head down allowing her dark hair to cover her face. She refused to look at Draco in this state. She couldn't give him the satisfaction of seeing her spirit broken so horribly.

"Fine, be that way. But we're going to find out what's going on. So you'd better not slip up. You or your golden boy, Potter." Draco threatened.

That drove Siliveya off the edge. That one word, that one name, Potter. Siliveya could no longer contain her sadness, and without

realizing it wrapped her arms around Draco's torso and cried streams into his chest. Completely startled by her actions, Draco merely stood there and gazed down at sobbing figure before him. It was one thing when he teased other students so bad that they ran away crying, but to have someone come crying to him, he didn't know how to act.

"Don't you ever mention, Potter. I hate him! I hate him!" Siliveya cried weakly hitting her fists against him.

"What did you just say?" Draco asked shocked.

"Nothing, you're no better than he is! Get away from me!" Siliveya yelled frustrated as she pushed Draco away and ran to the girls' dorm.

Draco just looked in the direction she ran trying to register what just happened. Clearly coming up with no answers he left for the boys' dorm. Meanwhile Harry was doing his own bit of suffering in the middle of the night.

Within the dark depths of his dreams Harry found himself slithering in a black tile hall and his reflection was showing that of a large python. Beyond his other being was a door. Harry was then given sights of the room behind the door, which was filled with orbs sitting on shelves. Within the room was Mr. Weasley who was attacked by Harry's serpent self.

Harry woke up immediately telling Ron what he saw and together they went to get Professor McGonagall on their way to Dumbledore's office. Once there, Dumbledore questioned Harry about what happened.

"In the dream, were you standing next to the victim or looking down at the scene?" Dumbledore asked.

"Neither it was like I...Professor will you please just tell me what's happening?" Harry questioned.

"Everard, Arthur's on guard duty tonight. Make sure he is found by the right people." Dumbledore said to one of the paintings ignoring Harry's question. "Phineaus. You must go to your portrait at Grimmauld Place. Tell them that Arthur Weasley has been seriously

injured and that his children will be arriving by port key." he ordered turning to a second portrait.

"The Order has rescued Arthur, what's more the Dark Lord failed to acquire it." the first painting informed.

"Look at me!" Harry shouted. "What's happening to me?" he asked again.

Dumbledore paused when Snape entered the room.

"You wished to see me Headmaster?" Snape inquired.

"Yes Severus. I'm afraid we can't wait. Not even till morning. Otherwise, we'll all be vulnerable." Dumbledore replied.

Harry was instantly brought to the potions classroom by Snape while he explained the situation.

"There seems to be a direct connection between the Dark Lord's mind and your own. Whether he is, as yet, aware of this connection is for the moment, unclear. We pray at that he remains ignorant." Professor Snape explained.

"You mean, if he knows about it, then Voldemort will be able to read my mind." Harry clarified.

"Read it, control it, unhinge it. In the past, it was often the Dark Lord's pleasure to invade the minds of his victims creating visions designed to torture them into madness." Only after extracting the last exquisite ounce of agony only when he had them literally begging for death, would he finally kill them." Professor Snape informed. "Used properly the power of Occlumency will help shield you from access or influence. In these lessons, I will attempt to penetrate your mind. You will attempt to resist." he added. "*Legilimens.*", Snape said pointing his wand at Harry.

At that moment all of Harry's memories up to date were revealed to Professor Snape. It lessons seemed to take forever before it was finally the next morning. It was the day before the holiday break. Everyone was in the Great Hall, and Siliveya had secluded herself at

the Slytherin table. Over night her incredible sadness transformed into pure anger. Siliveya had always known something like what happened last night would come to pass, but she was in no way prepared for it. Harry kept staring at her, but she wouldn't even slightly glance his way.

“Come on Siliveya, Umbridge wants us to do one more search before everyone leaves.” Draco informed her as he stood up instantly being followed by Crabbe and Goyle.

“Wait for me Drakey.” Pansy whined.

“Actually this time we only need four people for the morning sweep. You can come later.” Draco lied.

“But I won’t be here, I’m going home this year.” Pansy complained.

“Well then I promise to see you off at the train station.” Draco replied.

“Oh, okay.” Pansy said happily.

Harry saw Siliveya get up to leave the Great Hall and instead of heeding Hermione’s warning, he followed her.

“Siliveya! Siliveya!” Harry called out after her although she ignored him.

“What do you want Potter?” Draco asked turning.

“I’m not talking to you Malfoy.” Harry replied.

“Who are you talking to Malfoy?” Siliveya stated angrily with her back turned to him.

“Potter says he wants to talk to you.”, Draco informed.

“Funny I don’t believe I know anyone by that name.” Siliveya replied.

“You hear that, Potty. Siliveya doesn’t want to talk to you. So why don’t you run along to Weasel-king and that mud-blood.” Draco taunted as Crabbe and Goyle blocked Harry’s path to her.

“Siliveya please, just hear out what I have to say.”, Harry pleaded.

“Oh wow there goes that strange voice again. No wait, my mistake it’s just the wind.” Siliveya said aloud while looking at the ceiling. “Malfoy what’s the hold up? I’d like to patrol everything before the train leaves.”, she added as she continued to walk down the corridor.

“Be there in a minute.” Draco called after her. “Look Potter, I don’t know what you did, but Siliveya hates you. She won’t even say your name. Took her long enough. As I told you before, Siliveya will always be out of your league.” he stated while smirking devilishly.

“Malfoy!” Siliveya called again.

Draco gave Harry one last sneer before turning his heel and walking off to where Siliveya was with Crabbe and Goyle right behind him. Harry however headed towards the Gryffindor common room to finish packing. Meanwhile Siliveya was walking silently as Draco talked on and on to Crabbe and Goyle. She wasn’t really paying attention until she noticed Fred and George walking up beside them from the corner of her eye.

“Is this slimy git bothering you Siliveya?” Fred called out.

“Beat it Weasley.” Draco sneered.

“No I’m fine you guys.” Siliveya replied ignoring Draco’s comment.

“You don’t look so fine to me.” George stated standing beside her.

“Yeah, we overheard Ron and Hermione talking about you. They sounded really concerned.” Fred added.

“I’m not really in the mood to discuss anything, but if you want to know so bad why don’t you ask Potter.” Siliveya scoffed turning her face away.

Catching the hint, the twins didn’t press the matter further. Siliveya looked down to see they were carrying their suitcases.

"You guys are leaving for the holidays this year?" Siliveya questioned a bit crestfallen.

"Yeah, our father was attacked at the Ministry and we're leaving early to go see him." Fred explained.

"Oh that's horrible. I hope he's alright." Siliveya replied worriedly.

"He'll be fine. Are you staying here?" George asked.

"Yeah...I have some things that I have to work out." Siliveya explained shyly. "I'll see you when you get back...Happy Christmas." she said before walking off.

"Happy Christmas." Fred and George said at the same time.

"Okay what was that all about?" Draco inquired as he ran after her.

"What was what all about?" Siliveya said sternly.

"You're talking to the Weasels, but not Potter?" Draco asked.

"Look Malfoy, I'm not in the mood. So if you could just shut up for once in your annoying short lifetime it would be appreciated. Now go patrol with Dumber and Dumber behind you, and leave me alone!" Siliveya shouted upset.

"Whatever." Draco sneered as he left with Crabbe and Goyle behind him.

Siliveya on the other hand just wandered the corridors lost in thought.

Chapter Sixty Nine- The Godfather

Everyone had already gone on their holiday vacation. The ones who were left were various people from all the houses, Siliveya and Luna being amongst them. Unfortunately Draco and his goons were there too. Draco had explained that his parents were too busy and Siliveya had an idea of what was keeping them occupied.

It was late in the afternoon and Siliveya was wandering the halls as usual. For the first time in her entire life she felt empty and alone. She had no family, her friends didn't always understand her, and the one person that she cared about more than anyone betrayed her. Pausing in her pacing she sat down on the steps that led to the hall of the moving stairs.

“I regret the day I first kissed that jerk.” Siliveya sighed.

“Hello Siliveya. Why are you so gloomy?” she heard Luna ask from behind her.

“Hello Luna.” Siliveya greeted solemnly. “It doesn’t matter. There’s nothing that can change what happened.” she replied.

“It’s about Harry isn’t it?” Luna inquired.

“Yes, he did something that was completely unforgivable, and I’m not talking about a curse.” Siliveya answered angrily.

“Well, I don’t know much about what happened, but whatever it was you shouldn’t allow your emotions to consume your better judgment. I’ve seen the way you and Harry act around each other, and although you two are different and may disagree you share a special bond.” Luna informed.

“And what bond would that be?” Siliveya questioned.

“Loyalty. I don’t think Harry was meant to face You-Know-Who alone. Cause if you really think about it, Harry would’ve never have gotten as far as he has without you. The two of you need each other in order to succeed.” Luna explained.

"I'm not so sure anymore. It's hard to be loyal to someone who didn't want to be loyal to you. I honestly don't what to think anymore." Siliveya replied sadly.

"Don't worry so much I'm sure you'll find your way." Luna said standing up.

"You know Luna despite what others say you're really smart." Siliveya stated as she stood up as well. "By the way what are you still doing here? I thought you would have left yesterday to go see your father." she asked.

"My dad was setting up a special surprise for me and needed an extra day. Dumbledore's allowing me to leave today by floo powder." Luna answered.

"Oh, okay. I'll see you later then. Happy Christmas." Siliveya said as she walked up the stairs and towards the Slytherin common room.

"Happy Christmas." Luna replied going towards her destination too.

Siliveya had only made it halfway down the set of stairs she was on when two pairs of large grubby, stubby hands clamped their way around Siliveya's mouth, arms, and legs. Within a second she was seeing darkness, and the next thing Siliveya knew she was waking up in Umbridge's office. Siliveya was on the floor in a sitting position and as her eyes scanned the room she spotted Filch, Draco, Crabbe, Goyle, and lastly Umbridge who was looming over her.

"What just...why am I here?" Siliveya said confused.

"Good your awake, now is there something you'd like to tell me?" Umbridge interrogated.

"Let me think, no not really." Siliveya replied.

"Don't lie to me! Mr. Malfoy has just informed me that you have something to do with the suspicious activity that's been going on in this school. Now what is it?" Umbridge asked again.

“I honestly don’t know what you’re talking about, so if you don’t mind I have better things to do.” Siliveya replied simply.

“Oh I’m sorry dear, but allow me to make up for my rudeness.” Umbridge apologized returning to her normal creepily happy voice. “The rest of you may go, I’d like to speak with Ms. Hexington alone.” she said looking at the others.

Draco, Crabbe, Goyle, and Filch left the room closing the door behind them. Umbridge then proceeded in pouring some of the tea from her pot into small fancy cups on her desk.

“Here have some tea.” Umbridge offered.

“Oh, no thank you. I’m fine.” Siliveya politely refused.

“Nonsense, I insist, please by all means enjoy.” Umbridge said handing her the cup.

Siliveya sensed something wasn’t right, but took the cup anyway, and took a small sip automatically tasting something horrible. Umbridge had put something in the tea.

“Come now drink up.” Umbridge pressed on.

Siliveya pretended to drink the rest of the liquid, but could feel the small portion she did sip beginning to work. Surely, it couldn’t be poison, but what would Umbridge possibly put in the tea. It was then that it dawned on her, *Veritaserum*. It was a truth potion that Umbridge had sneaked into the tea. Siliveya had to be on her toes now otherwise she might end up spilling the secret.

“So Ms. Hexington tell me? Is there any suspicious activity going on in the school that I should know about?” Umbridge asked.

“No, there isn’t anything going on that I don’t have to tell you.” Siliveya replied.

“Enough with your mind games. Now tell or face the consequences!” Umbridge snapped.

“But I’m not telling you a untruth that might sound like a lie.” Siliveya said simply.

“Fine be that way, but I know that the Potter boy is up to something. And if you don’t wise up he will be the one to pay for your disobedience.” Umbridge threatened.

“I couldn’t care less, about whether or not you harm Potter.” Siliveya said sternly under her breath. “Potter could fall fifty feet off his stupid broom and into a cavern of razor, sharp rocks for all I care! And I’ll say it again I don’t know anything! And if you want to track Potter down so badly why don’t you ask slutty Cho Chang from Ravenclaw, cause she hangs around him a lot more than me!” she yelled angrily as she sat and walked to the door while her eyes stayed with Umbridge the whole time.

Siliveya slammed the door and stormed out of the classroom before any more could be said. She had managed not to tell, but never realized that she had given a fatal weak point. As soon as Siliveya had reached the dungeons she ran into Professor Snape.

“What are you up to now Hexington?” Professor Snape sneered.

“Why do you always expect me to be up to something? But then again with that nose of yours it’s pretty hard not to butt into other people’s business.” Siliveya said annoyed.

Technically she was way out of line, but Siliveya was in no mood to deal with another person who’s only intention was to antagonize her to death. However Professor Snape did not see this, and furiously grabbed Siliveya’s arm.

“My office, now Hexington.” Professor Snape said fiercely as he dragged her to the potions classroom.

When they finally made it to the classroom, Professor Snape shoved her in front of the shelves of ingredients.

“You will be serving detention for the rest of the evening Ms. Hexington, and as punishment for your wild tongue you will properly

organize the ingredients by name in reverse alphabetical order.” Professor Snape ordered.

“Oh, so I’m being punished just because I didn’t accept your petty little insults. Where’s the fairness in that?” Siliveya replied.

“Fairness.” Professor Snape scoffed. “You’re just like the lot of them. Sentimental children forever whining about how bitterly unfair your lives have been. Well, it may have escaped your notice, but life isn’t fair. Your blessed father knew that. In fact, he frequently saw to it.” he criticized.

“That does it. Why do you keep insulting my father that way? I understand why you feel some hatred towards Potter, because his father used to bully you in sch...” Siliveya began to argue when Professor Snape took hold of her wrist.

“How do you know about that?” Professor Snape questioned in a very dark tone.

“Well if you’d release me...” Siliveya said snatching her wrist out of his grip. “...I’d tell you.” she finished saying as she dug her hand in the left pocket of her robes and pulled out the diary. “This was my mother’s diary. She kept it during her whole time at school, and she wrote about everyone including you.” Siliveya explained.

“I see, well I could have only hoped that you’d be more like your mother. But no, you’re just like your father. Disrespectful. Arrogant. Weak.” Professor Snape insulted.

“What did my father ever do to you?” Siliveya asked angrily.

“What didn’t he do would suffice as a better question. Potter may have been a swine, but your wretch of a father was the ring leader, his mentor. Not a day went by that he didn’t pull some crazy stunt on all of Slytherin house, and he made no exceptions. And to think that after all the trouble he caused he had the nerve to ask me to be your Godfather.” Professor Snape sneered.

It took a while for all the information to process before Siliveya just realized what he had just said. Professor Snape must have realized it too for he turned to walk away.

“What did you just say? Did you just say you were asked to be my Godfather?” Siliveya inquired surprised just as Professor Snape was about to leave the room.

Professor Snape remained silent and continued to walk away when Siliveya ran in front of him.

“I asked you a question.” Siliveya said staring him straight in the eye.

“Yes, he did.” Professor Snape replied firmly.

“And did you accept?” Siliveya asked.

Professor Snape merely nodded his head and Siliveya stared at him wide-eyed.

“So you’re my Godfather. The whole time you were...*the whole time!*” Siliveya said as her voice raised to a frustrated yell.

“Watch your tone.” Professor Snape said returning to the room.

“I’ll do no such thing! Why wasn’t I told about this before?!” Siliveya asked sternly.

“It wasn’t your place to know yet.” Professor Snape stated firmly.

“It wasn’t my place? *My place*?! Do you know what I have been through in the last five years!! You stood there on your podium preaching to me about the unfairness of life, but you don’t even know the definition!! Oh, boohoo I got picked on when I was a kid and now I’m taking it out their children, suck it up!! You bloody coward!! Do you realize the *pain*, and *suffering*, and *torture* you could have relived me of if you had opened up your damn mouth!! You said my father had some nerve to ask you to be my Godfather, well you have some nerve insulting him the way you do! I don’t care how my father acted in school, but when the going got tough he was on the right side and fought with the best of them! And more importantly he died...no he

was murdered trying to protect my mother and I, so don't you dare say a word against him ever again, you pathetic, dried up, old bat!!" Siliveya shouted upset as tears started to spill their way from her eyes.

Within a second she started to break down and cry. So much disappointment occurred within the last few days, she just couldn't take anymore.

"Ms. Hexington." Professor Snape started to say before Siliveya interrupted.

"Oh, what are you going to do now, give me more detention, take away house points? Hell expel me why don't you cause I have absolutely nothing to lose. O.W.L.s, points, school, I don't give a damn about that shit anymore." Siliveya stated firmly.

"Ms. Siliveya. Calm down." Professor Snape sighed. "I was ordered not to tell you that information until a set date for your safety." he explained.

"Oh and having me live with Lucius Malfoy was safe? Don't sell me that you liar. You didn't tell me because you to take responsibility of a burden for I am after all JUST LIKE MY FATHER." Siliveya replied annoyed. "But you will be doing something for me. I don't care what you do with yourself afterwards, but as my Godfather you are going to heed to my one request." she added.

"And what might that be?" Professor Snape questioned.

"As your Goddaughter I want you to teach me everything you know." Siliveya requested.

"What that's absurd." Professor Snape sneered.

"You will do me this favor. You owe me. And in pre-war time we're in now what reason do you have to deny my request." Siliveya replied.

"Fine." Professor Snape gave in.

Chapter Seventy- The Sneak

Soon the holiday season was over and everyone was returning from vacation. However it was only by that afternoon that the Great Hall was murmuring about what happened the previous night. Many students were engrossed in the scattered copies of the Daily Prophet that explained about how the Dementors had broken into Azkaban and freed some of the prisoners.

“Dumbledore warned Fudge this could happen. He’s gonna get us all killed just because he can’t face the truth.”, Hermione said as she, Harry, and Ron entered the Great Hall.

“Harry.”, Seamus called from his seat at Gryffindor table. “I wanted to apologize. Now even me mum says the Prophet’s version of things don’t add up. So, what I’m really trying to say is that...I believe you.”, he said.

Harry nodded in acknowledgment. Meanwhile Siliveya was over at Slytherin table lost in her own thoughts. A smug expression was draped over her features as she stood up and walked over to Gryffindor table.

“Hey Ron, Hermione.”, Siliveya greeted.

“Oh Siliveya, how was your holiday?”, Hermione asked.

“Okay, Yours?”, Siliveya replied.

“It was fun you should have come with us.”, Ron answered.

“Um, Siliveya?”, Harry finally managed to say.

“What, Potter?”, Siliveya said annoyed.

“Look I want to talk.”, Harry said.

“Talk about what?”, Siliveya asked as she folded her arms.

“Well, I know you saw what happened before and...”, Harry faltered.

“I’m not quite sure what you’re rambling on about so if you will please enlighten me a little more on the subject.”, Siliveya said sharply.

“Well, me and Cho...well we...she...I kissed her.”, Harry confessed.

Siliveya simply blinked and without saying anything pushed pass Harry as she exited the Great Hall.

“Well that went better than I thought.”, Ron stated.

“That wasn’t exactly a smart move Harry.”, Hermione said.

“Well, then what should I have done?”, Harry asked frustrated.

“Although it was good that you were honest with her. I doubt that she wanted to be reminded that you left her for Cho.”, Hermione explained.

It was the next morning and it was the first D.A. session of the year. Despite her anger towards Harry, Siliveya was still apart of the cause and helped everyone into the Room of Requirement.

“Alright everyone, today we are going to work on creating a patronus.”, Harry instructed as the D.A. members went into their groups. “Make it a powerful memory, the happiest you can remember. Allow it to fill you up.”, he continued.

Siliveya was sitting against the wall observing everyone as they created their various patronus' while Harry helped them.

Fred and George were giving it a try and Siliveya found it quite interesting that Fred’s patronus was a serpent.

“A full-bodied Patronus is the most difficult to produce, but shield forms can also be equally useful against a variety of opponents. Just remember, your Patronus can only protect you as long as you stay focused.”, Harry explained.

During this Ginny was able to produce a magnificent stallion, Hermione created a weasel, Ron conjured up a dog, Neville was still having trouble, and Luna was able to cast a spunky rabbit. It was

exciting to see everyone be so successful, but it was then Siliveya noticed something that she hadn't focused on before. After rescanning the entire room she realized what was wrong, Cho was missing.

Unfortunately there was no time to dwell on the matter for a loud boom could be heard outside causing the whole room to shake. Everyone stopped what they were doing and looked towards the main entrance as the trembling continued. The mirror on that part of the wall shattered and the stone beneath it was cracked. There was a hole in the wall, and Harry and Nigel went to investigate.

"I'll make short work of this.", Umbridge's voice could be heard from the other side.

Harry saw her wand pointed directly at the wall and immediately backed up.

"*Bombarda Maxima.*", Umbridge said causing the rest of the damaged wall to break and cave in.

With the Room of Requirement now exposed Umbridge stood proudly in the hall with Filch and the other members of the Inquisitorial squad behind her. It was then that everyone saw who had them found out. Draco dragged Cho over who had marks all over her face and the word SNEAK on her forehead in blue.

"Get them.", Umbridge ordered eying everyone.

Out of everyone Harry, Siliveya, and Cho were brought to Dumbledore's office where Fudge, Umbridge, Kingsley, another ministry man named Shacklebolt were interrogating him. Harry and Siliveya were being held by Percy Weasley who now worked as an assistant for Fudge. Cho on the other hand was standing their with her head down in guilt.

"I've been watching them for weeks. And see, Dumbledore's Army proof of what I've been telling you right from the beginning, Cornelius. All your fear-mongering about You-Know-Who never fooled us for a minute. We saw your lies for what they were. A smokescreen for your

but to seize control of the Ministry.", Umbridge accused handing the parchment everyone had signed before to Fudge.

"Naturally.", Dumbledore replied simply.

"No, professor. He had nothing to do with it. It was me.", Harry defended.

"Most noble of you, Harry, to shield me, but as has been pointed out the parchment clearly says Dumbledore's Army, not Potter's.", Dumbledore stated. "I instructed Harry to form this organization. And I, and I alone, am responsible for its activities.", he informed.

"Dispatch an owl to the Daily Prophet. If we hurry , we should still make the morning edition.", Fudge ordered looking towards Percy. "Dawlish, Shacklebolt you will escort Dumbledore to Azkaban to await trial for conspiracy and sedition.", he continued.

"Ah, I thought we might hit this little snag. You seem to be laboring under the delusion that I'm going to...what was the phrase? Come quietly? Well, I can tell you this: I have no intention of going to Azkaban.", Dumbledore insinuated.

"Enough of this. Take him.", Umbridge said furiously.

Dumbledore winked at Harry and Siliveya and before anyone knew it his Phoenix Fawkes flew up behind him and he disappeared in a burst of flames that knocked everyone to the floor. Everyone stood up in surprise after recollecting themselves.

"Well, you may not like him Minister, but you can't deny...Dumbledore's got style.", Kingsley stated earning an odd stare from Fudge.

Siliveya laughed at this and Umbridge looked in their direction with fury.

"As for you two you will be joining your classmates in detention.", Umbridge scolded.

Hogwarts officially became hell for the very next day Filch had posted one last scroll on the wall.

“Educational Decree number 119, Dolores Jane Umbridge has replaced Albus Dumbledore as Head of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.”, Siliveya read to herself.

The rest of the day didn’t get much better, for that very same morning everyone from the D.A. was serving detention in the Great Hall. They were being forced to write lines using Umbridge’s special blood quills. Meanwhile Umbridge was sitting in the headmaster’s chair with a smug and satisfied look on her face. After their definite torture everyone walked out of the Great Hall while caring for their throbbing hands. Cho was outside in the corridor waiting for she did not have to partake in the punishment. However no one spared her words or even a glance and merely walked passed her. Harry and Siliveya were the last two to leave the Hall.

“Harry.”, Cho said in hopes that he would acknowledge her.

But instead he ignored her as he walked by as well. Siliveya smirked at how the tables had turned.

“Well, well, well, Chang it looks like karma has finally come back to bite you in the ass.”, Siliveya stated behind her.

“Siliveya.”, Cho said turning around. “Please just hear me out.”, she pleaded.

“Save it you slutty Ravenclaw twit. Harry was MINE. He belonged to me and you stole him away. I don’t care how Umbridge got you to talk, but if you’re expecting to get any sympathy from this Slytherin girl, you’re kidding yourself.”, Siliveya snapped.

Cho could only remain silent at her outburst and hung her head down as Siliveya walked pass her in a huff. Siliveya decided to take a walk around the school as she started to normally do not so long ago. The school had definitely changed for the worst, rules were being announced left and right, and even all the miraculous paintings that entertained everyone were now gone. There was a sudden urge to

see how Harry, Ron, and Hermione were doing, but she decided against it.

Siliveya thought about what Luna had said to her before. It was true for the sake of their futures she needed to work with Harry, but all the thoughts in her heart told her not to. It would be far too awkward, and she didn't want to see him. She just didn't trust him anymore, and she didn't want to try again. However Siliveya knew she had to help him in some way, and she was sure she'd figure it out when the time came.

As for Cho, Siliveya didn't feel an ounce of sympathy for her at all. Although she figured out that it was her fault that Cho got interrogated a second time, Cho was still the weakest link and told on everyone. With nothing more to do than to care for her stinging hand Siliveya headed for the common room to relax.

After about a half hour Siliveya had situated herself on one of the couches in front of the fireplace, and proceeded in taking one last glance at her mother's diary.

November 12, 1976,

Dear Diary. Hello another entry from me. I've never been so happy in all my life. I am officially Mrs. Sapphire Hexington. How is this you ask? We eloped! After I graduated my parents were insistent on having me marrying Malfoy right away. And there I was on my wedding day, a day any girl should be there happiest, and I was crying my eyes out. And then that's when Kai showed up and whisked me away. Ever since then my parents turned their heads the other way at my choice, but I didn't care I followed my heart as I always have. And now I get to live the rest of my life forever with my darling Kai.

There was no need to read anymore for Siliveya knew what came next. It was at that moment that she felt someone looming over her. She looked up to find Draco's sniveling face looking over her shoulder.

"What do you want?", Siliveya asked returning her eyes to her diary.

“How does it feel to be apart of the losing side. I knew you were up to something and now you’re paying for it.”, Draco sneered.

“Can’t get anything past you now can I?”, Siliveya replied simply.

“I would watch it if I were you, I could give you as many detentions as I want, hell I could even get you expelled.”, Draco taunted.

“Malfoy as stupid as always. You seem to be assuming that I actually give a damn about what you just said. But I will tell you this. Enjoy what you have now, because soon it’s going to all fall apart.” Siliveya stated before she headed up to her room in the girls dorms.

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Next Time:

Dumbledore's gone; Umbridge has taken over the school, and Voldemort's plotting outside of Hogwarts walls. What's the group to do? Well the Weasley twins have the perfect idea and with Siliveya's help they'll give Umbridge something she'll never forget. See ya soon!

Chapter Seventy One- The Uprooting Of Umbridge

A week had passed and that night Harry had returned to the Potions classroom for Occulmency lessons. He was taken back to a memory during his first year when had seen his parents in the Mirror of Erosed.

“Feeling sentimental.” Professor Snape said.

“That’s private.” Harry said as Professor Snape drew back the spell.

“Not to me. And not to the Dark Lord, if you don’t improve. Every memory he has access to is a weapon he can use against you. You won’t last two seconds if he invades your mind. Is this what you call control.” Professor Snape criticized.

“We’ve been at it for hours. If I could just rest.” Harry pleaded.

“The Dark Lord isn’t resting.” Professor Snape scolded. “*Legilimens.*” he said with his wand pointed at Harry again.

“*Protego.*” Harry replied at the same time as he quickly pulled out his wand.

The mind reading spell instantly backfired on Professor Snape allowing Harry to see his memories.

There he saw a bunch of students taking a test in a class room. The first person Harry noticed was a teenage version of Snape who was steadily filling out his answers with his quill. Beyond Snape’s form Harry noticed a head of untidy hair some desks over. He walked closer to see his teenaged father sitting at the desk. He really did look just like him minus the scar and the eyes. Behind his father Harry also saw Sirius, Lupin, and Pettigrew.

Harry was merely a ghost walking in this scene and just watched as the teacher called time and took everyone’s papers. His father, godfather, and friends left the room, and Harry quickly followed. During his travels he saw a couple walk passed him in the corridor, and for a second he thought he saw Siliveya. Upon closer examination he realized it was her mother, a Ravenclaw student walking hand in hand with an older Slytherin boy.

Before he got too distracted Harry was able to follow his father outside to the lake.

“Blimey that O.W.L. was easy. What do you think Padfoot?” Harry heard his father say.

“Yeah, especially the second to last question. I’m sure you got that one right Moony.” the younger Sirius stated.

“You mean what were the signs of a werewolf? It would be wrong if I didn’t.” teenaged Lupin replied.

“I don’t know, I think I might’ve missed a few of the characteristics.” the small, mousy, Pettigrew finally said.

“How could you have missed that question? You run around with a werewolf once a month.” James laughed.

Things soon quieted down as the foursome just stood around observing the scenery. There were some girls hanging out by the lake to escape the hot sun. James ruffled his hair some more, before pulling out a snitch and practiced catching it while Pettigrew watched him with awe. After a few minutes passed Sirius decided to speak up.

“You’d better put that away James before Wormtail wets himself from too much excitement.” Sirius commented as James put the snitch back in the pocket of his robes. “I’m bored.” he said suddenly.

James scanned the area and spotted Snape sitting under a tree a little ways away from them.

“Hey Padfoot, I think I might have found something that should peak your interest.” James stated with a smirk.

The four friends decided to pay Snape an unfriendly visit.

“Hey Snivelous how’d you fair on the test?” James called out.

“I doubt it matters, I saw him with his greasy hair sliding all along his test. I doubt the Professor would be able to read it now.” Sirius taunted.

Snape stood up and reached for his wand, but James disarmed him before he could do anything.

“Right. Who wants to see me take off Snivelly’s trousers.” James asked as he levitated Snape into the air.

“Leave him alone!” a female voice shouted.

Harry saw a teenage girl run up to them furiously. She was completely unrecognizable until he saw her eyes, his eyes. The girl was Lily his mother.

“What was that Lily?” James asked smirking.

“Put him down he doesn’t deserve this!” Lily scolded.

“I might if you promise to go out with me afterwards.” James teased.

“Please you think you’re cool just because you keep your hair messy to make it look like you just got off your broom! You’re nothing but a bully! I would never go out with a self-absorbed git like you!” Lilly yelled.

“Fine have it your way.” James replied turning his attention to Snape.

“Go away Lily!” Snape demanded finally speaking.

“What? But Severus...” Lily said.

“I said go away! I don’t need help from a filthy mudblood like you!!” Snape yelled.

“Fine then I won’t ever help you again! EVER!!” Lilly yelled back before storming off.

“Enough!” Professor Snape blocking him memory from Harry’s access. “Enough.” he repeated glaring at Harry with great hatred.

Harry just stood there surprised as Snape approached him and snatched the front of his shirt.

“Your lessons are at an end. Get out.” Professor Snape said venomously.

Not wanting to get into trouble Harry quickly left the room. Meanwhile Siliveya was wandering the corridors again when she saw Fred and George talking to a crying first year boy.

“What happened?” Siliveya asked walking up to them.

“Umbridge.” Fred and George said at the same time.

Siliveya examined the boy’s hands to find the marks of Umbridge’s blood quill.

“That woman is absolutely horrible.” Siliveya stated frowning. “Don’t worry sweetie, it’ll heal.” she said to the boy.

“What’s your name?” Fred asked.

“Michael.” answered sniffing.

“Siliveya’s right, your hand’s gonna be fine, Michael.” George reassured.

At this point Harry had spotted them and began to walk towards them.

“Yeah. It’s not as bad as it seems. See? It’s fading already. You can hardly see ours anymore and the pain stops after a while.” Fred said showing the boy his still sacred hand.

It was then that they heard a creepy giggle and looked up to see Umbridge standing in the hall.

As I told you once before, Mr. Potter naughty children deserve to be punished.” Umbridge said with a smile before leaving.

“You know George, I’ve always felt our futures lay outside the world of academic achievement.” Fred stated with a smirk.

“Fred, I’ve been thinking exactly the same thing.” George replied smirking as well.

“Care to join us Siliveya? After all you are the wondrous Mistress of Mayhem.” Fred asked.

“Count me in. I’ll do anything to get that evil little toad.” Siliveya answered.

Over the next day Siliveya, Fred, and George spent their time creating the perfect idea to get Umbridge with. That night everything was properly set out in motion and it was time to rest for the big day. Siliveya was returning to the Slytherin common room. The night was very late and Umbridge had revoked both of her Inquisitorial squad and prefect badges so she had to sneak her way back.

“Well well, out later than you should be Siliveya?” Draco said appearing behind her from around the corner.

“Yes, Malfoy?” Siliveya said impatiently as she looked at him from the corner of her eye.

“Let’s see that’ll be five detentions at five o’ clock each night.” Draco said smirking as Pansy, Crabbe, and Goyle appeared behind him.

“Awesome.” Siliveya stated while she finally turned to face him.

“What do you mean awesome?! Fine then make it ten detentions and fifty points from your worthless Gryffindor friends!”, Draco said annoyed.

“Sounds great can’t wait.” Siliveya said coolly.

“What’s wrong with you? This isn’t a time for you to be cheery!” Draco snapped getting more agitated by the minute.

“She’s just jealous because I took her job as Slytherin prefect.” Pansy said snootily while shining her badge out for all to see.

“Perish the thought.” Siliveya replied waving her off.

“You’re up to something again! I know it! What is it now?!” Draco demanded.

"If I told you that I'd have to kill you." Siliveya boldly hissed in parseltongue right in front of them.

Crabbe, Goyle, and Pansy's eyes widened in shock but stood their ground. Draco on the other hand had stepped forward daringly. He knew for sure now, it was no mistake. Ever since he had her during the summer before fourth year, Draco was always pondering how Siliveya could have been able to have such an ability.

"What did you say?" Draco asked wanting her to repeat herself.

"SSssssssillasssssssuusssoosss. Ssssisssvessss." Siliveya hissed again as a creepy smile formed into her face.

"She's scaring me Drakey." Pansy cried cowering behind him.

"You're a parselmouth. How?" Draco inquired violently snatching her wrist.

"Isn't it obvious? I mean even a moron such as yourself should be able to figure it out. However in order to make sure you four don't go blabbing just yet..." Siliveya replied.

Before anyone could react a yellow light emitted from Siliveya's free hand hitting Draco, Pansy, Crabbe, and Goyle in that order. They fell to the floor and woke up by the time Siliveya was already in the girls' dorm.

"What happened?" Draco asked rubbing his head.

"I don't know we were walking somewhere and then we did...something?", Pansy said confused.

Crabbe and Goyle also had confused faces, but then again they usually did. The next day came and it was time for the fifth years to start their O.W.L.s. They were all placed in the Great Hall and were sitting in individual desks as Umbridge kept a watchful eye. Harry, Ron, and Hermione were sitting behind each other in a row while Draco and his followers where in the far off lower left corner. Siliveya however was sitting by herself in the far right row. Harry sneaked

glances at her every now and then, but she remained glued to her test.

Suddenly a loud boom was heard outside the Great Hall. Harry was the first to notice and completely looked up from his work. Umbridge saw Harry turn towards the door and heard the second boom which was louder than the first. The booms continued and Umbridge started walking from her place in front of the class to the doors. Everyone looked up from the distraction and directed their attention to the doors as well. Harry noticed that Siliveya was the only one who hadn't moved. He was shocked when Siliveya's image disappeared into sparkles and water goblet was in her place.

Meanwhile Umbridge had walked out into the corridor as the sound of the booming noises increased. Out of nowhere a small spark floated in front of her face and exploded into a blue light and red light like a firework. Everyone in the room were even more curious as to what was going on while Umbridge walked further out into the corridor. A few short moments later Fred, George, and the real Siliveya flew in over Umbridge's head into the Great Hall.

Together the three of them threw fireworks that caused everyone's tests to fly up in the air. The whole hall lit up in various colors of light as smoke filled the room. Smaller sparks fell down to the other students who stood up. From some like the trio the sparks just dazzled them with their color and went out. However it was worse for the Slytherin group. One spark attacked Goyle who swatted it away from him causing it to get Crabbe in the ass. Another came after Draco who was backed up into the wall and would have burned his face off if he hadn't moved.

During this time Umbridge had reentered the Great Hall and was rapidly dodged the fireworks that flew off in all directions. Soon Filch had come into the Hall as well. Meanwhile Fred was holding the biggest firework and was about to set it off.

"Ready when you are." George said giving his twin thumbs up.

"Give her hell Fred!" Siliveya cheered throwing her fist in the air excitedly.

Fred laughed and threw the final firework into the air. They moved out of the way as it went off and created a mixture of purples, yellows, reds, and oranges. Unfortunately for Umbridge this firework was much different for it transformed into a large eastern style dragon that chased her down the aisle. Umbridge barely made it all the way out of the hall when the sparkly dragon enclosed its large fangs around her in one big snap. The dragon then returned to its original form causing sparks to erupt everywhere, which hit all the scrolls that hung up on the walls on either side of the doors. The shattered scrolls of all of Umbridge's rules fell to the floor in one big heap of glass and paper.

Right afterward Fred, George and Siliveya flew over Umbridge's head leaving the Great Hall and heading outside. Everyone hastily ran after the three to the courtyard where Fred, George, and Siliveya gave them one last show. They each threw one last firework into the air as they flew off never to return to Hogwarts again. The whole student body including some of the Professors filled out the courtyard cheering and applauding. As the fireworks left behind fully formed, the crowd looked up to see a giant W in red, yellow, and orange sparks that was intertwined with a large H in green and white sparks.

Everyone continued to cheer excitedly when Harry collapsed on the floor. In his mind he saw Sirius kneeling down in some room.

“I need that prophecy.” Voldemort’s voice demanded.

“You’ll have to kill me.” Sirius said definitely.

“Oh, I will. But first, you will fetch it for me.” Voldemort stated circling Sirius. “*Crucio!*” he shouted causing Sirius to cringe in pain.

Visions of a door, an orb, and a hall that had Lucius and Fudge in it flashed through Harry’s mind.

Hermione who had quickly rushed to his aid, knelt down beside him when Harry finally came to.

“Sirius.” Harry suddenly said.

Later on Harry, Ron, and Hermione were making their way up the stairs.

“Harry, are you sure?” Hermione asked.

“I saw it. It’s just like with Mr. Weasley. It’s the door I’ve been dreaming about. I couldn’t remember where I’d seen it before. Sirius said Voldemort was after something. Something he didn’t have before that’s in the Department of Mysteries.” Harry explained as they ran from staircase to staircase.

“Harry, please, just listen. What if Voldemort wanted you to see this? What if he’s only hurting Sirius because he’s trying to get to you?” Hermione suggested.

“What if he is? I’m supposed to just let Sirius die? Hermione, he’s the only family I got left.” Harry reasoned worriedly.

“What do we do?” Ron asked.

“We’ll have to use the Floo Network.” Harry answered.

“Umbridge has the chimneys under surveillance.” Hermione informed.

“Not all of them.” Harry replied.

The trio made their way to Umbridge’s office. After unlocking the door and shutting it behind them Harry immediately ran to the fireplace and threw in the floo powder turning the flames green.

“Alert the Order if you can.” Harry ordered.

“Are you mental? We’re going with you.” Ron replied defiantly.

“It’s too dangerous.”, Harry argued.

“When are you going to get it into your head? We’re in this together.” Hermione argued back.

“That you are.” Umbridge said from the entrance of the office.

Moments later her Inquisitorial squad showed up with Ginny and Luna. Crabbe and Goyle took hold off Hermione and Ron while Umbridge tied Harry down in a chair.

“Caught this one trying to help the Weasley girl.” Draco informed as her walked in with Neville.

“You were going to Dumbledore weren’t you?” Umbridge asked.

“No.” Harry replied.

“Liar!” Umbridge said slapping him hard across the face.

“You sent for me, headmistress?” Snape inquired as he entered the room.

“Snape, yes. The time has come for answers, whether he wants to give them to me to not.”, Umbridge stated. “Have you brought the Veritaserum?” she asked.

“I’m afraid you’ve used up all my stores interrogating students. The last of it on Miss Chang. Unless you wish to poison him...And I assure you, I would have the greatest sympathy if you did...I cannot help you.” Professor Snape informed.

“He’s got Padfoot. He’s got Padfoot at the place where it’s hidden.” Harry said aloud as Professor Snape was about to leave the room.

“Padfoot? What is Padfoot? Where is what hidden? What is he talking about Snape?” Umbridge questioned.

“No idea.” Professor Snape said simply before leaving.

“Very well. As this is a Ministry matter you leave me no choice Potter. The Cruciatus curse ought to loosen your tongue.” Umbridge threatened.

“That’s illegal!” Hermione yelled.

“What Cornelius doesn’t know won’t hurt him.” Umbridge retorted putting her picture of Fudge face down.

Umbridge was about to say the incantation with her wand pointed at Harry when Hermione intervened.

“Tell her, Harry!” Hermione shouted. “Well if you won’t tell her where it is I will.” she added.

“Tell? Tell me what? Where is it what?” Umbridge asked.

“Dumbledore’s secret weapon.” Hermione replied.

Umbridge grew a cheeky grin and quickly had Harry and Hermione escort her to the weapon. Hermione led her into the Dark Forest.

“How much further?” Umbridge questioned with her wand pointed at the two.

“Not far. It had to be somewhere students wouldn’t find it accidentally.”, Hermione answered.

‘What are you doing?’ Harry whispered.

“Improvising.” Hermione replied.

The stopped for a short second and Umbridge began to grow impatient.

“Well, Where is this weapon?” Umbridge demanded receiving no answer. “There isn’t one is there? You were trying to trick me. You know...I really HATE children.” she stated when they heard a noise.

Behind them was a group of centaurs.

“You have no business here, centaur. This is a Ministry matter.” Umbridge said as the centaurs aimed their arrows at the group. “Lower your weapons. I warn you, under the law, as creatures of near-human intelligence...” she ordered.

One of the centaurs shot their arrow which Umbridge easily blocked.

“How dare you? Filthy half-breed.” Umbridge said furiously. “*Incarcerous.*” she said as magical ropes tied their way around the centaur’s neck chocking it.

“You’re chocking him! Please, please stop it!” Hermione pleaded.

“No! I will have order!” Umbridge commanded.

Suddenly a giant came up from behind her and picked her up into the air. The centaurs started to attack until the giant finally dropped her.

“Potter, do something. Tell them I mean no harm.” Umbridge pleaded as the centaurs picked her up.

“I’m sorry Professor. But I must not tell lies.” Harry replied as she was carried away into a deeper part of the forest.

“Thank You, Grawp.” Hermione said to the giant.

“Hermione. Hermione, Sirius.” Harry reminded.

They ran out of the forest and back to the bridge where they met up with Ron, Ginny, Luna, and Neville.

“How’d you get away.” Harry asked.

“Puking Pastilles. It wasn’t pretty.” Ginny answered.

“Told I was hungry and wanted some sweets. They told me to bugger off and ate the lot themselves.” Ron explained as he handed Harry and Hermione their wands.

“That was clever Ron.” Hermione said surprised.

“Has been known to happen.” Ron replied.

“It was brilliant.” Neville complimented. “So how are we getting to London?” he asked.

“Look, it’s not that I don’t appreciate everything you’ve done, all of you. But I’ve gotten you in enough trouble as it is.” Harry replied.

“Dumbledore’s Army’s supposed to be about doing something real. Or was that all just words to you?” Neville questioned.

“Maybe you don’t have to do this all by yourself, mate.” Ron suggested.

“So how do we get to London?” Harry finally asked.

“We fly, of course.” Luna answered.

Chapter Seventy Two- The Prophecies

Thanks to Luna the group was able to fly to London on the thestrals from the dark forest. They arrived at the Ministry of Magic and took the elevator to the Department of Mysteries. Waiting for them was Siliveya leaned against one of the pillars in the black tiled hallway. She was dressed in a cropped black leather jacket over a black silk sleeveless top, black heeled boots, and a black skirt with a silver serpent belt. She also had her headdress on and the embroidered emerald stone was in clear view on her forehead.

“Siliveya what are you doing here?” Harry asked surprised.

“We don’t have time for Q and A. And don’t look so excited, I didn’t come here for you.” Siliveya replied sharply as she walked beside them.

Harry remained silent as did everyone else, and proceeded towards the door. Once inside there was nothing but tall shelves of orbs that went on forever. They illuminated their wands while Siliveya created a light in her hands. Harry walked on ahead searching for something.

“He should be here.” Harry said confused.

“Harry, it’s got your name on it.” Neville said looking up at one of the orbs.

Harry walked up to the orb and took it. As he did a face formed inside the orb and began to speak.

“The one to vanquish the dark lord approaches. And the Dark Lord shall mark him as his equal, but he shall have power the Dark Lord knows not. For neither can live while the other survives.” the voice informed.

“Harry.” Hermione said.

Everyone had their wands pointed at a figure approaching them. The person was wearing a dark cloak and had a mask covering their face.

“Where is Sirius?” Harry demanded.

“You know, you really should learn to tell the difference between dreams and reality.” the figure said taking his wand from his cane to reveal his face.

“Lucius.” Siliveya said darkly.

“You only saw what the Dark Lord wanted you to see. Now hand me the prophecy.” Lucius ordered.

“If you do anything to us, I’ll break it.” Harry threatened.

“He knows how to play. Itty, bitty, baby Potter.” a crazed looking woman taunted as she approached the group from behind Lucius.

“Bellatrix Lestrange” Neville said recognizing her.

“Neville Longbottom, is it? How’s mum and dad?” Bellatrix questioned smirking.

“Better now that they’re about to be avenged.” Neville replied pointing his wand at her.

“Now everybody let’s calm down, shall we? All we want is that prophecy.” Lucius said.

“Why did Voldemort need me to come and get this?” Harry inquired.

“You dare speak his name? You filthy half-blood!” Bellatrix scolded.

“It’s all right. He’s just a curious lad, aren’t you? Prophecies can only be retrieved by those about whom they are made. Which is lucky for you really.” Lucius said as more death eaters began to surround the group. “Haven’t you always wondered what was the reason for the connection between you and the Dark Lord? Why he was unable to kill you when you were just an infant? The Secret behind you scar? All the answers are there, Potter, in your hand. All you have to do is give it to me. Then I can show you everything.” he persuaded.

“I’ve waited fourteen years.” Harry said.

“I know.” Lucius replied.

"I guess I can wait a little longer." Harry stated. "Now!" he shouted.

"*Stupefy!*" the group shouted at the same time.

The death eaters were knocked out of the way and everyone tried to run together only to run into Lucius once more. They split up, and Luna was immediately confronted by a death eater who punched her onto the floor. Luna quickly recovered her wand before the death eater could do anymore damage.

"*Levicorpus!* Luna said sending the death eater flying.

Siliveya made a few twists and turns through the rows having a death eater following her from behind. Suddenly another was coming at her from the front and Siliveya jumped in the air at the right moment while using a spell to make the ground lift up beneath her. Only one of the death eaters ran into the wall while the other went over. Siliveya took the small opportunity and faced the death eater.

"*Sectumsempra!*" Siliveya yelled as the death eater fell back while its body gushed out blood as if he were slashed by a sword.

Meanwhile Neville had petrified his attacker. Harry, Ron, and Hermione were running away from two death eaters as well, but no matter how many times they used the stunning spell they couldn't get rid of them. Finally everyone bumped into each other, and in the entire group of death eaters were flying towards them.

"*Reducto!*" Ginny shouted sending a large blast at them.

It was unclear if Ginny had missed or not but it was clear that the blast had caused all the shelves to topple over in a domino effect way. The group made a run for it towards the door only to fall off a cliff on the other side. Before they hit the floor they made and an abrupt stop then fell off the rocky ground. When they stood up they realized they were in an entirely different room.

"Department of Mysteries. They got that bit right, didn't they?" Ron commented.

“Do you hear the voices?” Harry asked looking a large archway that stood tall in the center of the room.

“There aren’t any voices Harry.” Hermione commented.

“I can hear them too.” Luna said.

“Harry, it’s just an empty archway.” Hermione commented.

They suddenly heard a noise behind them and Harry had everyone get behind him. It did no good for the group was soon swamped in dark swirls. When everything became clear Harry was the only one left. Surrounding him were his friends being held hostage by the death eaters.

“Did you actually believe...or were you truly naive enough to think that children stood a chance against us?”, Lucius inquired holding Siliveya by the neck with his cane. “I’ll make this simple for you, Potter. Give me the prophecy now or watch your friends die.” he demanded.

“Don’t give it to him.” Siliveya managed to say.

Harry however gave in. Lucius threw Siliveya to the ground causing her to roll down the side as Harry handed him the orb. Suddenly a light shined behind them and Lucius turned around to see Sirius.

“Get away from my Godson.” Sirius said punching Lucius right in the face sending him down the hillside as well.

The prophecy orb had fallen out of Lucius’ hand and he caught it just before it hit the ground when Siliveya smashed the orb with her foot. It turned to dust and Lucius looked at her shocked.

“Send my regards to Moldyvort won’t you?” Siliveya laughed.

The rest of the death eaters were knocked out of the way by members of the Order. Soon Tonks, Lupin, Moody, and Kingsley were fighting too. Tonks was helping Hermione. Ron, Luna, Ginny, and Neville get to safety and Harry had stayed with Sirius. Meanwhile Lucius and Siliveya were dueling.

“You foul little brat!” Lucius chastised sending a burst of light her way.

“Oh shut up.” Siliveya replied blocking his attack.

Siliveya was able to knock Lucius backward and he landed further up the hill. Lucius spotted Sirius with his back turned and targeted him.

“Black!” Lucius called out.

Siliveya tried to attack Lucius, but was blocked by two other death eaters. The fighting between everyone raged on until Siliveya and Sirius got rid of the two extra death eaters leaving behind Lucius.

“*Expelliarmus!*” Harry shouted knocking the cane out of his hand.

“Nice one James.” Sirius commented continuing his attack on Lucius.

Sirius was able to blow Lucius away when Bellatrix appeared in the distance after out flying a member of the Order.

“*Avada Kedavra!*” Bellatrix shouted.

“*Purgo Mortis!*” Siliveya quickly shouted.

A bright silver snake shot from her hands engulfing the bright green light of the killing curse right before it reached Sirius. Siliveya immediately sent the spell crashing into the hill that Bellatrix was on. She dodged out of the way as she lost her footing. At that moment everyone paused for Siliveya had just did the impossible.

“You!” Bellatrix said venomously. “It’s her! Get the girl!” she ordered.

Before Siliveya could react another death eater took hold of her and flew off.

“Siliveya!” Harry shouted and tried to run after her.

“Filthy half-blood! *Avada Kedavra!*” Bellatrix shouted again this time sending her spell at Harry.

“Harry!” Sirius shouted running in front of him.

This time there was no one to block it as the green light hit Sirius directly. Harry looked up in shock as his Godfather, his last family member, died floated away in the giant archway. Bellatrix merely laughed at the sight before fleeing the scene. Harry quickly followed her into the main hall of the Ministry.

“I killed Sirius Black. You coming to get me?” Bellatrix shouted as she skipped away.

“Crucio!” Harry said furiously hitting Bellatrix right on the spot.

She fell to the ground and Harry stood over her with his wand pointed.

“You’ve got to mean it Harry.” Voldemort’s voice ringed in his head. “She killed him. She deserves it. You know the spell Harry.” he said.

Suddenly Voldemort appeared beside him.

“Do it.” he tempted.

Instead Harry pointed his wand at Voldemort who knocked it away while Bellatrix escaped. It was then that Dumbledore appeared from one of the fireplaces.

“It was foolish of you to come here tonight, Tom. The Aurors are on their way.” Dumbledore informed.

“By which time I shall be gone, and you...shall be dead.” Voldemort replied.

The major duel began. At the first spell each cast, the power between their wands automatically connected. Voldemort tried to use the connection to strike Harry, but Dumbledore strayed him away. Growing tired of the spell Voldemort unleashed a humongous serpent of flames that tried to attack Dumbledore who sent the fire straight back. Voldemort doused the flames, but was quickly wrapped in an orb of water that Dumbledore created. Harry stood up and tried to get a closer look, but was knocked back by Dumbledore with his free hand. Doing this broke Dumbledore’s concentration allowing Voldemort to break free of his watery prison. Voldemort then absorbed dark energy from Dumbledore’s wand and unleashed it

causing a wave of energy to crash through the entire area. The blast broke all of the windows covering the floor with glass. Voldemort then raised his hands high above his head making the shards of the glass to rise and fly towards Dumbledore in an attempt to rip him to shreds. However, Dumbledore retaliated by turning the shards of glass into sand.

Voldemort ceased fighting realizing they were evenly matched. Instead he disappeared and went inside Harry's mind. Harry collapsed to the floor as Voldemort invaded every thought, every memory he had. Harry tried to fight it off, but was loosing rapidly.

"Harry, it isn't how you are alike. It's how you are not." Dumbledore said to him.

Harry must have heard him for the thought flowing through his head were no longer the frightening ones that Voldemort produced, but happy ones.

You're the weak one and you'll never know love or friendship. And I feel sorry for you." Harry said weakly.

Instantly Voldemort left his body as time stood still around them.

"You're a fool, Harry Potter. And you will lose everything." Voldemort stated standing over Harry.

It was then that more people appeared in the fireplaces including Fudge who finally got a glimpse of the Dark Lord before he vanished.

"He's back." Fudge said alarmed.

From that point on it was official throughout the Wizarding world that Voldemort did return and Dumbledore was reinstated as headmaster at Hogwarts.

"It my fault." Harry said guiltily as he Dumbledore talked in the his office.

"No the fault is mine. I knew it was only a matter of time before Voldemort made the connection between you. I though by distancing

myself from you, as I have done all year he'd be less tempted, and therefore you might be more protected." Dumbledore explained.

"The prophecy said...neither one can live while the other one survives. It means one of us is gonna have to kill the other in the end." Harry mentioned.

"Yes." Dumbledore replied.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Harry asked.

"For the same reason you tried to save Sirius, and why Siliveya tried to help you. After all these years, after all you suffered I didn't want to cause you anymore pain." Dumbledore answered.

"But it doesn't matter anymore! Now Sirius is dead! And they took her, they took Siliveya!" Harry argued.

"They took her?" Dumbledore asked confused.

"Yes! And after all that had happened between us she still tried to help me, she tried to save Sirius." Harry replied frustrated. "Siliveya was able to block the killing curse." he added.

"Harry I told you before there is no counter curse for the Avada Kedavra." Dumbledore reassured.

"But she was able to do it. Siliveya used some spell I never heard of and it absorbed the curse." Harry explained. "Then Bellatrix saw her had had her kidnapped by one of the death eaters." he continued.

"Harry, listen to me. By now I assume you know of Siliveya's true lineage." Dumbledore inquired.

"She's the heir of Salazar Slytherin. But what does...?" Harry said confused.

"Exactly, Harry. She is a direct heir of the family that Lord Voldemort cherishes. If anything else he wants to keep her close." Dumbledore answered.

"Close? Why?" Harry questioned.

"I cannot say but I do know this. Lord Voldemort was the one who originally created the unforgivable curses and Ms. Hexington had always showed signs of a powerful witch. As his cousin chances are Harry, that she was able to create the counter curse." Dumbledore informed.

Later that day Harry was wondering the halls when he saw Luna putting up posters.

"How come you're not at the feast?" Harry asked.

"Lost all my possessions. Apparently people have been hiding them." Luna answered.

"That's awful." Harry replied.

"Oh it's all in good fun. But as it's the last night, I really do need them back." Luna stated.

"Do you need any help?" Harry offered.

"No, I'm sorry about your Godfather Harry. And about Siliveya, I hope she's alright." Luna said.

"Are you sure you don't need help looking." Harry offered once more.

"Yeah, My mum always said...things we loose have a way of coming back to us in the end...if not in the way we expect." Luna stated seeing a pair of her shoes being hung from the ceiling. "I think I'll go have some pudding." she said as she skipped away leaving Harry to his thoughts.

Meanwhile far away, Siliveya was being held captive in chains in the dungeon of an unknown location. Bellatrix walked in front of the cell ready to torture her.

"If it isn't the meddlesome girl who blocked my curse." Bellatrix taunted.

"Let me see Voldemort." Siliveya demanded unnerved.

"Don't you dare speak his name you worthless mud-blood!" Bellatrix bellowed.

"Ha, is that what he told you?", Siliveya laughed. "My name is Siliveya Hexington and I'm am the last surviving member of the *Pure-blood* Hexington family line. So be a dear and tell *voldemort* that his favorite cousin wants to speak with him." she stated.

"You lie!" Bellatrix shouted disbelievingly.

"Don't you want to know why your precious Dark Lord wanted you to captured me instead of having you kill me? The only way you'll find out is if you bring me to him." Siliveya tempted.

"Do you play me for a fool?" Bellatrix replied angrily when another death eater appeared beside her.

They whispered something to her and Bellatrix reluctantly opened the door.

"The Dark Lord wishes to see you." Bellatrix said annoyed undoing Siliveya's chains.

Siliveya was led to a small room that had Voldemort sitting in a chair before her. A huge boa what slithering along the top of the chair.

"Ah, *at last we finally meet.*" Voldemort hissed in parseltongue.

"I see you've been spreading lies about me. You dare reduce me to the status of a muggle." Siliveya hissed back showing no emotion.

"A blood traitor such as yourself is no different than any mud-blood that poisons our world. Now bow to your superior." Voldemort commanded.

Siliveya went on her knees just to please him for the time being.

"Who's the traitor here however? For if I recall it is you who wanted me dead in the first place." Siliveya replied sharply.

“True. Lucius has failed me twice two many times, and I’m sure some time in Azkaban will serve as a proper punishment...for now.” Voldemort answered with an evil glint in his eye. *“But the past is the past. Tonight you are brought to me; a promising new addition to our cause isn’t that correct dearest cousin.”* he said staring her straight in the eyes.

Siliveya could feel him trying to push his way into her mind, but thanks to her Godfather she was able to keep Voldemort out.

“*What is it that you want from me?*” Siliveya asked.

“Bellatrix has informed me of your strengths. You have the capability of the deflecting the deadliest curse of all. You my dear are not weak like that Harry Potter. It would be a shame to see your gifts wasted on vermin like him.” Voldemort explained. *“Join me and you shall have everything you so rightfully deserve. Prove yourself to us and you will take your place as the Princess of our new realm.”* he persuaded.

“If this were any other time I would say no. But I’ve realized that you and I have one very big thing in common. Potter. I want to kill him. I want him to suffer until his final breath.” Siliveya replied.

She felt another attempted push into her mind but blocked it once more.

“*So then we have a deal?*” Voldemort inquired.

“Yes.” Siliveya replied flatly.

“*You are free to go.*” Voldemort ordered waving her off.

Bellatrix was outside the door not making eye contact with her for she had been wrong. However Siliveya merely smirked as she headed outside. She took out a prophecy orb that she had in her pocket. Laughing to herself Siliveya dropped it allowing the orb to roll down the grassy hill and into the depths of a nearby pond.

“The one to replace the Dark Lord approaches. A girl will be born with the power of the Dark Lord, and will share the same lineage as he. If she takes the side of the Dark Lord she will destroy him. For there

can only be one ruler of darkness." the voice of the orb spoke as it sank into the murky depths of the water.

QueenofNobodies: "Well fans that's the end of year five. However since there are no more movies and the sixth doesn't come out till November, it is going to take me longer to rewrite and alter the last two books. Because of this I won't be able to update anytime soon. Thank you all for reviewing. Stay tuned for sixth year in the Half-Blood Prince."

Chapter Seventy Three- The Unbreakable Vow

A cold chill fell over the air as a new war was indeed spreading. The clouds rolled over the sky creating luring shadows on the land where any undesirable creature could dwell. There in the darkest of all places lurked the old building of the tattered Riddle house. Within in its haunted halls a pair footsteps echoed through the rotting walls. From those feet appeared a feminine figure dressed in black heeled shoes, long black leather pants with a silver serpent belt, and a black non-sleeve jacket that went down to her upper thighs with a black sash that tied around her waist. The black top underneath the jacket allowed a small bit of cleavage to show and Slytherin's headdress was proudly worn on the her head permitting the emerald stone to be seen in between the bangs of her dark brown hair. The rest of her hair was held high in a long ponytail that let a few strands hang down and frame the shape of her face. A snake was coiled around the female's form with its head resting on her shoulder and on the girl's left forearm the dark mark could be clearly seen. A deadly skull with a serpent slithering out of its mouth pulsated within her skin, it was the mark of a death eater.

The girl turned a corner and entered a small room that possessed the Dark Lord himself sitting unapproachable to all in his chair with his faithful boa Nagini draped across the top. She stood before him and bowed respectively on her knees.

“Ah, Siliveya you have come as requested, good.”, Voldemort hissed in parseltongue.

“What is it that you wish of me my Lord?”, Siliveya hissed back finally looking up at him.

“My dear it is time for you to prove your worth. I have a very important task for you.”, Voldemort replied.

Meanwhile in a rugged and desolate place far away two figures in cloaked hoods were wandering through the forest and were headed for a run down town. A fox was running nearby causing crinkling noises as it jumped through a set of bushes. However the fox's time was cut short when it was engulfed by a deadly green light. One of the figures crept closer with their wand still out.

“It’s only a fox.”, the one with the wand said in a female voice after examining the animal closer. “I thought it might have been an Auror...Cissy wait!”, she called out after the other figure.

“Go back Bella!”, the other figure yelled back in a female voice as well.

The two figures were none other than Bellatrix Lestrange and Narcissa Malfoy. Narcissa started running off towards the town in a frantic hurry.

“Narcissa you must listen to me!”, Bellatrix pleaded as she ran after her.

“I’m done. I’ve listened to enough, and I’ve made my decision. Now leave me alone!”, Narcissa yelled as she headed for an old, rickety house.

“He lives here?”, Bellatrix said disgustedly when she stopped running and examined the place. “HERE? In that Muggle dunghill? We must be the first of our kind to ever set foot...”, she ranted but Narcissa wasn’t listening as she made her way to the house. “ Cissy wait!”, Bellatrix called after her.

Bellatrix chased after her until Narcissa finally haltered at her destination. Once Bellatrix caught up she took hold of Narcissa’s arm.

“Cissy you must not do this, you can’t trust him.”, Bellatrix reasoned while panting heavily from running so much.

“The Dark Lord trusts him doesn’t he?”, Narcissa argued giving her a stern look.

“The Dark Lord...I believe is mistaken.”, Bellatrix argued back. “In any case we were told not to speak of the plan to anyone. This is a betrayal of the Dark Lord’s...”, she added when Narcissa pulled out her wand.

“Let go Bella!”, Narcissa snarled pointing her wand in Bellatrix’s face.

“Cissy, your own sister? You wouldn’t...”, Bellatrix gasped.

“There’s nothing I wouldn’t do more!”, Narcissa threatened viciously making Bellatrix release her grip on her.

Narcissa proceeded to knock on the door in front of her. The door was soon opened revealing Snape on the other end.

“Narcissa, what a pleasant surprise.”, Snape greeted.

“Severus.”, Narcissa spoke weakly. “May I speak with you? It’s urgent.”, she asked in a desperate tone.

“But of course.”, Snape replied allowing the two sisters to enter.

Meanwhile Siliveya was still receiving her orders from Voldemort.

“Are you clear on what you must do?”, Voldemort asked in parseltongue.

“Yes my Lord. And I must say I am very pleased with the task you have bestowed upon me.”, Siliveya hissed as a smirk crept its way onto her face.

“Good. You are dismissed.”, Voldemort ordered.

Siliveya stood and began unraveling her pet snake from her form.

“Cleo I have some things I must attend to. Keep Nagini company until I return.”, Siliveya said placing Cleo on the floor.

“Yes my Mistress.”, Cleo obeyed while she slithered her way to the large boa.

Back at Snape’s home Narcissa was sitting on his couch with a depressed expression drowning her features while Bellatrix was eying Snape evilly with a grim expression on her face.

“So what can I do for you?”, Snape asked as he sat in an armchair across from them.

“We...we are alone, aren’t we?”, Narcissa questioned.

“Yes, of course. Well Wormtail’s here, but we’re not counting vermin are we?”, Snape informed. “As you have clearly realized, Wormtail, we have guests.”, he said lazily as he looked at the space behind the bookcase that Pettigrew was hiding behind.

“Narcissa! And Bellatrix how charming!”, Pettigrew greeted walking up to them.

“Wormtail will get us drinks, if you’d like them. And then he’ll return to his bedroom.”, Snape said.

“I am not your servant!” Pettigrew whined.

“Last time I checked the Dark Lord sent you over here to assist me.”, Snape clarified.

“To assist yes...but not to make you drinks and...and clean your house!”, Pettigrew complained.

“I had no idea you wanted more dangerous tasks.”, Snape said silkily.

Suddenly dark laughter filled the room and Siliveya appeared on the left arm of the chair Snape was sitting on.

“What’s the matter Pettigrew? Tired of living the life of a rodent. You’ve done it for so long one would figure you would have gotten use to it by now.”, Siliveya taunted.

“And for the matter of our drinks, some elf-made wine will do, as well as some butterbeer.”, Snape ordered.

Pettigrew wanted to argue more, but found it all to be in vain and proceed with his order. Once he had brought the drinks and was gone Bellatrix glared at Siliveya with great distaste.

“What are you doing here?!” , Bellatrix spat.

“What is it a crime for me to visit my own Godfather?”, Siliveya questioned simply.

“It is when you’re nothing but a two-faced spy! Get out of here!”, Bellatrix shouted.

“I take it you don’t like me very much.”, Siliveya replied pouting. “Besides what would make you think that I was a spy.”, she inquired.

“You were fighting against us with the Order and...”, Bellatrix argued when Narcissa placed a hand on her shoulder.

“Don’t bother with her, she’s too vile to argue with.”, Narcissa spat.

“Oh Narcissa didn’t see you there. Tell me how’s Lucius? Tormented to the core I hope.”, Siliveya teased grinning.

“You! Leave now!”, Narcissa cried upset.

“Why this isn’t your house.”, Siliveya argued.

“For the time being Siliveya, would you please go upstairs. Narcissa and I have something to discuss.”, Snape suggested glancing towards her.

“I would love to, but then I wouldn’t be doing my job.”, Siliveya replied smirking.

“And what job might that be?”, Snape sighed.

“Can’t say otherwise the Dark Lord will have my head.”, Siliveya answered.

“At least you have some sense.”, Bellatrix muttered while glaring at her sister.

“Fine. Severus, I know I ought to not be here, I have been told to say nothing to anyone...but...”, Narcissa faltered.

“Then you ought to hold your tongue! Particularly in present company!”, Bellatrix chastised.

“Present company? And what am I to understand by that, Bellatrix?”, Snape questioned with one eyebrow raised.

“That I don’t trust you Snape! You or your suspicious Goddaughter!”, Bellatrix snapped.

Narcissa wanted to continue but Snape saw otherwise and turned his attention back to Bellatrix.

“Narcissa, I think we ought to hear what Bellatrix is itching to say before she interrupts the entire conversation. Now what is it that you don’t trust about us?”, Snape inquired.

“A hundred reasons!”, Bellatrix shouted angrily. “Where to start! Where were you when the Dark Lord fell? Why did you never take any attempt to finding him? Where were you when he was reborn? Where were you when we had to retrieve the prophecy? Why is Harry Potter still alive when he has been at your mercy for five years?”, she asked furiously before she switched her glare from Snape to Siliveya. “And as for you! If you’re so loyal as you say you are then how come you were fighting with Potter and the Order? Why did you try to stop me from killing Sirius? And why when Lucius finally had the prophecy did you destroy it?”, she questioned her eyes viciously darting back and forth between the two of them.

“Before I answer you, if the Dark Lord had suspected me of treachery as much as you do I wouldn’t be here.”, Snape retorted.

“I know he believes you but...?”, Bellatrix replied.

“You think he is mistaken? Oh wait until I tell dearest cousin that you think he’s wrong. He’ll throw a fit!”, Siliveya laughed.

Bellatrix stayed silent but kept her hard gaze.

“If I may answer for the both of us. Professor Snape was doing what the Dark Lord told him to do, which was gathering information about Dumbledore and the Order. Also the Dark Lord must not have a problem with otherwise Professor Snape wouldn’t be his favorite. As for me the majority of what you asked me... none of it is your damn business.”, Siliveya answered smiling sweetly.

“Why you little!”, Bellatrix snarled angrily.

"Also as far as Harry Potter is concerned I'm pretty sure the Dark Lord wants to finish him off himself. And if it wasn't for my Godfather allowing Harry to live the Dark Lord wouldn't have been able to return.", Siliveya added.

"Are you insinuating that Severus foresaw Harry Potter's use?!", Bellatrix questioned disbelievingly.

"No I did not. But the Dark Lord is probably grateful that Potter was still alive during that time.", Snape answered flatly.

Bellatrix just stood there fuming but was soon ignored.

"Now you've come to ask me for help Narcissa?", Snape inquired returning his attention to her.

"Yes, Severus, I...I think you are the only one who can help me. I have know where else to turn...Lucius is in jail and...", Narcissa cried. "The Dark Lord has forbidden me to speak of it. He wishes for no one to know of the plan.", she added.

"If he has forbidden it you ought to not speak. The Dark Lord's word is law ", Snape replied.

"See even Snape says you shouldn't talk so stay silent!", Bellatrix said triumphantly.

"It so happens that I know of the plan.", Snape stated.

"As do I.", Siliveya added.

"Why would he tell you?!", Bellatrix snapped.

"Ask him.", Siliveya said simply turning her gaze away from her.

"I thought you must know about it! He trusts you so Severus!", Narcissa said relieved completely ignoring the side conversation.

"But what help do you require Narcissa? If it is to get the Dark Lord to change his mind then it is out of the question.", Snape replied.

"Severus. My son...my only son.", Narcissa cried.

“Draco should be proud. You should be proud. The Dark Lord is granting him a great honor.”, Bellatrix argued. “If I had sons I would gladly give them up for service to the Dark Lord.”, she added loyally.

“And your never to be born sons give a relieved sigh.”, Siliveya stated coolly.

“Besides Draco isn’t shrinking away from his duty. He seems glad at a chance to prove himself.”, Bellatrix reminded as she angrily twitched from Siliveya’s comment.

“That’s because he is sixteen and has no idea what lies in store! Why my son? It’s too dangerous! This is vengeance for Lucius’ mistake I know it!”, Narcissa wept.

“If Draco succeeds he will be honored above all others.”, Snape stated.

“Emphasizing of course on the IF.”, Siliveya commented.

“Exactly he won’t succeed! How can he when the Dark Lord himself...”, Narcissa faltered in her word choice. “I only meant...that nobody has yet succeeded...Severus...please...You are, you have always been, Draco’s favorite teacher...You are Lucius’ old friend...I beg of you...You are the Dark Lord’s favorite, his most trusted advisor...Will you speak to him, persuade him?”, she begged desperately.

“Give it up Narcissa. Your precious little Malfoy is going to have to go through with it whether you want him to or not. Besides if you were so concerned about him being a death eater maybe you should have picked your sides more carefully a long time ago.”, Siliveya said simply as she looked down at her.

“He’s going to be killed in the process I know it.”, Narcissa sobbed.

“It might be possible...for me to help Draco.”, Snape offered.

“Severus...oh Severus...you would help him? Would you look after him, see he comes to no harm?”, Narcissa pleaded.

“I can try.”, Snape replied.

“If you are there to protect him...Severus, will you swear to it? Will you make the Unbreakable Vow?”, Narcissa asked.

“Aren’t you listening, Narcissa? Oh, he’ll try I’m sure...The usual empty words, the usual slithering out of action...oh, on the Dark Lord’s of course!”, Bellatrix chastised.

“Certainly, Narcissa, I shall make the Unbreakable Vow.”, Snape said ignoring Bellatrix’s comment.

Snape and Narcissa linked their right hands as Bellatrix looked at them in shock.

“Siliveya would you be so kind.”, Snape said looking towards her.

“All right, but this is a bad idea.”, Siliveya obeyed as she walked over to them.

Siliveya place the tip of her index finger on their hands.

“Will you, Severus, watch over my son, Draco, as he attempts to fulfill the Dark Lord’s wishes?”, Narcissa asked.

“I will.”, Snape replied.

As he agreed to her plea a rope of fire shot out of Siliveya's pointed finger and around their linked hands.

“And will you to the best of your ability protect him from harm?”, Narcissa asked once more.

“I will.”, Snape answered.

A second rope of fire wrapped around their hands.

“And...should it prove necessary...if it seems Draco will fail...will you carry out the deed that the Dark Lord has ordered Draco to perform?”, Narcissa asked.

Before Snape could comply Siliveya brought her hand back leaving the last two fiery ropes to tie their hands. The ropes vanished and the three looked at Siliveya in question.

“What do you think you’re doing? I was not finished.”, Narcissa questioned.

“I stopped because you’re putting to much faith in your child’s failure. And if you think that having Professor Snape do his dirty work is going to save him, you’re a bigger fool than Lucius.”, Siliveya replied sharply.

“How dare you scold me! If it wasn’t for you Lucius wouldn’t even be in prison!”, Narcissa shouted upset.

Siliveya merely laughed at her.

“What might I ask is so funny?”, Narcissa snarled pulling out her wand.

“What are you going to do Malfoy? Kill me? Torture me?”, Siliveya laughed even more. “Remember this always. Now matter what you do all your efforts will be in vain.”, she stated apparating from the room.

“Damn that little brat!”, Narcissa cried.

“Either way the vow has been made.”, Snape reminded. “However I still promise that if the event should I rise I will try best to finish the job.”, he offered.

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Next Time:

Catching up with Harry and others things seem to be going okay. Harry is rescued from the Dursleys and they even get to visit Fred and George's new joke shop in Diagon Alley. But what's Draco up to and why does Harry keep getting reminded of the girl he pushed away? See ya soon.

Chapter Seventy Four- The Tension Of The Other Side

Meanwhile in the midst of the trouble brewing every which way, Harry and the others were still living their lives as normal as possible. It was a few days before the summer holiday was over and Harry was fortunate enough to be rescued from his horrid aunt and uncle by Dumbledore and was brought to the Weasleys' home. Hermione was there as well as Fleur Delacour from Beauxbatons. She was engaged to the oldest Weasley sibling Bill who worked at Gringotts. As for Harry, so many things were running through his head at that moment. He had lost his Godfather to Bellatrix Lestrange, Siliveya had gone missing, he inherited Grimmald place, and he now had two house elves serving him. Harry's thoughts wandered to what happened when Dumbledore came to retrieve him.

Harry was in his room snoring loudly with his face pressed up against the window pane. His room was one big cluttered mess of owl feathers, apple cores and a group of newspapers that sat on his desk. The headlines talked about Harry being the Chosen One and on the other side was another headline explaining about how Cornelius Fudge was being replaced by Rufus Scrimgeour for Minister of Magic.

Finally the alarm went off and Harry groggily sat up. The night before he had received a letter from Dumbledore who said he wanted to take him to the Weasleys and would be showing up at eleven p.m. Harry was not going to pass up a chance at leaving the Dursleys' anti-magic domicial so he quickly got his things together in anticipation for Dumbledore's arrival.

At last Dumbledore did show up and now everyone was seated in the living room as Dumbledore told Harry some very important news.

"Well, Harry.", Dumbledore said turning to him. "A difficulty has arisen which I hope you will solve for us. By us, I mean the Order of the Phoenix. But first of all I must tell you that Sirius' will was discovered a week ago and that he left you everything he owned.", he informed.

"Oh, right.", Harry simply replied.

"This is in the main, fairly straightforward. You add a reasonable amount of gold to your account at Gringotts, and you inherit all of

Sirius' personal possessions. The slightly problematic part of the legacy. Sirius left you Grimmald Place.", Dumbledore informed.

"You can keep using it for headquarters I don't want it.", Harry replied.

"Well there is a small chance that you won't have to for you see Sirius was the last of the pureblooded line so chances are there is an enchantment that keeps non-pureblooded wizards from inheriting it.", Dumbledore explained.

"How can you be sure?", Harry asked.

"Kreacher.", Dumbledore called.

Suddenly the creepy house elf that Harry encountered before in Grimmald place appeared in front of them.

"Won't, won't. Kreacher won't. Kreacher belongs to Bellatrix Lestrange. Kreacher won't serve filthy half-blood.", Kreacher ranted shaking his head disapprovingly.

"I don't want him.", Harry said firmly.

It was then another popping sound was heard and Ellie stood there in her green suit.

"Mr. Potter, Ellie has finally found you.", Ellie said standing next to Kreacher who kept shaking his head stubbornly.

"Won't, won't, won't.", Kreacher repeated over and over.

"Ellie?", Harry said confused before he remembered. "Hang on, your Siliveya's elf.", he realized.

"Yes. Ellie has been sent here to aid you in your cause. Ellie promises not to be a burden, Ellie only wants to look after Harry Potter.", Ellie informed.

"Won't, won't, won't, won't.", Kreacher continued to say.

"Did Siliveya send you? Where is she? Is she alright?", Harry asked frantically.

“Ellie does not know sir. Ellie is only here to help you.”, Ellie answered.

“Kreacher won’t, won’t, won’t!”, Kreacher shouted.

“Enough Kreacher.”, Dumbledore said firmly.

“Well I still don’t want him. So Kreacher I want to work in the Hogwarts kitchens that way the other elves can keep an eye on you.”, Harry ordered.

“Yes, master.”, Kreacher said distastefully as he snapped his fingers and disappeared.

“What about Ellie Mr. Potter?”, Ellie questioned.

“Um, well I suppose you could go to the Hogwarts kitchens as well. School will be starting soon enough.”, Harry suggested.

“All right, Ellie will wait for you.”, Ellie said happily as she disappeared as well.

Harry was brought out of his thoughts by Ron pestering his mother.

“Keep that up Ronald and you won’t be going to the joke shop at all.”, Mrs. Weasley stated firmly.

Harry shook his head and returned to his wandering mind. During his time with the Weasleys' he mostly played Quidditch in their field. They received the results for their O.W.L.s, which Harry did surprisingly well on. He was also granted the honor of being the Gryffindor Quidditch captain. Harry had found it odd that Siliveya's house elf was told to serve him. Was Siliveya the one who did it? If so did that mean she was still alive somewhere out there? And if that's the case then does that mean that Dumbledore was right and Voldemort was holding her captive where ever he was? Harry merely sighed before turning his attention back to his friends.

Strangely enough, Harry had felt a small attraction to Ginny, but everything in his mind was telling him that she was off limits. He was

Ron's best friend and there's no way Ron would let him date his little sister.

In the meantime everyone floo powdered to Diagon Alley to do their school shopping and more importantly to finally see how Fred and George's joke shop was doing. On their first stop Harry, Ron, and Hermione went to Madame Malkins with Hagird for their new dress robes.

“..not a child in case you haven’t noticed mother, I’m perfectly capable of doing my own school shopping.”, they heard Draco’s voice complain.

“Now dear, your mother’s quite right, it’s far too dangerous now a days for us to be wandering around on our own.”, Madame Malkin stated as she worked on Draco’s school robes.

“Hey watch where you’re sticking those pins!!”, Draco scolded.

It was a few moments before Draco took notice of Harry, Ron, and Hermione and he narrowed his eyes at them.

“If you’re wondering what the smell is mother, a Mudblood just walked in.”, Draco sneered.

“There is no need for language like that and I don’t want wands drawn either.”, Madame Malkin said looking at Harry and Ron who both had their wands out.

“No Harry it’s not worth it.”, Hermione reasoned.

“Yeah, like you’d dare use magic outside school.”, Draco stated.

“That’s enough...Madam please.”, Madame Malkin said looking over her shoulder at Narcissa.

“Put those away.”, Narcissa said coldly to Harry and Ron. “You will not attack my son again otherwise it’ll be the last thing you ever do.”, she threatened.

“Really.”, Harry challenged stepping forward. “Going to get a few of your death eater friends to come after us will you.”, he stated firmly.

It was then that Harry saw something appear behind Narcissa and Draco. At first he only saw a pair of legs, but later on he saw...Siliveya. She casually walked by while sharing a glance with Harry before leaning against the wall with her arms crossed. Frustrated, Narcissa as well as Draco and the others turned to the direction Harry was gawking at. However there was nobody there.

“What are you staring at Potter?”, Narcissa questioned eying him strangely.

Harry looked back and Siliveya was still there. She gave him a small wave before walking directly in front of Ron and Hermione who took no notice of her and exited the shop.

“Cat got your tongue Potter?”, Draco taunted.

“I see that being Dumbledore’s favorite has given you a false sense of security. But Dumbledore won’t always be there to protect you.”, Narcissa spat.

“Well he’s not here now, so why don’t we have a go right here? I’m sure they have another cell in Azkaban for to be in right next to your husband.”, Harry said confidently not lowering his wand.

Draco tried to charge at Harry, but indeed up tripping over his robes causing Ron to laugh.

“Don’t talk to my mother like that Potter!”, Draco snarled angrily.

“It’s alright Draco.”, Narcissa reassured. “I’m sure Potter will be reunited with Sirius before I am reunited with Lucius.”, she added.

Harry raised his wand higher despite Hermione’s pleas for him to stop. Meanwhile Madame Malkin continued to fix Draco’s robes.

“Ouch! Watch where you putting those pins woman!”, Draco shouted. “Mother I don’t think I want these anymore.”, he said taking the robes off.

“You’re absolutely right Draco.”, Narcissa agreed looking at Hermione. “Now I know the kind of scum that shops here. We’ll do better and Twilfitt and Tatting’s.”, she snuffed.

Draco and his mother left the shop allowing Harry, Ron, and Hermione to get their robes fitted. Afterwards they met up with Mr. and Mrs. Weasley and proceeded to Fred and George’s joke shop. When they found it the shop was buzzing with activity.

Harry, Ron, and Hermione found one object that proved quite interesting.

“Patented Daydream charms?”, Ron said curiously.

“One simple incantation and you will enter a top quality, highly realistic, thirty-minute daydream. Easy to fit in average school lesson and high undetectable. (side affects include vacant expressions and minor drooling.)Not for sale to under-sixteens.”, Hermione read. “You know that is really extraordinary magic.”, she complimented.

“And for that Hermione, you can have one free.”, Fred said walking up to them.

Fred greeted everyone else and decided to give Harry a tour.

“Um Fred tell me, have you seen or heard from Siliveya at all?”, Harry asked curiously.

“No. Last time I saw her was when we left Hogwarts and she joined the Order.”, Fred answered. “She’s gone missing hasn’t she?”, he clarified.

“Yes...”, Harry faltered.

Soon Fred and George, who showed up later, were distracted by Ginny and Harry returned to Ron and Hermione. It was then they saw Draco walking by alone.

“What’s he up too?”, Harry questioned aloud.

“Must be important if he had to sneak away from his mummy dearest.”, Ron commented.

“Come on let’s follow him.”, Harry taking out his invisibility cloak.

“But Harry…”, Hermione said.

“If Malfoy’s up to something it can’t be anything good. Now let’s hurry before he gets away.”, Harry persuaded.

The three of them put on Harry’s cloak followed Draco into Knockturn Alley. They watched as Draco entered a shop by the name of Borgin and Burkes. Ron conveniently pulled out a pair of Fred and George’s extendable ears so they could listen in from outside the shop.

“...you know how to fix it?”, they heard Draco ask.

“Possibly.”, Borgin the shopkeeper replied. “I’ll need to see it though. Could you bring in?”, he questioned.

“I can’t. It’s got to stay put. I just need to tell me how to do it.”, Draco demanded.

“Well without seeing it I must say it will be very difficult. Maybe impossible. I do not guarantee anything.”, Borgin answered.

“No? perhaps this will make you more confident.”, Draco bribed handing the shopkeeper a stack of gold coins.

“Tell anyone and there will be retribution”, Draco threatened. “You know Fenrir Greyback? He’s a family friend and he’ll be making weekly visits to make sure you’re giving the problem the proper attention.”, he informed.

“There will be no need for...”, Borgin reasoned.

“I’ll be the judge of that.”, Draco interrupted. Well I’d better be off. And don’t forget to keep that one safe, I’ll need it.”, he reminded.

“Perhaps you’d like to take it now.”, Borgin offered.

“No of course I wouldn’t you stupid little man.”, Draco snapped. “How would I look carrying that down the street? Just don’t sell it.”, he ordered.

“Of course not sir.”, Borgin replied bowing low.

“Not a word to anyone Borgin and that includes my mother understand?”, Draco demanded.

“Naturally naturally.”, Borgin replied bowing once more.

Draco exited the shop and went on his way never noticing Harry, Ron, and Hermione under the cloak.

“What was that about?”, Ron questioned aloud.

“Dunno. He wanted something mended...he wanted to reserve something there. Could you see what he pointed to when he said *that one?*”, Harry asked.

“No.”, Ron replied.

“You two stay here.”, Hermione said coming out from under the cloak.

“What are you...?”, Ron inquired but Hermione was already gone.

Hermione entered the shop and tried to wheedle information out of Borgin to figure out what Draco was after only to get kicked out.

“Ah well worth a try.”, Ron said. “Though you were a bit obvious.”, he stated.

“Well next time you can show me how it’s done of Master of Mystery!”, Hermione chastised.

“Come on let’s head back.”, Harry said.

The three teens returned to Diagon Alley. Unknowing to them Siliveya appeared in front of Borgin and Burkes with a note pad floating beside her and a quill quickly writing things down.

"Well the plan is set, the pawns are in their places...let the games begin.", Siliveya said aloud smirking.

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Next Time:

It's time to return to Hogwarts once again. Professor Snape has been finally granted his wish as the new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, and a new Potions teacher has been established, Professor Slughorn. Meanwhile Harry is ever more suspicious of Draco's activities and thoughts of Siliveya's status and whereabouts plague him further when she shows up on the Hogwarts Express.

Chapter Seventy Five-The Trouble On The Train

The day to return to Hogwarts was here and everyone was at platform nine and three quarters boarding the Hogwarts Express. While the others were boarding the train Harry took the time to go over to Mr. Weasley.

“Mr. Weasley may I have a quick word?”, Harry asked after he approached him.

“Of course.”, Mr. Weasley replied turning to him.

“When we were in Diagon Alley...”, Harry started to explain.

“Am I about to discover where you three wandered off to when you were supposed to be in the back room of Fred and George’s shop?”, Mr. Weasley questioned knowingly.

“How did you?”, Harry asked a little surprised.

“Harry please, you’re talking to the man who raised Fred and George.”, Mr. Weasley informed.

“Well we followed Draco Malfoy in my invisibility cloak.”, Harry continued. “We thought he was up to something.”, he added.

“Of course you did.”, Mr. Weasley said. “Did you fine out why?”, he asked.

“He went into Borgin and Burkes. And started bullying the bloke in there, Borgin, to help him fix something, and he wanted to have Borgin keep something for him like they were a pair.”, Harry explained. “There’s something else, we saw Malfoy jump when Madame Malkin tried to touch his left arm. I think he’s replaced his father as a death eater.”, Harry concluded.

“Harry I doubt You-Know-Who would allow a sixteen year old...”, Mr. Weasley said disbelievingly.

“How would anyone know what You-Know-Who would do?”, Harry argued. “I’m sorry, but isn’t it worth investigating?”, he inquired.

"I doubt it for when Lucius Malfoy was arrested we raided his house and we didn't find anything.", Mr. Weasley replied.

"I think you missed something.", Harry stated.

"Well maybe." Mr. Weasley said still not convinced. "You'd better hurry.", he said seeing that the train was ready to leave soon.

Harry nodded and left to board the train with Ron and Hermione. However while he was while walking he stuck his hand absentmindedly in the pocket of his jacket only to feel a piece of paper that wasn't there before. Harry stopped and pulled it out. There was writing on it saying To Harry Potter. Curious of what it was Harry opened up he folded piece of paper.

Whatever you think is right. Whatever others doubt is wrong. Trust your instincts.

-PBP

"Harry come on the train's leaving.", Harry heard Hermione call after him.

Harry quickly stuffed the note in his pocket, and rushed onto the train. Harry, Ron, and Hermione got in a compartment, and Harry began talking about his suspicions of Draco, which the two were getting greatly tired of. The thing Harry didn't bring up was him seeing Siliveya in Madame Malkin's shop went they went to Diagon Alley. She was clearly standing in the room for everyone else to notice, but he was the only one who saw her. Siliveya even walked in front of Ron and Hermione who both acted like they didn't see her at all. It was so confusing. No one had a clue as to where Siliveya was or if she was alive. Maybe it was just his mind playing tricks on him. Yeah, that had to be it. Then there was that note. Who had left it in his pocket when there was no one around or close enough to do it? And the note sounded like the person knew what he was thinking about. And who was *PBP*? All those questions and more racked the back of Harry's brain as he continued his conversation with Hermione and Ron.

“Yes, we’ve already agreed that it was fishy Harry.” Hermione answered with her nose in a book about translating runes.

“Maybe he’s broken his Hand of Glory?”, Ron suggested. “Remember what Malfoy said?”, he added.

“But what about when he said don’t forget to keep that one safe? That sounded to me like Borgin’s got another one of the broken objects, and Malfoy wants both.”, Harry argued.

“You reckon?”, Ron clarified.

“Yeah I do. Malfoy’s father is in Azkaban, don’t you think Malfoy would like revenge?”, Harry wondered aloud.

“Malfoy get revenge? What can he do about it?”, Hermione asked curiously.

“I don’t know but his father’s a death eater so that means he could be taking his place!”, Harry concluded.

“Malfoy? He’s sixteen Harry, you think You-Know-Who would let him join?”, Hermione retorted.

“In Madame Malkin’s he didn’t want her to touch his left arm because he was branded with the dark mark.”, Harry answered.

“I’m not sure Harry.”, Ron doubted.

“Yeah I still think that You-Know-Who wouldn’t have let Malfoy join...”, Hermione agreed.

“Wish the lunch trolley would hurry up.”, Ron whined thinking of his rumbling stomach. “By the way, Malfoy’s not doing prefect duty. I saw him sitting in his compartment with the other Slytherins”, he informed.

“What did he do when he saw you?”, Harry asked.

“The usual.”, Ron replied simply. “Not like him though is it? I wonder why he isn’t he out there bullying the first years?”, he questioned aloud.

“Maybe he preferred the Inquisitorial squad. Maybe being a prefect seems a bit tame after that.”, Hermione suggested.

“I don’t think so maybe he’s...”, Harry began to say when a third year girl showed up in their compartment.

She gave Harry a letter, which said he was invited to a small party with the new teacher Mr. Slughorn in his compartment. Harry decided to go and left their compartment. On the way there he saw Cho who ducked out of the way of his sight. He wondered what he ever saw in her in the first place. Once again his thoughts drifted back to Siliveya, his missing EX-girlfriend. It had been all his fault that their relationship ended, he realized that now. And yet even though she left him behind he can’t stop thinking about her. It was like he was forever cursed to think about the girl he pushed away. Harry reached Slughorn’s compartment and found a few other students there as well. There was Blaise Zabini from Slytherin, two other students he didn’t know, Neville, and Ginny.

It didn’t matter though for Slughorn introduced everyone and asked everyone a bunch of questions. Most of the party was tense mainly because of Blaise’s presence, and Slytherins and Gryffindors don’t mix. When the party was over Harry, Neville, and Ginny were exiting the compartment when a thought popped into Harry’s mind. Blaise was no doubt heading back to the compartment Draco was in. If Harry was fast enough he could sneak in and spy on Draco.

“I’ll see you two later.”, Harry said quickly walking off.

“But what are you?”, Neville asked confused.

“Later.”, Harry said once more.

Harry whipped out his invisibility cloak and hastily put it on as he followed Blaise. He was able to follow him all the way to the compartment door, but Harry had to put his foot in the way to keep Blaise from closing it.

“What’s wrong with this thing?”, Blaise said confused as he kept trying to close the door making it constantly slam on Harry’s foot.

Quivering at the new aching pain in his foot, Harry slammed the door open causing Blaise to fall into Goyle's lap. During the frantic event Harry was able to climb up to the luggage holder above their seats, but he felt his cloak flap open on the way. When he got himself situated he saw Draco lying across the seats with his head in Pansy's lap who was tenderly stroking his hair. The unsettling part was that Draco was staring in the direction Harry had to jump to and to his relief he shrugged it off.

"So Zabini what did Slughorn want?", Draco asked turning his attention to him.

"Just trying to make up to well-connected people.", Blaise answered much to Draco's displeasure.

"Who else had he invited?", Draco questioned.

"McClaggen from Gryffindor.", Blaise replied. "Someone else called Belby from Ravenclaw, Longbottom, Potter, and that Weasley girl.", he finished.

"He invited Longbottom!", Draco said partly shocked and angry.

"Well I assume so since he was there.", Blaise said simply.

"What's Longbottom got to interest Slughorn?", Draco scoffed. "Potter precious potter obviously he wanted a look at the Chosen One.", he spat venomously.

"Aw what's a matter Malfoy? Jealous?", Siliveya's voice rang through the compartment.

Suddenly Siliveya appeared in the seat next to Draco's feet. Strangely enough within the safety of his hiding place in the dark spot up above Harry didn't see her.

"Siliveya?!", Draco said a bit shocked and surprised while sitting.

It was then that Harry's eyes perked up, Siliveya was here. But when his eyes scanned the compartment Harry couldn't find her anywhere. What was going on?

“How nice of you to join us.”, Draco said slyly as he switched sides and laid down with his head in Siliveya’s lap.

“Must I tell you to not touch me every time we cross paths?”, Siliveya said disgusted and annoyed as she shoved Draco onto the floor.

Pansy quickly scurried to help Draco up while Siliveya moved from her spot over to Blaise and sat in his lap.

“This seat taken?”, Siliveya said flirtatiously as caressed her index finger over Blaise’s jaw line.

Blaise merely eyed her up and down too caught off guard to directly respond.

“Nnno. Go...ahead.”, Blaise stammered nervously.

“What are you doing here?! And how dare you shove my Drakey that way! I should give you fifty detentions right now!”, Pansy scolded as she brought Draco back into her lap and began stroking his hair once more.

“That’s funny cause I thought prefects could only give detentions to students? And since I’m no longer a student I don’t see how you could possibly do that.”, Siliveya laughed.

“You’re not a student anymore? But you’re only sixteen!”, Pansy chastised.

“I left the school last year remember? Or were you too oblivious to notice as you usually are.”, Siliveya retorted coolly.

“So what have you been up to? After all the news has spread in the Daily Prophet about your disappearance.”, Draco asked.

“I’ve been here and there. Can’t really say...but if you’re so curious Malfoy why don’t you ask that darling mother of yours?”, Siliveya replied saying the last part with extreme sarcasm.

“You’re up to something again, aren’t you?”, Draco inquired suspiciously.

“And so what if I am? It’s none of your business. Now I’m incredibly tired so you can continue with whatever you were drawling on about before.”, Siliveya said waving him off.

Draco glared at her with annoyance, but realized that it was lost cause to try and argue so he turned to the others. Meanwhile Harry was confused as ever. Everyone was talking to someone, but he couldn’t see them. Was it really Siliveya they were talking too? Harry just wasn’t sure.

“Well I pity Slughorn’s taste, maybe he’s going a bit senile. Shame my father always said he was good in his day. Slughorn probably hadn’t heard I’m on the train.”, he ranted annoyed.

“I wouldn’t bank on an invitation, he asked me about Nott’s father when I first arrived. They used to be old friends but when he had heard he was caught at the Ministry he didn’t look happy. Nott didn’t get an invitation.”, Blaise explained uneasily as Siliveya leaned against his chest.

“Whatever, who cares what he’s interested in. Come on what is he anyway...just some stupid teacher.”, Draco sneered. “I mean I might not even be at Hogwarts next year so who cares.”, he added nonchalantly.

“What do you mean you won’t be at Hogwarts next year?”, Pansy questioned upset.

“Well you never know, I might have...moved on to bigger and better things”, Draco commented smugly with a smirk growing on his face.

Crabbe, Goyle, Pansy, and even Blaise were both shocked and interested at what Draco was hinting at. Siliveya however grew her own smirk as she opened her eyes and glanced in Draco’s direction.

“Do you mean *Him*?”, Pansy inquired curiously.

“Mother wants me to complete my education, but personally I don’t see how important that is these days. When the Dark Lord takes over is he going to care how many O.W.L.s or N.E.W.T.s anyone’s got. Of

course he isn't. It's about the kind of service he received and the length of devotion he was shown.", Draco concluded.

"And you think you'll be able to do something for him? Sixteen years old and not even fully qualified yet?", Blaise questioned disbelievingly.

"I've just said it haven't I? Maybe he doesn't care if I'm qualified? Maybe the job he wants me to do isn't something that you need to be qualified for?", Draco argued.

"That's for sure.", Siliveya commented aloud. "But you got one thing right Malfoy...Moldyvort doesn't care about your grades. However he does care about FAILURE, so I would make sure to stay on task if I were you.", she said eying Draco suggestively.

"Moldyvort?", Pansy questioned with one eyebrow raised.

"Oh would you look at the time, I can see Hogwarts. Later...much.", Siliveya said ignoring Pansy completely as she vanished from sight.

"I hate her!", Pansy huffed.

"Well she's right we are getting close, we should change.", Draco said.

Everyone proceeded with changing into their robes. Harry was still up in his hiding spot confused as ever. He had never heard Siliveya talking or saw her, he only saw everyone's reactions, it was too odd. Unfortunately Harry was so lost in his thoughts that he didn't notice Crabbe swinging his suitcase over. Harry let out a yelp when Crabbe's suitcase whacked him over the head. It was then that Draco's eyes snapped and glued directly to the spot Harry was in. Harry held his breath and sighed in relief when he thought that Draco had let it go.

Soon the train stopped and everyone was leaving the train. Harry however had to remain stationary waiting for Draco and the others to leave. Blaise opened the door and left with Crabbe and Goyle.

"Pansy go on ahead without me, I have to check something real quick.", Draco said to Pansy who was waiting for him at the door.

Harry watched as Pansy left and Draco returned to his suitcase. Was he finally going to see what Draco was hiding? Not really.

“*Petrificus Totalus!*”, Draco shouted pointing his wand right at Harry.

Harry’s body froze causing him to fall from his hiding spot onto the floor. His cloak had come off revealing him completely.

“I thought so.”, Draco said smirking. “I heard you yell and I knew I saw a pair feet dangling in the air. You didn’t hear anything of importance that I worried about Potter. And as you’ve surely seen Siliveya is clearly not on your side anymore.”, he sneered. “But while I’ve got you here…”, he said as he took his foot and smashed Harry’s face in.

Harry felt his nose break and blood came oozing out, but he could do nothing to stop it.

“That’s from my father.”, Draco said angrily before taking Harry’s cloak and completely covering him with it. “No one will find you now, and by the time anyone notices you’re gone you’ll be on your way back to London. See you later Potter, or maybe not.”, he laughed leaving the compartment.

Harry was trapped for he still couldn’t move and he had no access to his wand. His nose was getting worse, but there was nothing he could do. His mind then drifted back to what Draco said.

“So Siliveya was here, but how come I couldn’t hear her or see her? And Malfoy thought that I could so then what’s going on?”, Harry thought baffled.

With his luck there would be a chance that Hermione or Ron would notice his absence too late and he would be halfway back to London by the time they did. It was then that he suddenly felt the cloak being lifted off of him, however Harry didn’t see or hear anyone. Next there was a large rapping noise on the window like someone was banging on it, but Harry still saw no one.

“Harry?”, he heard a voice say a few moments later.

Tonks appeared at the compartment door and helped Harry up. She fixed his broken nose and escorted him off the train.

“Who did this?”, Tonks asked.

“Malfoy.”, Harry answered.

“Well it was a good thing that you banging on that window otherwise I might’ve found you too late.”, Tonks stated.

“I wasn’t banging on the window, I couldn’t move. Wasn’t that you?”, Harry questioned confused.

“No I was checking the train station for you when I heard a large noise like someone hitting the glass.”, Tonks replied.

That was odd. Someone had pulled the cloak off of Harry before Tonks had showed up. And if neither he nor Tonks made that noise who did?

Chapter Seventy Six- The Half Blood Prince

Tonks successfully escorted Harry to castle and from there Snape showed up at the gate to take Harry the rest of the way.

“Fifty points from Gryffindor for lateness I think and another twenty for muggle attire. I don’t believe any house has ever been on the negative figures this early in the year, I think you might have set a record Potter. Professor Snape stated. “I suppose you wanted to make an entrance did you? And with no flying car available you decided to come halfway way through the feast to make an entrance.”, he sneered.

Harry just remained quiet and scowled to himself. When they reached the Great Hall Harry returned to Gryffindor table and sat by Ron and Hermione.

“Harry, what happened we’ve been terrified!”, Hermione asked worriedly noticing his face.

“I’ll tell you later”, Harry replied.

“But.”, Hermione said pushing the subject.

“Not now Hermione.”, Harry said firmly. “Dumbledore mention Voldemort at all?”, he then asked

“Not yet he always saves his proper speech for after the feast doesn’t he?”, Hermione stated.

Dumbledore stood up and gained the attention of the school.

“The very best of evenings to you!”, Dumbledore greeted smiling broadly. “Now to our new students welcome, and to our old students welcome back! Another magical education awaits you!”, he continued.

“What happened to his hand.”, Hermione gasped looking at Dumbledore’s shriveled black left hand.

“His hand was like that when I saw him over the summer.”, Harry commented.

“We are pleased to welcome a new member of our staff, Professor Slughorn who is a former colleague and will return to his old post as Potions Master.”, Dumbledore announced.

“Potions?”, Hermione and Ron said together in unison.

“Harry but you said...”, Ron questioned.

“Professor Snape meanwhile has been appointed the position of Defense Against the Dark Arts Professor.”, Dumbledore informed.

“No!”, Harry spoke out gaining the attention of most of the Hall.

Professor Snape was an evil Death Eater in Harry’s eyes, how could Dumbledore be so blind as to allow him to teach the most dangerous subject. Harry glanced over at the Slytherin table seeing Malfoy laugh and mimic a broken nose; no doubt he already spread his story to his friends. Like the previous year, the Hermione, Ron, and Malfoy remained prefects. However now Parkinson was the new girl Slytherin prefect in Siliveya’s absence. He never realized before, but the school seemed a little duller now that she was missing. Soon the feast ended and everyone left for their common rooms. Harry called Ron over and once everyone else was going they started talking.

“What really happened to your nose?”, Ron asked. “I saw Malfoy miming something to do with a nose.”, he added.

“Yeah well, never mind that. Listen to what he was saying before he found out I was there.”, Harry replied as he explained what happened on the train.

“Come on Harry, he was just showing off for Parkinson. What kind of mission would You-Know-Who have given him?”, Ron inquired disbelievingly.

“How do you know Voldemort doesn’t need someone at Hogwarts? It wouldn’t be the first.”, Harry argued.

“Yeah, well it still doesn’t seem very believable Harry.”, Ron stated firmly.

“Fine Ron, but aside from Malfoy something else has been going on too.”, Harry added.

“What?”, Ron asked.

“Siliveya’s was there on the train, heard Malfoy talking to her.”, Harry answered.

“But she disappeared when we were at the Ministry. One of the death eaters took, there’s no way she...”, Ron replied.

“Well the other funny thing is... Siliveya was also there that day we were at Madame Malkins’ in Diagon Alley. She was in the room when we were fighting with Malfoy and his mother. She even walked right in front of you and Hermione. And to add to the strangeness of it all on the train, the only reason I knew she was there was because Malfoy and his friends kept saying her name. Cause when I was spying on them I couldn’t hear or see Siliveya anywhere.”, Harry explained.

“Hang on I never saw Siliveya in Madame Malkins’ shop. And how could she have been invisible to them and not you.”, Ron questioned.

“I thought it was my imagination, but when Malfoy broke my nose he mentioned her again saying that she was on their side.”, Harry explained.

“Are you sure you’re not just imagining it?

Harry sighed there was no use pushing the matter further, and he didn’t know how else to make Ron understand. Harry then remembered the note his was given.

Whatever you think is right. Whatever others doubt is wrong. Trust your instincts.

Is this what *PBP* meant? Harry was full of these suspicions and hunches that no one else believed. Whoever they were they were telling him to keep up with his ideas, his ideas about Malfoy.

“If that’s the case then Malfoy must REALLY be up to something.”, Harry thought to himself as he and Ron headed upstairs to the boys’ dorm.

The next day was the first day of classes. With the new Potions teacher the bar had been lowered for those who had at least got an E on their O.W.L.’s potions teacher, and so they could take the N.E.W.T. level. This included Harry and Ron who had assumed that their potion lesson were finished for the rest of their time at Hogwarts. Unfortunately for them, their first class was Defense Against the Dark Arts, meaning a round of torture from Professor Snape.

“I have not ask you to take out your books.”, Professor Snape as he entered the room. “You have had five teachers in this subject I believe.”, he stated.

“You believe? Like you haven’t watched those teachers come and go waiting for your chance to be next?”, Harry thought annoyed as he glared at him.

“Naturally these teachers will all have had their own methods and priorities. Given the confusion I am surprised that many of you scraped an owl in this subject. I shall be even more surprised if you all mange to keep up with your N.E.W.T. work, which will be more, advanced. The Dark Arts are many varied, ever changing, and eternal. Fighting them is like fighting a many-headed monster, each time a head is served the neck sprouts a head even fiercer than before. You are fighting which is unfixed, mutating, an indestructible.”, Professor Snape informed.

In the middle of Professor Snape speech Harry noticed a figure walk down the steps from the office above the classroom, and the figure that stopped at the bottom step was none other than Siliveya. Harry glanced around the room and no one else had seemed to take notice of her, not even Snape. In defeat he put his head back down thinking it was his imagination, but when he glanced up she was still there. This time however she was sitting on the teacher’s desk mimicking Professor Snape’s movements in a mocking kind of way. Harry put a hand over his mouth to keep from laughing, but he still felt like he was going completely insane.

“Your defenses must therefore be flexible and inventive as the you seek to undo. These pictures...give a fair presentation of what happens to those who suffer for instance the cruciatus curse., feel the Dementors Kiss, or provoke the aggression of the Inferius.”, Professor Snape indicated pointing to the pictures hung on the wall.

“Has an Inferius been seen then?”, Parvati asked.

“The Dark Lord has used Inferi in the past, which means you would be well-advised to assume he might use them again. Now you are I believe complete novices in the use of nonverbal spells. What is the advantage of a non-verbal spell?”, Snape asked looking around the room to avoid a certain Gryffindor’s hand.

Harry then saw Siliveya lazily raise her hand in the air, but Professor Snape took no notice of her. Harry remembered the countless times Snape would use Siliveya to avoid picking on Hermione. But it didn’t matter either way Siliveya was just as smart as Hermione was, even though Hermione would never admit to it.

“Very well Miss Granger?”, Professor Snape called on not having any other choice.

“Your adversary has no warning about what kind of magic you’re about to perform, which gives you a split second advantage.”, Hermione answered proudly with head held high in the air.

“An answer copied almost word for word from the Standard Book of Spells Grade Six.”, Professor Snape said boredly.

Siliveya began to laugh at the scene and mentioned how Hermione still hasn’t learned. It was at this that Harry perked up. He could hear her voice, and she reacting to what was going on in the room. That meant she was real, he wasn’t going crazy, she was right there. Meanwhile Professor Snape saw Seamus raise his hand.

“What is it Mr. Finnegan?”, he inquired.

“Sir, I’ve been wondering, how do you tell the difference between an Inferi and a ghost? “, Seamus questioned.

“Siliveya!”, Harry called out loud disrupting the class with his eyes fixated in the spot she was sitting at.

Siliveya however didn’t respond and looked everywhere but Harry’s direction as though he were invisible to her. Harry’s jaw drooped at the fact that he couldn’t communicate with her

“What are you gawking at Potter? And if you haven’t noticed Ms. Hexington isn’t here, you above all people should no something as simple as that.”, Professor Snape chastised before turning to the rest of the class. “Since Potter is so keen on speaking out of turn perhaps he can shed some light on the subject. Let us ask Potter how we would tell the difference between an Inferius and a ghost?”, he added glaring down at him.

“Er...well ghost are transparent. Inferi are dead bodies so they would be solid.”, Harry answered nervously.

“A five year old could have told us as much. The inferius is a corpse that has been reanimated by a dark wizard and is used merely as a puppet to do the wizard’s bidding. A ghost is the imprint of a departed soul left upon earth and of course as Potter tells us is transparent.”, Snape sneered.

“Well what Harry said is most useful! If we’re trying to tell them apart! When we come face-to-face with one down a dark alley were going to have a easy time seeing if it’s solid, aren’t we? We’re not going to be asking, *Excuse me are you the imprint of a departed soul?*”, Ron argued causing the rest of the class to laugh.

Everyone was quickly silenced by Snape’s piercing gaze although Siliveya proceeded in her laughter where no one but Harry could here.

“Ten points from Gryffindor.”, Snape ordered.

However when he said this Harry saw Siliveya stand up and give a swift kick to the back of his legs cause Professor Snape to fell to the ground. To everyone else it appeared as though someone cast a trip jinx. Harry then saw Siliveya walk down the aisle to the left of where he and Ron where sitting.

“Good Old Ron, You finally grew a back bone.”, Siliveya congratulated before giving Ron a quick peck on the cheek.

Harry just sat there mortified as Siliveya walked and disappeared to the outside of the classroom. Meanwhile Ron had no reaction as to what she did, although he did subconsciously put a hand to the spot where she kissed him and looked at his hand strangely.

“So Potter you think it’s funny to knock over you Professors?”, Professor Snape snapped.

“But I didn’t...I’m all the way over here.”, Harry argued a little startled for his mind was still focused on where Siliveya had left.

“Detention.”, Professor Snape said firmly.

The rest of the day went a little bit better, for Harry had some popularity with the new Potions teacher Professor Slughorn. That day they had to create their choice of potion, and whoever finished first and did it the most accurately got a bottle of Felix Fleics. It was a lucky potion that would give anyone a full day of luck no matter what. Not originally signed up for N.E.W.T. potions, Harry and Ron had to use used textbooks until their new ones came in the mail.

The book Harry got was very special for when within the edges of its pages with instructions of how to properly create the potion he was making. In the end much to everyone’s dismay, especially Draco and Hermione’s, Harry won and got the lucky potion all to himself. That evening Harry, Ron, and Hermione were in the Gryffindor common room.

“There’s no way you should have been able to do that potion so perfectly, it was all because of that suspicious book. I ought to check that there’s nothing odd about it. I mean all these funny instructions, who knows?”, Hermione suggested snatching the books from Harry’s grasp.

“Hey!”, Harry argued.

“*Specialis Revelio!*”, Hermione said pointing her wand at the book resulting in nothing happening.

“Finished? Or do you want to wait and see if it does back flips?”, Harry chastised snatching it back.

“It seems all right, I mean it really does seem to be just a textbook”, Hermione scoffed.

“Anyway what was with you shouting out Siliveya’s name in the middle of class?

“, Ron asked.

“Remember what I told last night Ron?”, Harry said receiving a nod. “Well it happened again, in Defense Against the Dark Art’s Siliveya was sitting in the classroom.

“No she wasn’t otherwise the rest of us would have seen her.”, Hermione argued.

“But that’s just it, there are times when she’s there and only I can see her, and there are times when I can’t but other people can.”, Harry said as he filled Hermione in on what happened before.

“Are you sure you’re just not imaging it because you miss her so much?”, Hermione commented.

“Yeah, but you had to have noticed today. Cause after Snape docked our points; she was the one who knocked him over. And then she walked over to Ron to congratulate him on what he said to Snape and kissed him on the cheek.”, Harry explained.

“Come to think of it, it was odd that Snape fell over. But he could have just tripped on his own?”, Hermione deducted.

“And I did kind of feel something on my face for second, but I was sure what it was.”, Ron said aloud.

“See it is her!”, Harry said triumphantly.

“But if that’s the case then why doesn’t she just come out and talk to us? Why would she be hiding.”, Hermione questioned.

Harry unfortunately didn't have an answer and dropped the subject. Why was she doing this if that WAS the case. In the meantime he just opened his book again when he noticed something written on the inside of the cover.

This book is the Property of the Half-Blood Prince.

Lifting the book up a bit he saw a note fall out of it.

This isn't the first time people haven't believed you why make it the last?

-PBP

It was another message from PBP. But what did it mean? Harry compared it to the name of the book, but it didn't match so PBP was definitely a different person.

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Next Time:

Harry gets some new lessons from Dumbledore, meanwhile Siliveya quarrels with Snape and big trouble happens during the first Hogmeade trip. See ya soon.

Chapter Seventy Seven- The Spy

It was nighttime and well after curfew, and through the corridors Siliveya boldly walked out in the open. Draped across her shoulders was her loyal pet Cleo who had her head coiled looking forward.

“What are we doing in the castle my Mistress?”, Cleo hissed.

“Visiting.”, Siliveya hissed back. *“Did you find out what I requested?”*, she asked.

“No Nagini does not talk much and won’t reveal any information about the Dark Lord other than the fact that he’s dangerous and powerful.”, Cleo replied.

“Damn we need to be able to find some history on him.”, Siliveya thought annoyed. *“Thank you Cleo, but I need you to keep trying. And just remember not to let them in on what we’re really after.”*, she explained.

“Yes, my Mistress.”, Cleo obeyed.

“Well, well, well, what have we here, a student out of bed.”, Siliveya heard Filch’s voice say from behind her.

Instead of turning around to acknowledge him, Siliveya merely vanished leaving Filch to ponder her whereabouts. Siliveya reappeared in the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom where Professor Snape was steadily writing at his desk in the office. Siliveya headed up the staircase and knocked on the door.

“Come in.”, Snape’s voice drawled.

Siliveya walked in and sat down in one of the chairs. The room was a direct three hundred and sixty-three turn from Umbridge’s interior decorating during fifth year. It was much darker and dimmer and had the same atmosphere as the potions room in the dungeons.

“What are you doing here?”, Professor Snape inquired being a bit shocked by her appearance.

“I just came to see my favorite Godfather.”, Siliveya said sweetly giving Snape big puppy-dog eyes. “Love what you’ve done with the place. I’ll take dark and depressing over pink and fluffy kittens any day.”, she commented.

“I doubt that. You know you’re not supposed to be on school grounds.”, Professor Snape chastised.

“Please, how do you know where I should or should not be?”, Siliveya scoffed.

“Because the Dark Lord informed me of your mission as well.”, Professor Snape replied flatly.

“Oh he did huh? Well you needn’t worry about me for I intend to carry out my mission to the end.”, Siliveya replied.

“Are you sure? You don’t know what that kind of pressure is like. If anything your bleeding heart will get in the way.”, Professor Snape said coldly.

“I’m more than sure. You on the other hand should probably get those robe of yours tailored, unless you want to fall flat on your face in class again.”, Siliveya stated while slightly laughing.

Professor Snape’s face grew stern as he glared up at her.

“How do you know about that?”, Professor Snape snarled.

“I was there.”, Siliveya laughed. “I’ve been all over this castle undetected, and I pick and choose who I allow to see me using this. The lucky winner for today of course was Potter.”, she added pointing to her headdress.

“So Potter wasn’t hallucinating, and it was a kick that I felt when I fell over...you insolent, little...”, Professor Snape sneered growing even more furious by the second.

“You got what you deserved. Harry is MINE to torment not yours. And at the rate I’m going that boy will be so off his rocker they’ll send him away to St. Mungo’s for sure.”, Siliveya explained glaring back at him.

“And your motive for this is because?”, Professor Snape questioned.

“I have my reasons. But enough drabble. I’m here looking for answers and I refuse to leave until I find some. I know Dumbledore trusts you with his plans as much as Moldyvort does. So tell me is Dumbledore planning anything in preparation for the war?”, Siliveya inquired.

“No.”, Professor Snape replied turning his attention back to his work.

“Fine.”, Siliveya huffed while crossing her arms. “*Cleo I have a new task for you.*”, she hissed.

“*Yes my mistress?*”, Cleo asked.

“*There’s only one way we’re going to find out what information we need about my worthless cousin. I need you to spy on Harry Potter. I want to know what he’s up to, and more importantly I want to know any information that transpires between him and Dumbledore.*”, Siliveya ordered.

“*Of course my Mistress.*”, Cleo obeyed as she slithered off of Siliveya’s shoulder.

“*Oh and one more thing. The students should be in bed by now. Please pay young Master Malfoy a visit for me.*”, Siliveya added winking at her pet snake with a smirk on her face.

“What are you up to now?”, Professor Snape questioned.

“Nothing you should concern yourself about.”, Siliveya replied smirking at him.

“Tell me, whatever happened to that shy, innocent Makko?”, Professor Snape sneered.

“She grew up like everyone does. Isn’t that right Snivelous?”, Siliveya said sternly before standing up and leaving the office.

Over the next few months everything was uneventful. Cleo did as she was ordered and slithered her way through Hogwarts’ walls as she followed Harry’s every move. Siliveya chose Harry as a target,

because she knew that Cleo would be able to understand him when he spoke. Unfortunately all the information she was getting so far were Harry's obsessions over Draco, Quidditch, and some potions book that once belonged to someone known as the Half-Blood Prince. It wasn't until a late Friday evening in winter that Siliveya was given some interesting news. Siliveya was out by the black lake enjoying the moonlit sky when Cleo slithered up beside her.

"Hmm the moon is so close to being full tonight. Even now after everything that's happened thus far, I can still feel a deep connection to its spiritual power.", Siliveya thought as she closed her eyes and let her mind wander.

"*My Mistress!*", Cleo called out.

"Yes.", Siliveya answered opening her eyes.

"*I have more information, this one involves Dumbledore.*", Cleo replied.

"*Spill.*", Siliveya hissed adamantly.

"*Well it appears that Potter is getting private lessons from Dumbledore about the Dark Lord. So far I've heard a clear discussion about the Giants. Marvolo Guant who was the Dark Lord's grandfather, and his mother Merope and father Tom Riddle who was a muggle.*", Cleo informed.

"*That's right dearest cousin is a half-blood. I can use this to my advantage later on. Did you overhear anything else?*", Siliveya questioned.

"*They were trying to decipher the Potter boy's prophecy. Then there was something to do with a ring...Marvolo Guant's ring. Dumbledore said he was wearing it when he injured his hand.*", Cleo added.

"*Hmm I know nothing of any ring. But that's worth looking further into. As for Potter's prophecy...I don't really see anything to worry about. Cleo I want you to keep following Harry in case he has another one of these sessions with Dumbledore.*", Siliveya hissed. "With luck I'll find

out just what I need to kill three birds with one stone.", she thought smirking.

Chapter Seventy Eight- The Future Successor

It was the next day, a cold winter day to be exact. Snow was everywhere and the students of Hogwarts got all bundled up so they could take the weekend trip to Hogsmeade. Unknowing to them Siliveya was watching their every move. She was sitting on the edge of a cliff that overlooked the grounds. Her eyes continued to scan over every person that left the safety of the castle, when her gaze finally fell on Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

“Cleo, you know what to do.”, Siliveya ordered.

“Of course my Mistress.”, Cleo hissed obediently.

Cleo slithered off of Siliveya's shoulder and headed in the direction of Harry and the others. While her pet went off to spy, Siliveya apparated to the graveyard where Voldemort's headquarters was located. She appeared just outside of the old Riddle house. It was the same area that she and Harry had been tricked into visiting two years ago during the Triwizard Tournament.

“What are you doing here?”, the annoyed voice of Bellatrix croaked.

“I'm checking in with the Dark Lord. What's it to you?”, Siliveya scoffed.

“You'll slip up sometime, and when you do, I will be there. And I will kill you.”, Bellatrix threatened.

“I'm sure you will. Though I'm not so sure what the Dark Lord will do to you afterwards. Always remember that the pure blood of Salazar Slytherin runs through my veins, blood that the Dark Lord intends to protect.”, Siliveya stated simply, before walking into the old Riddle house.

When she reached the room Voldemort resided in she opened the door. Inside was Voldemort who was sitting in his chair with Nagini close by on the floor.

“Ah, Siliveya. Come in my dear.”, Voldemort ordered gesturing a hand towards the floor.

The moment Siliveya stepped into the room she was met by Voldemort's wand.

"*Crucio!*", Voldemort shouted.

Siliveya fell to the floor from the attack, but she barely moved. All the training she had done with the fake Moody had paid off. Although Siliveya could still feel the pain of the curse, it did not phase her for she had grown numb to the immense stinging sensation that it caused. Bellatrix had entered the room at this moment with a smirk on her face. Voldemort watched Siliveya curiously noticing that she was completely silent and her body merely twitched ever so slightly.

"*Recucio.*", Voldemort said waving his wand.

The pain faded and Siliveya sat up while glaring at Voldemort with dark eyes.

"What is the meaning of this? I have not done anything that would require this reprimand.", Siliveya snapped.

"Silence.", Voldemort ordered looming over her. "Bellatrix tells me that she suspects you of treachery. She says you have been contacting Harry Potter. Is this true?", he demanded as his eyes tried to pierce past hers and into her mind.

Siliveya blocked him completely before opening her mouth to speak.

"It is true I have been stalking Harry Potter, but not for the reason you think. In order for me to properly execute the orders that you have so graciously bestowed upon me, I must spy on other sources to make sure that everything is going according to plan.", Siliveya explained.

"So you are not contacting Potter then?", Voldemort inquired.

"No my Lord.", Siliveya replied while respectfully bowing to him.

"I see.", Voldemort said sending a malevolent, icy glare towards Bellatrix who turned ghostly pale with fear. "*In that case the plan is going accordingly well I presume?*", he questioned in parseltongue turning his attention back to Siliveya.

“Yes, my Lord.”, Siliveya answered in parseltongue as well.

“And as for your orders...”, Voldemort hissed.

“The time for me to execute my orders has not arisen yet. There have been no signs or implications for me to, but I assure you my Lord that when the time does come I will strike without hesitation.”, Siliveya explained.

“Good. I must say Siliveya, you continue to impress me.”, Voldemort commented as he stood up and began to circle her. *“I’ve been studying your actions, and it has come to my notice that you are without a wand. Tell me how is it that you were able to come across such an ability?”*, he questioned.

“I would like to give you a proper explanation my Lord, but for me to do so it would be better to wait for night fall.”, Siliveya replied.

“Nightfall?”, Voldemort said aloud curiously. *“What difference could your magic have at night?”*, he sneered.

“Because that is when the moon will be out. The full moon. It would be required for me to give a proper demonstration.”, Siliveya said aloud.

“Very well. Until nightfall.”, Voldemort permitted.

Soon night had indeed fallen, and a full moon was shining brightly in the sky. Voldemort had brought a handful of his available death eaters to watch and also to put pressure on Siliveya.

“So tell us, what does the moon have to do with your ability.”, Voldemort questioned. *“And give me no lies, otherwise I shall torture you until you do.”*, he added coldly.

“Yes my Lord.”, Siliveya replied bowing as she walked out into the middle of the crowd. *“It is common with most animals that when they are put into a habitat in which they do not belong, they must either learn to adapt so that they may survive or die from weakness. We humans of magical descent are no different. I was no different.”*, she said aloud as she stretched a hand outward.

Siliveya began to sway her back and forth, and as she did the snow turned into water and swirled up into her hand. Siliveya played with the airborne water, and glided it around her form. Afterwards she quickly changed the water into a pile of ice daggers and carelessly tossed them at Pettigrew, who had to duck out of the way.

“Habits are a strange thing. For once they have become engraved into one’s everyday life, new events can sometimes cripple them for they cannot change in order to fit in with the crowd. Sometimes the habit can become permanent. It is nothing but a simple, yet complex battle of mind over matter.”, Siliveya continued to explain as she held her hand out and pointed it at the air. “Avis.”, Siliveya said causing a flock of birds to fly from her hand.

The death eaters applauded while Voldemort leered at her with great distaste. She was easily gaining his followers’ approval. He recalled the prophecy that was created for this witty teenage girl. He had partly listened to it, and knew that she was supposed to replace him. The idea was completely unacceptable, he was the Dark Lord Voldemort, the most powerful sorcerer in the world, and he was not about to lose everything to an insignificant other.

“*Come with me Siliveya.*”, Voldemort demanded in parseltongue as he strode passed her.

Siliveya obediently followed him into the old Riddle house, and back into his chambers. Voldemort sat down in his chair as Siliveya knelt before him.

“*What is it that you require?*”, Siliveya asked.

“*I’ve decided to change the course of your plans. The moment you get the slightest whiff of hesitation or backing down I want you to act upon it immediately.*”, Voldemort ordered.

“*Yes, my Lord.*”, Siliveya replied.

“*Oh and one more thing. If I detect any sense of failure or attempts to elude me on your part, it is you that will be eliminated. Is that understood?*”, Voldemort added.

“Yes, my Lord.”, Siliveya answered giving him one more bow.

“Good, now get out of my sight.”, Voldemort hissed venomously as he waved her away.

Siliveya left the Riddle house and returned to the Hogwarts school grounds. There she met up with Cleo on the outskirts of the school. She was sitting by the black lake, which was frozen enough for anyone or anything to walk across it.

“What have you found out Cleo?”, Siliveya inquired.

“It seems as mishap has befallen one of the students. During their trip in Hogsmeade, one of the Gryffindor girls was attacked by a necklace.”, Cleo replied as she slithered into Siliveya’s lap.

“A necklace?”, Siliveya said confused.

“Yes, the Potter boy, believes that the Malfoy boy was behind it all.”, Cleo informed.

“Hmm, nothing on Voldemort or Dumbledore?”, Siliveya questioned.

“No. Not as of yet, my Mistress.”, Cleo replied.

“I do believe it’s been a while since I’ve paid a certain someone a visit.”, Siliveya thought as she laid onto her back and drifted to sleep.

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Next Time:

A plan is a threat in the making as innocent lives hang in the balance. In desperation an outrageous confession is made that could change everything or perhaps not. See ya soon.

Chapter Seventy Nine- The Love Triangle 4: Draco's Confession

Some time had passed since Siliveya's little demonstration and spring was well on its way. It was midday at Hogwarts and Siliveya was walking within the barely occupied corridors of the fourth floor. She was using her headdress making her appearance invisible to all those around her. She had passed by the boys' bathroom when she heard a female's voice.

"Don't. Don't...tell me what's wrong...I can help you.", the feminine voice pleaded.

"That sounds like Moaning Myrtle.", Siliveya thought as she pressed her ear against the door.

"No one can help me. I can't do it...I can't...it won't work, and unless I do it soon...he says I'll be killed.", Siliveya heard Draco barely say.

"Malfoy.", Siliveya thought as she opened the door, walked in, and shut in behind her.

"Who's there?", Draco snapped as he turned around and saw no one.

Siliveya remained invisible to his eyes a little while longer as she examined his state. Draco's mission had really taken a toll on his appearance. He was paler than usual, he thinned out some, and his eyes were bit sunken in. It reminded Siliveya of her own appearance. Working for the Dark Lord was a stressful, nerve-racking job that would cause anyone to look demented. She paid less attention to her hair, which was sitting in a messy bun, and she too had thinned out from lacking of eating. Another aspect Siliveya took notice of was that Draco's face was tear-stained. He was crying.

"No one seems to be here.", Myrtle said from her cubical.

"On the contrary.", Siliveya spoke as she allowed herself to be revealed.

"What are you doing here?", Draco snapped when saw appear her in front of him.

“Just checking up on you...making sure you stay on task.”, Siliveya replied smirking as Myrtle left the room.

“Oh really, how do I know you’re not just trying to steal my glory!”, Draco accused.

“Please, there is nothing you have that I could possibly want, especially your mission! I’m to busy being caught up with mine!”, Siliveya argued. “I couldn’t care less what you do, although I’m personally rooting for you to fail.”, she added.

“I see, another person who believes I can’t do it.”, Draco muttered under his breath as he turned his back to her.

“You know Malfoy, you really have some nerve. In the short time I’ve known you, you’ve done nothing but insult and ridicule everyone who wasn’t pure-blood and acted as prejudice you did. You bragged about your parents being death eaters and how much you supported the Dark Lord. And now finally, you are everything you’ve wanted to be and all you’re doing is whining. The attention and pressure is on you now, and you can’t handle it. Why, because you’re nothing, but a pathetic coward. This time you can’t have Crabbe and Goyle following behind you to scare other people off, all the witty insults you know will not save you from the Dark Lord’s wrath, and it’s tearing you apart.”, Siliveya spat coldly. “With that being said I’ll tell you what I told your mother. If you were so unsure and worried about how things were going to turn out maybe you should have picked a different side.”, she stated glaring at him.

“And you think you’re any better!”, Draco shouted as he turned to face her. “You’ve spent your whole time at this school preaching about how bad my family and the death eaters were but now you’ve become one of us!”, he chastised grabbing hold of her left arm and twisting it to reveal the dark mark. “You are now a death eater. And all this time you’ve been a parselmouth...a descendant of Salazar Slytherin.”, Draco commented angrily.

“So what! My heritage does not describe who I am! I can make whatever choice I want without the consent of a second or third party!”, Siliveya snapped snatching her arm back.

“Oh, please. I bet if Potter hadn’t dumped you, you’d still be with the Golden Group.”, Draco sneered.

“Like that’s any of your business!”, Siliveya retorted.

“Of course you defend him, you’ve always defended your Golden Boy haven’t you Siliveya? Even now after he shattered your spirit so horribly that you were in a fit of tears and bloody screamed that you hated him at the top of your lungs.”, Draco said darkly.

“Why do you care Malfoy?”, Siliveya scoffed folding her arms.

“Because you still care about him, you still care about Potter. You are weak!”, Draco commented furiously.

“At least I can feel, you heartless git. All you’ve ever done is harass me for no good reason!”, Siliveya snapped.

“Oh I had a reason. I did it because I thought you deserved better. You deserve someone who appreciates you for the fact that you are parselmouth, an heir of Slytherin, a cousin of the Dark Lord, and a member of Slytherin house. Someone who won’t turn on you just because you don’t completely fit into the world of perfect Saint Potter.”, Draco explained calming down a bit.

During this time Harry was making one of his usual rounds to see what Draco was up to. Lately he had suspected that Draco was using the Room of Requirement as a hiding spot to plot whatever mission the Dark Lord had given him. Harry was holding the marauders’ map and spotted Draco’s dot in the boys’ bathroom of the very same floor he was on. What caught his interest was that he also saw Siliveya’s dot right beside Draco’s.

“She’s here. This time I’m going to talk to her and she won’t elude me.”, Harry thought as he ran to the boys’ bathroom.

Harry put his ear to the door, but heard nothing. So instead he opened the door ever so slightly and saw Draco arguing with Siliveya. This time she was visible to others besides himself. However, neither Siliveya nor Draco took notice of Harry’s presence.

“So what are you trying to say? That you’re the one who deserves me?”, Siliveya questioned with an eyebrow raised.

“Yes. I cared nothing for you when we first met. But unlike the rest of Slytherin, *you* were the only one who refused to hang on my every word. You’ve defied me at every turn, and insulted me every time we crossed paths. Every other girl in our house would of easily fallen for me, a Malfoy, a son of a lead death eater with a family of wealth and power. But not *you*...*you* continued to stay Potter’s fangirl, and went as far as to date the Boy Who Lived to take what was rightfully mine. You, my forever Slytherin Outcast.”, Draco replied in a softer tone as he approached her.

“I get it now. This is all one big conquering quest for you! You only want me because *you* couldn’t have me. You focus on me because I didn’t make it easy for *you* like that slutty Parkinson, and handed myself over to *you* on a silver platter.”, Siliveya huffed sternly.

“And once again you are making it difficult. I want you to like me but you won’t!”, Draco said annoyed.

“You just told on yourself right there Malfoy. You want me to fall for *you*, but you never said anything about *loving me*. This was all just a petty game for you, a game I refuse to play.”, Siliveya retorted. “However, you were right about one thing. I do deserve someone who will *love me* and *appreciate* me for who I am, BUT YOU ARE NOT HIM.”, she stated firmly.

“Siliveya, why won’t you just give me a chance?”, Draco asked as he tried to reach out for her hand but she slapped his hand away.

“Because you’re too much like your father.”, Siliveya replied simply while staring him directly in the eye.

It was then that Draco’s gaze drifted towards the door and he saw Harry standing in the doorway. He immediately whipped out his wand and sent a hex Harry’s way missing him by a few inches. Siliveya turned and saw Harry as well, and realized that he must have saw and heard the whole thing. The whole dispute with Draco had caused her to let her guard down and become exposed. Harry had pulled out his wand and shot a hex at Draco who blocked it.

“*Cruci...!*”, Draco tried to shout but Harry had beat him to it.

“*SECTUMSEMPRA!*”, Harry yelled pointing his wand at Draco’s chest.

Draco fell to the ground as blood spurted from his body. He was unconscious and remained so while lying in a pool of his blood. Siliveya eyes widened at the display of what just happened and turned to Harry who was doing the same. Their eyes interlocked for a second, but before Harry could open his mouth to speak Siliveya turned invisible to his eyes once again and left the room without his notice. As Siliveya continued to walk down the corridor completely unnoticed by undesired eyes she spotted Professor Snape walking her way from the opposite direction. She immediately rushed over to him.

“What is it Siliveya, you seem startled?”, Professor Snape inquired.

“Potter...Malfoy, boys’ bathroom...*Sectumsempra.*”, Siliveya answered hastily pointing in the direction the mishap occurred.

“All right I’ll take care of it.”, Professor Snape replied as he headed over to the boys’ bathroom.

Siliveya watched him leave before continuing her walk down the hall.

“What the hell was Potter thinking? And where did he learn that spell? That was a dark magic curse that Snape had created himself, and there’s no way that he could have learned it while in school.”, Siliveya thought confused as the event replayed in her mind once more. “I better find Cleo.”, she continued to think as she began to run around the corner of the corridor and out of sight.

Chapter Eighty- The Pure-Blooded Princess

It was early the next day, and Siliveya had found a cozy spot with in the library. She remained invisible to everyone that passed through as she and Cleo sat by one of the windows.

“So what have you uncovered for me?”, Siliveya questioned in parseltongue.

“The Potter boy has visited Dumbledore once more.”, Cleo hissed.
“They were discussing something to do with Potter and the Dark Lord.”, she added.

“What did you hear?”, Siliveya asked.

“It seems that the Dark Lord has found a way to make himself immortal. He has split his soul into seven parts and put them into seven different hosts. The hosts were called Horcruxes.”, Cleo explained.

“So these Horcruxes are some type of person then?”, Siliveya stated as she amused herself with an unsuspecting first year.

The little boy was trying to reach for a book that was above her head. For a laugh, Siliveya pulled the book out off of the shelf and placed it on the boy's head causing him to scream and run off.

“Or possibly the Horcruxes are a set of objects.”, Siliveya said laughing to herself.

“Yes, Dumbledore described them to be objects that the Dark Lord praises. He also mentioned that two of them have already been destroyed.”, Cleo began to explain. *“One was the ring I mentioned earlier, Marvolo Gaunt’s ring. It was one of the Horcruxes and Dumbledore was the one who already destroyed it. The second was Tom Riddle’s Diary.”*, she finished.

“The Diary that got me involved with the Chamber of Secrets? Well that makes sense, but Potter destroyed the diary as well so there are five Horcruxes left. The question is what are they?”, Siliveya

pondered aloud to herself. “*Cleo, does the elimination of these Horcruxes mean that Voldemort will be able to die?*”, she inquired.

“*Yes. Dumbledore mentioned this. All the Horcruxes must be destroyed for the Dark Lord to be killed.*”, Cleo replied.

“*Then it seems to me that we've finally found a new lead and plan.*”, Siliveya stated. “*Let's see, of the remaining Horcruxes...well Voldemort would still have to have a piece of his soul within him so that leaves four...*”, she began to deduce.

“*Potter and Dumbledore also mentioned something about animals.*”, Cleo added.

“*Animals? Well, if that's the case then...Nagini.*”, Siliveya said in realization. “*His snake is could possibly be one of them for he always keeps her very close by. Okay, now we have three left to figure out. Did they mention any other clues?*”, she asked.

“*No, that was it.*”, Cleo answered simply.

“Damn, then that gets us nowhere. We'll have to keep a closer eye on the situation then if we are to uncover the rest. I know there has to be one more that I know of... I remember it being mentioned once...what was it?”, Siliveya thought frustrated as she stared out of the window.

Later that day Siliveya had wandered to Professor Snape's office. He was absent at the moment so she took the liberty of sitting in his chair as she waited for him.

“What do you think you're doing?”, Professor Snape's voice demanded as he entered his office.

“Waiting for you if you really must know.”, Siliveya replied coolly. “Is Malfoy alright?”, she suddenly asked.

“Yes, I was able to heal most of his wounds and Madame Pomfrey is taking proper care of the rest in the Hospital wing.”, Professor Snape answered. “Why, are you growing concerned for Mr. Malfoy?”, he sneered.

“Of course not, my real question was actually if you discovered how Potter was capable of performing your *sectum sempra* curse?”, Siliveya questioned.

“No, Potter has not given any evidence of the matter, though I do suspect it has something to do with one of his textbooks.”, Professor Snape replied.

“A textbook huh?”, Siliveya said knowingly.

“You know of what might be the cause of this...?”, Professor Snape inquired.

“Well I’m *entirely* sure, but Cleo has told me of a borrowed potions textbook that once belonged to someone Potter calls the Half-Blood Prince.”, Siliveya informed.

Professor Snape’s eyes widened a bit as if he knew something deeper about the topic.

“I see.”, Professor Snape said solemnly.

“Do you know what’s going on then?”, Siliveya asked.

“Perhaps, but there is another matter that I must put into focus.”, Professor Snape replied with a serious tone.

“Look Snape there’s nothing you can say to dissuade me from what I must do. I’m going through with it regardless. Besides, it’s a little too late for me to back down now.”, Siliveya stated grimly as she eyed the Dark Mark on her left forearm.

“Very well. You seem to know what you’re doing.”, Professor Snape said letting the subject go. “You’ve proven to be a very promising student. I’ve missed you in class, there’s no one else that’s capable of matching Granger’s wits.”, he commented.

“I’m sure you’ll survive. And look at the bright side you might only have to have Hermione in your class for one more year.”, Siliveya said grinning. “Well I have to go, I’m late for an appointment.”, she said leaving the room.

That evening Siliveya had taken up shop in the Gryffindor common room. This time she wanted a more hands on involvement than sending Cleo off to spy by herself. There was a good handful of students in the common room. Ron, Hermione, and Harry were also there. At the moment Siliveya spotted Harry talking to Ginny. It appeared like nothing of interest was occurring, and Siliveya was about to get up from her hiding place at the top of the stairs when something caught her eye. She looked back to where Harry and Ginny stood and saw them snogging each other's faces off. Now Siliveya had gotten over her feelings for Harry a while back and she had also known that Ginny had previously had a bit of a puppy-love crush on him, but nevertheless it still left a painful pang in the pit of her heart. After being dumped by Harry the way she was, seeing him move on to the next girl didn't exactly make her want to jump for joy.

“It just wasn’t meant to be.”, Siliveya thought remorsefully.

The two had stopped kissing and Ginny decided to retire to the girls’ dorm. Meanwhile Harry stayed behind to talk to Ron and Hermione. Harry began discussing his thoughts about Malfoy, and Hermione started scolding him about his textbook and the spell he stole from the Half-Blood Prince. Not really listening to their conversation in detail, Siliveya summoned her notepad and quick quotes quill.

“The enemy is successfully plotting under your nose...”, Siliveya said aloud as the quill wrote down every word she spoke.

When Siliveya was finished with her writing she signed the bottom of the parchment with the letters *PBP*. Siliveya spotted an inkbottle that Harry was using and performed a switching spell so that her note would appear in the spot where the inkbottle was.

“Hey where did that come from?”, Ron said noticing the piece of parchment first.

Harry picked up the parchment and opened it.

The enemy is successfully plotting under your nose. Stop wasting your time trying to hunt them down and protect what they’re after.

-*PBP*

“It’s another message from *PBP*.”, Harry said more to himself.

“A message from who?”, Ron questioned confused.

“I’ve been getting these strange messages lately from someone named *PBP*. They’ve been giving me hints about that Malfoy’s after.”, Harry explained.

“Oh no Harry, you’re not following the lead of another mysterious person are you?”, Hermione scoffed.

“And how is this help? Whoever this bloke is, they give bloody vague hints.”, Ron said reading the note again.

“I matched the initials to the Prince’s, but they don’t add up.”, Harry stated as he wondered who *PBP* just might be.

“I swear, you are not serious about believing this rubbish on trash!”, Hermione chastised. “Just look at what you did to Malfoy because you followed the instructions of a strange book.”, she added while narrowing her eyes at him.

“Not that the slimy git didn’t deserve it.”, Ron laughed.

Harry had never mentioned to them that Siliveya had been there as well. So far they had not believed him when he’s explained it before, and Harry didn’t want to press the matter further.

“Hey look at this, mate. The initials match except for the first letter on each one.”, Ron said writing the two names out next each other.

HBP

PBP

“So does that mean that it could be someone named the Pure-Blood Prince?”, Harry deduced.

“Seems like it.”, Ron agreed.

Siliveya groaned from her hiding spot.

“I swear these guys can be so slow sometimes. It’s the Pure-Blooded Princess, dum-dums”, Siliveya thought annoyed.

It was then that Siliveya’s eyes fell upon Harry’s scar and something it clicked to her. The word Horcrux echoed in her mind, and Siliveya was instantly brought back into the resources of her memory to see if she could possibly uncover another secret for the remaining Horcruxes. Her thoughts suddenly paused on an event that occurred at the end of second year.

“Harry, you must have shown me real loyalty in the Chamber, nothing but that would of have called Fox to you.”, Professor Dumbledore commented. *“But I sense that something is troubling you.”*, he added.

“Well, I couldn’t help but notice certain similarities between Tom Riddle and me.”, Harry replied.

“I see. You can speak Parseltongue Harry. Why? Because Lord Voldemort can speak Parseltongue. If I’m not mistaken Harry, he transferred some of his powers to you the night he gave you that scar.”, Professor Dumbledore explained.

“Lord Voldemort transferred some of his powers to Harry?”, Siliveya questioned.

“Well not intentionally, but yes.”, Professor Dumbledore clarified.

“So the Sorting Hat was right. I should be in Slytherin.”, Harry said aloud.

Siliveya was brought out of her wandering mind when she came up with an answer.

“Harry!”, Siliveya hissed.

“The Potter boy? But how?”, Cleo questioned from her position in Siliveya’s lap.

“Back in second year Dumbledore had mentioned that when Voldemort tried to kill Harry when he was a baby and it backfired, some of Voldemort’s powers were mistakenly transferred over to

Harry. In any case a part of Voldemort's soul could have accidentally been transferred too. Which means, that Harry would have to be killed in order for Voldemort to be eliminated.”, Siliveya concluded. “It could be just a hunch, but the pieces to this puzzle add up too well. With that said that leaves two Horcruxes left, but I'll worry about that later.”, she thought returning her attention to Harry and the others.

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Next Time:

Loyalty will be tested. Cowards will be pointed out amongst the brave, and nothing is as it seems when darkness falls upon the great school of Hogwarts. See ya soon!

Chapter Eighty One- The Fall Of Dumbledore

Storm clouds rolled in over the land blocking any light of hope from shining down upon those who needed it most. It was a few months later, and the bad omen of darkness and destruction couldn't have been more apparent than it was that fateful night. Siliveya had taken her position by the black lake once more in anticipation of what was to come. The wind picked up around her and she folded her arms shivering slightly as she turned her attention to the castle.

“It’s almost time. No turning back now.”, Siliveya thought with gloomy eyes. “*You said that Dumbledore and Potter left the school earlier this evening. How long have they been gone?*”, she asked.

“*Almost all night.*”, Cleo replied from her spot next to her owner.

Siliveya furrowed her brow as she looked off into the distance to where Hogsmeade lied.

“*Cleo I want you to hide.*”, Siliveya ordered.

“*Why my Mistress?*”, Cleo questioned.

“*It’s too dangerous to have you with me right now, and I want you to be safe. Hide within the school, there’s a girls’ bathroom on the second floor...go into the plumbing by the sink...there you’ll find a hidden chamber...stay there until I come to retrieve you.*”, Siliveya answered.

“*Yes, my Mistress.*”, Cleo replied as she slithered away.

Darkness swirled over the highest tower of the castle as a jet of light shot upward into the dark clouds creating the skull and serpent symbol, the insignia of Lord Voldemort, the Dark Mark.

“Showtime.”, Siliveya thought as she entered the castle.

Within Hogwarts things had become chaotic. The Professors' including members of the Order had shown up to battle the new threat for death eaters had penetrated the barriers of the school. How, no one really knew. Siliveya appeared in the corridor where the room

of requirement was located, and was greeted by three death eaters. Two of them were a man and woman who seemed to be related and the last one was a were wolf by the name of Fenrir Greyback.

“Where are they?”, Siliveya questioned keeping a confident, stern expression on her face.

“The top tower.”, Greyback replied.

“Stop right there!”, they heard a voice shout from behind them.

They turned to see Tonks, Ron, Hermione, Neville, Luna, and another man who looked like he could be related to Ron. It was at that moment that Siliveya freely allowed herself to be seen by the others.

“Si..Siliveya?”, Hermione said aloud in question.

“Hello Granger, long time no see. Have you met my new friends?”, Siliveya smirked gesturing a hand to the death eaters behind her.

“You...you’re one of them?”, Ron said shocked.

“Ah, and Weasley’s here too, wow, now this really is a reunion. Too bad I don’t have more time to chat.”, Siliveya said coolly before turning her head towards Greyback. “Take care of them, I’m going ahead.”, she ordered in a low voice.

Greyback and the other death eaters smirked as Siliveya ran forward towards the group.

“Not so fast!”, Tonks shouted pointing her wand at Siliveya.

Before Tonks could get a good shot, Siliveya turned invisible and knocked her and Ron out of the way.

“She’s gone!”, Hermione announced as they turned their attention to the death eaters before them.

Meanwhile on the tower Dumbledore and Harry had returned to the castle to find it being attacked. When they reached the tower where the Dark Mark was looming over, Draco showed up and disarmed

Dumbledore. During this time Siliveya had made her way up to where they were, and watched the scene playing before her from a distance. Dumbledore was at the mercy of Draco's wand. Siliveya was a tad bit amazed for she assumed that Draco would have never made it this far. Unknowing to her, Harry was present as well. Dumbledore had placed a body-binding curse on Harry and had him hidden under his invisibility cloak. Harry noticed Siliveya in her hiding place and wondered if his mind was playing tricks on him again.

"Siliveya...is she really here this time? If she is...is she going to help Dumbledore?", Harry thought as he sat frustratedly in the spot he was forced in.

"So the Death Eaters were able to come in here through the vanishing cabinet in Borgin and Burkes. Very good. A clever plan right under my nose.", Dumbledore commented calmly as he stared at Draco who was on pins and needles. "I knew it was you.", he added.

"Why didn't you stop me then if you were so aware?!", Draco demanded.

"I would have, but I decided to have Professor Snape keep a close eye on you.", Dumbledore replied simply.

"You lie! Snape has been following my orders. He's a double agent for the Dark Lord!", Draco snapped.

"I believe you are strongly mistaken, but either way I trust Professor Snape.", Dumbledore stated simply.

"Then you are a fool!", Draco shouted.

"Oh god, why is he wasting his time monologing.", Siliveya thought annoyed as she stepped out into the open.

"Ah Ms. Hexington, come to join us have you?", Dumbledore greeted directing his gaze to her.

"Get out of here, Dumbledore is mine!", Draco shouted.

“On the contraire Malfoy, I’m here for you.”, Siliveya said getting into a defensive stance as she approached him.

“What do you mean?”, Draco questioned.

“I’m sure you’ve been wondering what kind of mission the Dark Lord gave me...well allow me to shed some light on the subject. My job is to kill you. If you fail to complete your task tonight Malfoy you shall die by my hands.”, Siliveya informed.

“What?”, Draco said shocked with wide eyes.

Harry who was still hidden in the corner was also shocked by the words that grazed his ears.

“Don’t you see Malfoy? This is the reason I’ve been stalking you this whole time. I even used Potter, for he was the only one who really suspected you of anything, and every single day I’ve just sat back and watched waiting for you to slip up. So what’s it gonna be Malfoy? *Him or you?*”, Siliveya explained coldly as she stood right next to Draco.

“Draco, you don’t have to do this. You have options.”, Dumbledore reasoned.

“Of course he does. He can either do as he was ordered, or he can die where he stands. And who knows maybe cousin dearest will allow me to go after Narcissa and Lucius. Now that would be enjoyable.”, Siliveya taunted darkly while directing her mouth towards Draco’s ear.

Harry was at a loss for words. He had never seen Siliveya act so dangerously venomous as she was right now. Although he didn’t care much for the Malfoys himself, he couldn’t understand why Siliveya was getting so much enjoyment out of the idea.

“Well with that said, I see the difficulty of your position. All the more reason why I did not come after you before, Draco. I would have suspected that Lord Voldemort would plan something like this.”, Dumbledore stated simply. “You don’t have to do this, nor does Siliveya. We could hide you and your family.”, he offered.

“I didn’t contrive as much as I have to give up now. You are defenseless...you are at my mercy!”, Draco corrected agitatedly.

“I do not believe your mercy is what matters now. Draco you are not a killer and neither are you Siliveya.”, Dumbledore began to say.

“Don’t include me in your mindless babble. I would love nothing more than to strike down a Malfoy right now.”, Siliveya spat when the other death eaters she had confronted before showed up.

“Dumbledore is cornered and wandless. Well done, Draco, well done!”, the other male death eater congratulated.

“Get on with it! The other members of the Order are coming!”, the female death eater warned.

“Yeah, Malfoy what are you waiting for? You’ve had plenty of time to finish the job, but instead you’ve been having a Q and A session with your victim. Is it because you’re too pathetic and weak to do it?”, Siliveya teased.

Draco’s hand was shaking so horribly under the pressure he seemed like he was going to break down and cry. Meanwhile Harry was thinking as he restlessly sat in his spot. Siliveya was in on it too. She hadn’t done anything to help Dumbledore or to stop the group of death eaters.

“I’ll do it.”, Greyback growled stepping forward.

“No, Malfoy has to do it...if he can that is.”, Siliveya said as he gaze switched from Greyback to Draco.

From the corridor leading up to the tower, Snape had shown up and examined the scene. Siliveya was standing next to Draco with a smirk playing on her features, Draco was a nervous wreck, Dumbledore was slumped against a wall, and the other death eaters were chanting Draco on.

“We’ve got a problem Snape...the boy seems too unfit to act.”, the female death eater explained.

“Severus...please.”, Dumbledore pleaded.

Siliveya mulled the situation over in her head. She looked at Draco who was quivering so badly he might die of a heart attack. Her eyes then drifted to Snape as he was pulling out his wand. Her gaze finally fell on Dumbledore and they locked eyes for a moment before Siliveya closed her eyes solemnly, and stepped forward a little bit so that she was slightly standing in-between Draco and Dumbledore.

“Dumbledore you were right about what you said before. I don’t need Malfoy.”, Siliveya said in a calm, smooth tone with her eyes still closed. “He may not be able to kill...but...*Avada Kedavra!*”, she shouted.

At that very same moment Siliveya opened her eyes looking away from Dumbledore as she raised her right hand to her chest, which was engulfed in a bright, green light. With one swift motion, she waved her hand towards Dumbledore and the green light engulfed his body sending him flying over the tower’s edge like a plastic bag in the wind.

Harry stared at Siliveya; mouth completely dropped as she slumped onto her knees with her head down. Snape immediately gathered Siliveya off the ground and into his arms as he ran towards the door taking Draco with them. The other death eaters quickly followed suit. The spell Dumbledore had placed on Harry had worn off, and he was free to move. The minute he realized this, Harry tore off his invisibility cloak and dashed after them.

Meanwhile Snape was headed for the dark forest so that he may apparate the three of them out of the line of danger. Technically they could have used Siliveya’s headdress, which was powerful enough to withstand Hogwarts’ barriers, but she had fallen unconscious and was the only one who knew how to use it.

Harry had run past Hermione, Ron, and the others with a lead of where Snape was headed. He couldn’t let them get away with what just happened, he just couldn’t. Harry finally caught up with them at the edge of the forest.

“Levi...”, Harry tried to shout but Snape blocked his spell.

“Draco, take Siliveya and go ahead while I deal with Potter.”, Snape ordered as he quickly sat Siliveya in Draco’s arms.

Draco nodded and disappeared into the darkness of the forest.

“*Sectum...*”, Harry tried to shout again pointing his wand at Snape.

“No Potter! You will not use my own spells against me like your worthless father!”, Snape shouted angrily.

“Then come back here and face me. All three of you come back here you cowards!!”, Harry exclaimed out of hurt and rage.

“What would you know about cowardice? Your father never knew the meaning of true bravery and neither do you!”, Snape scolded as he struck his wand in Harry’s direction.

Harry fell back from a sharp pain that swept across him. He could no longer stand and lied in the grass as he watched Snape get away with Siliveya and Draco.

“She killed him...Siliveya killed Dumbledore...she’s one of them. This whole time I’ve been so blind. The clues were staring me right in the face.”, Harry shuddered with guilt and anger. “It can’t be true, it just can’t be.”, he thought hoping that this was all one horrible nightmare that he would soon awake from.

Quite a shame that it wasn’t.

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Next Time:

A gloomy end to year six. Tears shed, anger builds, and decisions are made. The war has begun. See ya soon.

Chapter Eighty Two- The Requiem

It wasn't very long after the horrible incident at Hogwarts that the entire school was in mourning. The looming aura of death and sadness hovered over the school like a dark rain cloud. A funeral was held in the Great Hall, and Dumbledore's body was buried on the school grounds. Harry was in a reckless state from the whole ordeal. So far he had broken up with Ginny who had recently become his girlfriend that year for he was afraid of how the war would affect their relationship.

At the moment Hermione, Ron, and him were sitting by the fireplace in the Gryffindor common room. However, he could barely hear a word Ron or Hermione was saying to him for he was too lost in his own thoughts. His mind wandered to Siliveya, the girl who haunted his thoughts all year, and in the end she was the one who ended up betraying him. She was the one who ended up betraying all of them. All the time he wasted going after Draco when it was her he should have been chasing down.

"I should have hit Siliveya with the Sectum sempra curse that day instead of Malfoy.", Harry thought staring at the fire place.

What he couldn't understand was what Siliveya's motive was. Why did she chose to turn on him? He began to think about the events that took place during fifth year before Siliveya was kidnapped by the death eaters at the Ministry, and only one thing popped into his mind. Cho Chang, the girl he had left Siliveya broken hearted for. But why should he feel guilty for that, Siliveya seemed to have found comfort with her new death eater buddy Draco.

"No, that's not true. Siliveya rejected Malfoy that day I found them together in the boys' bathroom. I did hurt her when she caught me with Cho, and she wouldn't even let me apologize. She held the grudge even when she helped us at the Ministry. She probably joined Voldemort just because she hated me. How could she be so...", Harry pondered furiously.

In two years he had lost three people very close to him. It was too overwhelming to bare.

“Sirius, the only real family member I had left was murdered by Bellatrix. Dumbledore was murdered by the very girl I angered, and now she’s lost to the death eaters.”, Harry thought. “It’s all my fault.”, he said aloud.

“Harry, you have to stop blaming yourself.”, Hermione comforted.

“What?”, Harry said being brought out of his little, depressing world.

“I said you need to stop blaming yourself.”, Hermione repeated.

“But it is my fault Hermione. Siliveya was plotting right under my nose and I still failed. My suspicions of Malfoy were right, and he was able to let the death eaters into the school. But I never figured out what their target was...I was right there...if Dumbledore hadn’t immobilized me I could have...”, Harry argued solemnly.

“I’m sorry mate.”, Ron said trying to console him. “One thing I don’t understand is why Siliveya would join You-Know-Who? They only captured her didn’t they?”, he questioned aloud.

“That’s simple, she’s Voldemort’s cousin.”, Harry scoffed. “All she cares about is getting back at me.”, he thought when his mind drifted back to something Siliveya had said to him before.

They arrived at the Ministry of Magic and took the elevator to the Department of Mysteries. Waiting for them was Siliveya leaned against one of the pillars in the black tiled hallway.

“Siliveya what are you doing here?”, Harry asked surprised.

“We don’t have time for Q and A. And don’t look so excited, I didn’t come here for you.”, Siliveya replied sharply as she walked beside them.

“The day I lost her she said she wasn’t there to help me. She was there to go against me.”, Harry thought while staring back at the flames.

“Wha...what are you on about? She’s related to You-Know-Who?”, Ron said disbelievingly.

“Yes, I found this out during second year when I rescued Siliveya from the Chamber of Secrets. Her family is a direct descendant of Salazar Slytherin. Siliveya had the ability to speak parseltongue, and I’m guessing that Voldemort gave her a wonderful offer if she joined him.”, Harry said while clinching his fists together.

“Why didn’t we know any of this?”, Hermione inquired.

“Because she had sworn me to secrecy about it. But it doesn’t matter now...she’s one of them...a death eater...a murderer.”, Harry answered angrily.

“And to think that slimy git Snape was in on it too.”, Ron added.

“Harry, didn’t you also mention that Siliveya was originally there to kill Draco?”, Hermione asked.

“Yes, it was Malfoy’s job to go after Dumbledore. Her’s was to take care of Malfoy if he failed. But she didn’t...she went after Dumbledore instead.”, Harry said sternly.

“So what do we do now?”, Ron said aloud.

“I know what I’m going to do. Next year I’m not coming back here, there’s no point. If I’m going to fight this war...it will be better if I strike out on my own.”, Harry replied determinedly.

“Well, we’ll be right there with you mate.”, Ron said putting a hand on Harry’s shoulder.

“Yes, we’ll fight this war together.”, Hermione chimed in.

Harry looked towards the fireplace with a grim expression on his face. As he watched the flames he thought about his impending destiny.

“No, I’m sorry about your Godfather Harry. And about Siliveya, I hope she’s alright.”, Luna said.

“Are you sure you don’t need help looking.”, Harry offered once more.

"Yeah, My mum always said...things we loose have a way of coming back to us in the end...if not in the way we expect.", Luna stated seeing a pair of her shoes being hung from the ceiling.

"What Luna told me last year came true. I lost Siliveya and she returned to me as a ruthless killer.", Harry thought solemnly. "Everything is going to change. But I am sure about one thing...I'm going to destroy Voldemort and end this war if it's the last thing I do.", he thought closing his eyes.

Chapter Eighty Three- The Prince and The Princess

It was later the very same day. Night had fallen, but celebration was in the air. Snape, Siliveya, and Draco had returned to the old Riddle house by the graveyard to discuss their missions' progress with Voldemort. All of the other death eaters were there including a smirking Bellatrix, a weeping Narcissa, and Lucius who had been broken out of Azkaban the day before.

Voldemort was sitting in his chair in front of everyone with Nagini coiling overhead. To Narcissa and Lucius' dismay Draco was the first to present himself to Voldemort. Draco still as nerved-racked as ever, knelt down before Voldemort with his head hung low. He had failed his mission, and feared the outcome of his cowardly actions.

“Judging by your quivering form I can already assume that you know your fate, Draco Malfoy.”, Voldemort sneered. “You are a disgrace...you haven’t been a death eater for very long and already you’ve failed me greatly. I’ve have overestimated your capabilities, but with your up bringing...”, he began to say as he shifted his snake like eyes to darkly glaze over where Lucius stood. “Like father...like son I presume.”, Voldemort venomously laughed shifted gaze back to Draco.

“My Lord...I”, Draco softly spoke fearfully as he kept his head down.

“Silence! Filth like you has no right to speak in my presence!”, Voldemort snapped. “Get him out of my sight!”, he demanded.

Snape stepped forward and picked Draco by the collar of his robes and brought him back to where the others stood. Narcissa immediately wrapped her arms around Draco as her sobbing continued while Lucius had a broken look on his face.

“Siliveya please step forth.”, Voldemort called out.

Siliveya who had recovered from earlier was standing by Snape, and silently approached Voldemort. She knelt before him and kept her head down as well.

“Siliveya Hexington, daughter of the Slytherin line. I came to you with a task...one simple task to prove your worth...and you failed. Your job was to eliminate the Malfoy boy and you did not complete your task.”, Voldemort scolded.

Siliveya hung her head lower making her the lose strands of her hair fall forward and block her face. She clinched her fists tightly to the point they started turning numb. And it took every ounce of her energy to keep herself from shaking as badly as Draco was. Voldemort stood up from his chair and approached Siliveya’s nervous form.

“However my child...you *have* proven your worth.”, Voldemort said as he sat a finger under her chin and lifted her head up to face him. “Stand.”, he ordered.

Siliveya did as she was told and stood up, but she refused to make eye contact with him.

“When Draco failed to complete his task you took charge and destroyed the enemy. On that night my dear you have shown us that you are worthy to be a Princess of the new realm I will create.”, Voldemort explained as he circled her. “Tell me, how did you come to such a conclusion?”, he inquired.

“It was very simple my Lord. I saw two victims, and I thought about which one was worth more in your eyes. Malfoy, who’s so insignificant to any cause or Dumbledore, who is a true threat to *our* cause. The answer was simple.”, Siliveya replied calmly.

“Well you have chosen wisely my dear. And as your reward you shall become my third in command.”, Voldemort informed.

“If I may ask my Lord, but who is the second in command?”, Siliveya questioned.

“Why your Godfather of course. Step forward Severus.”, Voldemort ordered as Snape walked up beside Siliveya.

“Severus, in light of the new situation you are to become the new Headmaster of Hogwarts. I plan to take control of every aspect of the wizarding world by the end of the summer.”, Voldemort instructed.

“Yes my Lord. Will Ms. Hexington be accompanying me?”, Snape inquired.

“No, I want to put her manipulative skills to better use.”, Voldemort answered grinning malevolently.

“I will do anything you ask of me my Lord.”, Siliveya spoke while bowing slightly.

“Excellent my dear, in the next few months you are going to help me with a very important task. For now you are all dismissed.”, Voldemort commanded.

The group of death eaters dispersed out of the room each in their own personal state of mood. Bellatrix walked up beside Siliveya with a taunting smirk playing on her features.

“Quite impressive girl, I didn’t think you had it in you. However do not think that this changes my suspicions. I will catch you, mark my words.”, Bellatrix threatened.

“Consider them marked. Now if you’ll excuse me I’m incredibly tired, and I don’t have time to mingle with riffraff such as you.”, Siliveya stated walking ahead of her.

Bellatrix scowled at Siliveya’s boldness, but decided to save her wrath for another time.

Unfortunately another roadblock stopped Siliveya from her relaxation. Lucius, Narcissa, and Draco were standing in the hall that Siliveya had just turned into. Narcissa was the first to spot her and glared at her menacingly.

“This is all your fault. If you hadn’t stepped in...”, Narcissa snapped angrily.

“My fault huh? It was Draco who choked not me. Besides if I didn’t kill Dumbledore than I would have killed your son. Tell me, which would you have preferred?”, Siliveya said flatly returning Narcissa’s glare.

“You...you spared him?”, Narcissa said shocked.

“Why Siliveya...?”, Draco finally spoke his gaze softening.

“Because, I’m actually capable of such acts, unlike some.”, Siliveya replied as she switched her glare to Lucius.

“And what exactly are you insinuating? You think you got here because of yourself. I made you who you are!”, Lucius shouted.

Siliveya turned her back to them out of annoyance.

“You’re right, you did make me who I am...”, Siliveya began to explain as she turned her head slightly and glanced at them from the corner of her right eye. “...but not in the way you think.”, she stated before walking away leaving the group puzzled.

Siliveya wandered out into the graveyard and left the area for the abandoned streets.

“Where are you headed off to?”, Siliveya heard Snape say from behind her.

“I’m going for a walk...I just need to clear my head.”, Siliveya replied.

“I told you before that it might be too much to handle.”, Snape stated.

“I know, but it doesn’t matter now. What’s done is done and I can’t change it.”, Siliveya snapped.

“Calm down. Do you even know what you’re going to do now?”, Snape asked.

“Yes as a matter of fact, I do. The plan will still take place even if a few aspects have changed. And I will see it through to the fullest potential.”, Siliveya replied determinedly.

“What about Potter and the others that you once paraded around with?”, Snape inquired.

“I’m not worried about it, they’ve seen me for my true colors. Knowing them they’ve probably already marked me as the enemy anyway.”, Siliveya answered solemnly. “By the way, you never answered my question before about the Half-Blood Prince.”, she mentioned suddenly remembering.

“I am the Half-Blood Prince. Harry had come across my old textbook for his potions class and proceeded to use the spells that I created in the book.”, Snape explained.

“I see. Well that explains it.”, Siliveya smirked to herself as she looked out to the sky. “I can’t believe I killed him.”, she said her smirk dropping. “It’s still eating me up inside.”, she said as a tear fell from her face.

“It had to be done. You must not lose yourself.”, Snape stated.

“Right, well I have to get going.”, Siliveya said as she continued to walk away.

“Still need to clear your head?”, Snape inquired.

“No I left something behind at Hogwarts that I must retrieve.”, Siliveya answered.

Siliveya took one small glance at the sky getting lost in thought.

“Hello Siliveya. Why are you so gloomy?”, she heard Luna ask from behind her.

“Hello Luna.”, Siliveya greeted solemnly. “It doesn’t matter. There’s nothing that can change what happened.”, she replied.

“It’s about Harry isn’t it?”, Luna inquired.

“Yes, he did something that was completely unforgivable, and I’m not talking about a curse.”, Siliveya answered angrily.

“Well, I don’t know much about what happened, but whatever it was you shouldn’t allow your emotions to consume your better judgment. I’ve seen the way you and Harry act around each other, and although you two are different and may disagree you share a special bond.”, Luna informed.

“And what bond would that be?”, Siliveya questioned.

“Loyalty. I don’t think Harry was meant to face You-Know-Who alone. Cause if you really think about it, Harry would’ve never have gotten as far as he has without you. The two of you need each other in order to succeed.”, Luna explained.

“Maybe Luna was right. But Harry can be so vain sometimes, he probably thought my actions were all about him.”, Siliveya laughed inwardly to herself.

Grazing her fingers over her headdress, she vanished from the area without a trace.

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Next Time:

The final year at Hogwarts has officially come. The war has spread and now there is no safe place to hide. What battles will be fought? Who will survive? And will the Voldemort be vanquished or will darkness spread throughout the wizarding world. See ya soon!

Chapter Eighty Four- The Take Over

It was mid-summer and a new era was dawning in the wizarding world. The war officially present and everyone was on their guard.

At the Ministry of Magic, crowds of people were bustling to their desired destinations. Ever since the conspiracy during fifth year the new Minister for Magic, Rufus Scrimgeour, was running a tight shift in defense of Voldemort's threat. At the moment a group of men were approaching the first level of the Ministry and were currently walking through the lobby. The first of the group was a wizard by the name of Pius Thicknesse. He was the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. To his right was another high-ranking member of the Ministry named Yaxley. The third was a dark-haired young man who just seemed to be accompanying the other two. The group headed for the elevator and went to the first level.

"Level One: Minister for Magic and Support Staff.", the overhead voice spoke as the elevator reached its destination.

The three men stepped out and made their way towards the Minister for Magic's office. Upon reaching it, they were confronted by the secretary.

"Do you have an appointment?", the secretary asked.

"Yes, I am Pius Thicknesse. I have a meeting with Minister Scrimgeour at five o' clock.", Thicknesse answered.

"Yes, go right in.", the secretary answered.

Thicknessse walked into the office leaving the other two men behind. Inside Scrimgeour was sitting at his desk clearly focused on his paper work.

"Minister Scrimgeour.", Thicknesse said trying to gain his attention.

"Ah, Thicknesse, a pleasure. Please have a seat.", Scrimgeour greeted. "To what do I owe this visit.", inquired.

“I’ve come to discuss the matter at hand. You-know-Who is growing stronger and I hear that the Order is going to be moving the Potter boy to a safer location on his seventeenth birthday.”, Thicknesse replied.

“Yes, the Order is indeed moving Harry Potter so that he may be in a safer location to fight the war.”, Scrimgeour confirmed.

“Minister if I may ask, why isn’t Potter returning to Hogwarts? Surely he would be safer there?”, Thicknesse questioned.

“After the unfortunate loss of Dumbledore last year, it has been decided that Hogwarts is not...especially that now a death eater has been allowed to become the Headmaster. Severus Snape.”, Scrimgeour explained.

“Quite a shame really, losing such a fine school to such...incompetence.”, Thicknesse said smirking.

As Thicknesse spoke his hand began to pulsate causing the skin to ripple. He flexed his hand a few times and the disfiguring ceased. During this time Scrimgeour took no notice and directed his focus back to his paperwork.

“As of late I have been going over Dumbledore’s will.”, Scrimgeour began to say. “The only people mentioned in it were Potter and his friends Hermione Granger and Ronald Weasley. He left each one with three items. I thought it was a bit strange and I’ve been examining the items they were left.”, he said pulling them out. “To Weasley he left his Deluminator. To Granger, a copy of The Tales of Beedle the Bard. And to Potter, he left the very first snitch that Potter had caught during his Quidditch tournament at Hogwarts.”, he informed.

“How...odd.”, Thicknesse replied as his mouth slightly twitched.

“Something wrong Pius?”, Scrimgeour inquired looking up at him curiously.

“No, just allergies.”, Thicknesse replied simply as his mouth twitched a bit more.

“Very well.”, Scrimgeour said turning his back to him. “I’ve decided that I will make a personal trip after Potter is at his new location and interrogate them about these gifts.”, he explained.

While Scrimgeour was speaking Thicknesse face began to twitch like he was having a seizure. His skin began to wave and ripple until it finally turned a shade of dark tan. His nearly gray hair turned dark brown grew to the length of his mid-back. And if you saw his shadow you would see his figure grow slightly taller and slimmer.

“That’s sounds like a...very good plan.”, a feminine voice spoke.

Scrimgeour turned around at the sudden change in voice and instead of seeing Pius Thicknesse he was laying his eyes on Siliveya who was still dressed in Thicknesse’s clothes.

“You...”, Scrimgeour said shocked.

“Yes me. And about your little plan I believe you really won’t have any time to bother with it.”, Siliveya stated simply.

“What do you mean?”, Scrimgeour said as Yaxley entered the room with the other man.

Upon clearer recognition, the third man’s appearance had changed from that of a young man to the real Pius Thicknesse. Yaxley stepped forward with his wand drawn and pointed directly at Scrimgeour.

“Let’s just say you’re permanently resigning.”, Siliveya answered as the smirk on her face grew wider.

“*Avada Kedavra!*”, Yaxley shouted as a green jet of light shot out of his wand and engulfed Scrimgeour.

Scrimgeour fell limp onto the floor and the real Pius Thicknesse took his seat.

“Hurry let’s take the body.”, Yaxley said walking to Scrimgeour’s dead form.

Siliveya however found a new interest. She walked over to the main desk and took Dumbledore's will including the items that had been left behind for Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

"What are you doing?", Yaxley questioned frowning.

"Just collecting a few things that may prove useful for future reference.", Siliveya replied putting everything in her loose pockets. "Hurry up we have to report to the Dark Lord within the hour.", she ordered.

"The Ministry is finally ours.", Yaxley grinned as he levitated Scrimgeour's body and the two apparated out of the office.

Chapter Eighty Five-The Dark Lady Ascending

That night Siliveya and Yaxley had returned to Voldemort to report their progress. The new headquarters for the Dark Lord had moved to Malfoy Manor. Voldemort was sitting before his vassals with Nagini wrapped around his form. He had Siliveya at his right side who had a change of dress since her mission. She was dressed in her same black, leather outfit that she usually wore, but had added a long, thin, black cloak that was around her form just under her shoulders and was connected by a small silver pendant. Her pet snake Cleo was also coiled around her form although she appeared less menacing than Nagini.

During their meeting everyone brought up the information they had found out about Harry's whereabouts, and settled on the fact that he was leaving the safety of the Dursleys' home the night of his birthday. Upon the new decision in their mission Voldemort had requested Lucius' wand. Doing as he was told Lucius gave Voldemort his wand and then continued to stand before him as if he was waiting for something.

"Give you my wand? *My* wand?", Voldemort mocked causing the others to laugh at his comment. "What do you think Siliveya?", Voldemort inquired.

"A wand is useless in the hands of a Malfoy. He should be appreciative that he is at least allowed to still stand in your presence.", Siliveya laughed giving Lucius a smug glance.

"Exactly my dear, and yet it seems that the Malfoys' are displeased by this. Why is that so Lucius?", Voldemort inquired sternly.

"It is not my Lord, there is no higher honor than to have you in our home.", Lucius replied humbly.

Voldemort looked unconvinced but allowed it to pass as Lucius returned to his spot beside Narcissa and Draco.

"Siliveya I must speak with you in private.", Voldemort said standing up.

He had allowed Nagini to unravel herself from him and the large python slithered itself onto the table.

“Yes my Lord.”, Siliveya said getting up as well and following him.

As they left the room Lucius glared at Siliveya with distaste. The very girl who had rebelled against him in every way had become the Dark Lord’s favorite while he and his family had been cast down to nothing. So far Siliveya had continued to fulfill all of Voldemort’s demands to the highest potential. Not once had she slipped up or failed to please him. And that’s just how Siliveya wanted it.

When Voldemort and Siliveya had reached the hall, he had cast a silencing spell so that the information they shared could remain private. Siliveya bowed her head respectfully not wanting to look him directly in the eye. She did this mainly for the reason that whenever her eyes made contact with his, Voldemort would try to penetrate her mind. This was something that she could not allow.

“Look at me my dear.”, Voldemort ordered.

Siliveya obeyed and lifted her head but refused to look him directly in the eye.

“What is it that you require my Lord?”, Siliveya asked politely.

“Do you know why I wanted Lucius’ wand?”, Voldemort inquired.

“Because Potter’s wand is the sister to your own, and can easily counterattack yours without any real effort from Potter. I guessing that you are going to try and see if Lucius’ wand will work better.”, Siliveya answered firmly.

“Correct. In the meantime I need you to locate something for me.”, Voldemort began to say. “The Elder Wand.”, he added.

“The Elder Wand, my Lord?”, Siliveya questioned .

“Yes. I intend on accompanying the others when they go after Harry Potter, but in the case that Lucius’ wand fails me...I want you to

locate and bring me the Elder Wand. It is the most powerful of all wands.”, Voldemort ordered.

“I’ve never heard of such a thing, is this some kind of trick? Or a test for my quickness of retrieval. I mean there’s no such thing as a wand like this right?”, Siliveya thought unsurely. “Yes my Lord. I will find this wand you require and bringing it to you as soon as possible.”, she answered.

“Good.”, Voldemort answered his eyes glazed over malevolently.

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Next Time:

Is the Elder Wand real or just a trick? Siliveya begins her research and while she works hard to please Voldemort, Harry and the others are having problems of their own. See ya soon!

Chapter Eighty Six- The Deathly Hallows

It was a hot summer day. In fact this special hot summer day was the day that Harry would turn seventeen and fall prey to Voldemort's plans. Siliveya however, was not apart of this. No on this particular day, she was at her own Manor practically tearing her hair out in frustration. There was no way in hell that she would be able to carry out such a task like the one Voldemort had just given her. The complex part of course was that she had to find a wand that was rumored to be a myth, the Elder Wand. And what if she couldn't find it in time? Voldemort had little patience with his followers, and if she failed...everything she had worked so hard for would be forever lost. No, Siliveya could not allow that to happen, she had to find a way to by some time, or possibly find another outlet. In the mean time Siliveya was pacing back and forth in the large, eloquent kitchen of her home. On the counter to her right were the three items from Dumbledore's will that had been promised to Harry, Ron, and Hermione. Siliveya had kept these items secret for her own reference, but so far they weren't much help. The snitch for Harry was of no use, nor was the deluminator that Ron had received. Siliveya turned her attention to the only object she hadn't examined yet, and it was the book that was left to Hermione. *The Tales of Beedle the Bard* was the name of the book, but it seemed to be nothing more than a children's book.

Since Siliveya was never truly raised in the wizarding world, she was unfamiliar with whatever children tales or myths that this magical place had to offer. And why would Dumbledore give it to Hermione of all people? If she received it at that very moment, Hermione would easily say that it was rubbish and useless, and then she would carelessly toss it to the side. Siliveya laughed to herself at the thought, because of her present situation she couldn't hang around her old friends like she used to anymore. No, now her new company was Voldemort and his deatheaters who either praised her like a god or held a deep festering grudge against her. And of course by now she was an enemy to her old friends after what happened at Hogwarts not so long ago. The only highlighting aspect was that she had her Godfather to hang around every so often. It seemed kind of ironic that the man she used to dislike greatly and who had a knack for accusing her of childish crimes was now the only friend she had left. Siliveya

shook the thought away from her mind and returned her attention to the book in front of her.

"Dumbledore always had a legitimate reason for his actions so if he wanted to give this book to Hermione it has to hold some type of important information.", Siliveya thought as she took the book into the living room and sat down in a big, comfy blue chair.

She opened the book and came across a story that was titled *The Tale Of Three Brothers*. Siliveya sighed as she began to read the child's fairytale.

It was about three wizards who came across a large river that couldn't be crossed normally. Since the brothers could use magic they created a bridge, and walked safely across. However, what the brothers didn't know was that the river was controlled by Death, who usually captures the poor victims who make feeble attempts to cross its river. Enraged by their actions, Death confronted the three brothers and told them that as a reward for so cunningly crossing its river he will grant each other brother one wish. Well the three brothers agreed to the deal, and the oldest brother stepped forth. He wished for a powerful wand that would allow him to defeat any opponent. Death granted his wish, but unfortunately afterwards the eldest brother boasted so much about his powerful wand that he was murdered by another wizard who stole the wand. The second brother however, did not want power, instead he wanted a way to revive his late wife, so that he could be with her again. Death granted him a stone that would allow the wielder to bring back the dead. Unfortunately, the set back of the stone was that it only brought back their dearly departed's depressing ghost, and in the end the second brother committed suicide. The youngest brother however, wished for a cloak that would allow him to hide from death, and Death granted him an invisibility cloak. This brother was able to live out his life until he died of old age.

Siliveya closed the book pondered about what she just read. It was then that a spark went off in her mind and she opened the book to re-read the first part of the story. The story described a wand that was capable of always defeating other opponents, and that sounded just like the Elder Wand. Is it possible that the old children's tale had

some truth to it? Before Siliveya could give the possible idea more thought the dark mark on her left arm began to burn.

"He's calling me. Does that mean that they've captured Potter already? Surely it couldn't have been that easy?", Siliveya wondered aloud.

Feeling the burn intensify, Siliveya dropped what she was doing and left for Malfoy Manor where Voldemort and the other Death Eaters had returned to. Night had fallen and after apparating inside the Manor, Siliveya could feel the bitter tension that filled the air. She entered the living room where everyone was stationed before Voldemort, and took her place beside him.

"Ah, now that Ms. Hexington has joined us we may continue with the meeting.", Voldemort announced.

Siliveya's eyes scanned the room and was relieved that Harry was nowhere in the vicinity. Giving a great, eternal sigh of relief, she opened her mouth to speak.

"I presume that Malfoy's wand has failed you my Lord?", Siliveya inquired.

"Sharp as always. Yes Lucius' wand has brought nothing but shame. But what would I expect considering its previous owner.", Voldemort scoffed tossing the broken wand to Lucius' feet.

Lucius' face paled as he picked up his now destroyed wand.

"Thanks to the Order, Harry Potter has managed to elude me once again, but not for long.", Voldemort sieved to himself.

"Potter is not planning on returning to Hogwarts, he could be anywhere at this rate.", Siliveya commented.

"He cannot run forever. With control over the Ministry we will easily catch up with him soon.", Voldemort stated. "I want a warrant for Harry Potter's capture put throughout the wizarding world, and furthermore I want a taboo on my name. From this moment on any enemy who dares to speak my name will be immediately surrounded

by death eaters.", he ordered. "There will be no place left to hide.", he thought venomously.

The death eaters in the room nodded and some left to carry out his tasks. Voldemort turned to Siliveya who already knew what he was going to ask.

"Have you located what I asked my dear?", Voldemort hissed in parseltongue.

"*No, my Lord. I need more time.*", Siliveya replied in a humble tone.

"Very well, but understand thisss...you're mission has become the top priority. I need that wand in order to destroy Harry Potter, and you shall give it to me.", Voldemort demanded.

"Yes, my Lord. I have a hunch of how to find the Elder Wand, but in order to obtain it I require some assistance. I need an older aid who has a better knowledge of wands.", Siliveya requested.

"If that is what is required, then bring me the wand maker Ollivander. He should have the knowledge we need.", Voldemort commanded.

"Yes my Lord.", Siliveya obeyed giving Voldemort a slight bow before leaving the room herself.

When she reached the hall she bumped into Snape.

"Sorry, Godfather. I'm in a bit of a hurry.", Siliveya replied before turning to leave.

"The Dark Lord has bestowed a new task upon you I presume?", Snape inquired.

"Yes, and he is growing impatient by the minute, so if you'll excuse me.", Siliveya said as she tried to walk past him.

Snape put a hand on her shoulder causing Siliveya to pause in her stride. She turned to look up at him with a confused expression.

"What is it? I told you I need to go.", Siliveya reminded hastily.

"Don't lose sight of your true goal. Do as he asks, but do not forget your purpose.", Snape stated firmly.

"Right.", Siliveya said before leaving down the hall and disappearing from sight.

Chapter Eighty Seven- The Helping Hand

Diagon Alley...not the most cheerful place in the wizarding world since the war started up again. With Voldemort now in control of the Ministry muggle-borns were getting arrested left and right, and taken to be trialed for their lives. Half-bloods could easily slide through the cracks with their partial pure-blood heritage, but in any case at this moment and time it paid to have a long line of pure-blooded history and power to hide behind. These facts of course were not true for some. Harry had become public enemy number one, the Weasleys' had become marked for death for they had been permanently labeled blood-traitors, and Hermione...well she was always in danger.

Anywho, Siliveya was walking the desolate paths of Diagon Alley completely immune to the prejudice wrath that suffocated the air. She was holding a bag in her right hand and approached one of the buildings titled *Ollivander's*. Entering, her eyes scanned over the area to find it abandoned of customers much to her liking. Inside was a front desk and behind it were shelves upon shelves of wands. An elderly wizard walked up to the front desk, who Siliveya recognized as Ollivander.

"Good Afternoon, Ms. Hexington.", Ollivander greeted.

Siliveya had come to this shop six years ago when she got her first wand despite the fact that she couldn't use it. And Ollivander was well known for remembering every customer and every wand he had ever sold to them.

"Excuse Mr. Ollivander, but I need your help.", Siliveya requested.

"With a new wand, if I remember correctly you had no use for the one I previously sold to you. A ten inch red oak with a bat heart-string core, I believe it was.", Ollivander replied.

"It is about a wand, but not what you think. I need to know if know anything about the Elder Wand?", Siliveya asked.

"The Elder Wand? Why that's just apart of a children's fairy tale, there's no such thing.", Ollivander stated firmly.

"Please Mr. Ollivander it's important. Rumor has it that You-Know-Who is searching for it.", Siliveya informed.

"Really, and why is that?", Ollivander questioned.

"Harry Potter, You-Know-Who can't defeat Harry Potter with his wand.", Siliveya answered.

"Ah, yes now I remember. The twin phoenix feather wands.", Ollivander said aloud. "I'm curious as to why you would be asking such a question?", he added suspiciously.

Siliveya turned her head away guiltily before looking back at the old man.

"Lives are at stake, I must have my answers. Please can you confide in me knowing just that.", Siliveya pleaded looking at Ollivander with sincerity shining in her eyes.

"Very well.", Ollivander gave in. "But first I must explain to you the properties of wands in general. A wand always chooses its master, but in light of a duel or a battle the victor is capable of claiming a wand for themselves.", he explained.

"Wha...what do you mean? Are you trying to say that if a person were to disarm the wand from their opponent; the fallen wand instantly becomes theirs to use?", Siliveya inquired.

"In a way yes.", Ollivander replied humbly. "Now the Elder Wand, although it exists as a myth in a child's storybook it is real as are the other two items mentioned with it.", he added.

"Other two items? The stone of the dead, and the invisibility cloak? They are all real?", Siliveya said aloud surprised.

"Yes, but please tell me. Why are you searching for the elder wand?", Ollivander asked.

"Because if You-Know-Who gets a hold of it he'll become undefeatable.", Siliveya explained.

Ollivander sighed before leaving the safety of his counter and striding up to Siliveya.

"Dumbledore.", Ollivander said.

"What?", Siliveya said confused.

"Albus Dumbledore. He was the last owner of the wand.", Ollivander repeated.

"So this whole time Dumbledore's wand was the Eder Wand. His wand was buried with him at the school. If that's the case then...", Siliveya thought turning away from Ollivander for a moment. "Thank you Mr. Ollivander, and for your services I need you to take this.", she said holding up an old, beat up shoe.

"A portkey? Why would I need that?", Ollivander questioned.

"For your safety, the Dark Lord requested your presence, but with the information you've given me you can be hidden. And I can just tell him you're dead.", Siliveya explained.

Siliveya had been holding the portkey with her left hand causing her sleeve to slide back and reveal her mark. Ollivander caught sight off it and looked at Siliveya with distaste.

"This was all a trick. You're one of those death eaters!", Ollivander accused.

"Well I don't care what you think of me, but right now you have to leave.", Siliveya said throwing the shoe into Ollivander's hands.

The shoe began to glow blue and before anymore could be done Ollivander disappeared.

"And now for my next stop.", Siliveya said aloud as she picked up the bag she was originally holding before.

Siliveya apparated to the more scenic area of the wizarding world where the forests were and found a very large tent sitting by a pond.

"Odd, I know he said it was somewhere around here?", Siliveya pondered curiously from her spot behind a tree. "*Homenum Revelio.*" she whispered.

Suddenly she saw tent appear in front of her. And inside tent she could see three figures. One of them ran outside and Siliveya quickly camouflaged herself. The person who was standing outside of the tent was none other than Ron. He was looking around the area suspiciously before he decided to return to the tent. However before he could Siliveya threw the bag she held at the back of his legs.

"What the bloody hell was that?!", Ron shouted completely startled.

"Ron what is it?", Hermione asked running outside of the tent.

"I don't know. I turned around and I got hit by this bag on my leg.", Ron answered confused.

"Oh come on Ron, it was just your imagination.", Hermione scoffed as she snatched the bag and pulled Ron back into the tent.

Inside Harry was lying down on one of the beds lost in thought when he noticed Ron and Hermione returning inside of the tent.

"So did you two see anything?", Harry asked as he sat up to face them.

"No, but we did come across something suspicious.", Hermione informed as she held up the bag.

"Hey Harry, this bag has your name on it.", Ron said looking at a tag that was attached to the bag.

"It does? Let me see it.", Harry said while he quickly stood up and walked over to take the bag.

"Hold on for a second.", Hermione said snatching the bag from Harry's reach. "We have to make sure that this isn't some kind of trap. *Specialis Revelio.*", she said pointing her wand at the bag.

After nothing happened Hermione sighed in defeat and handed the bag over to Harry. Harry eagerly reached his hand into the bag and pulled out a deluminator, a golden snitch, and a book titled *The Tales of Beedle the Bard*. The three teens looked at the items completely baffled.

"Why would anyone give you this useless junk?", Ron questioned.

"Hang on, there's a note.", Harry said after he felt a piece of parchment at the bottom of the bag and pulled it out. "Dear Harry Potter, it was requested in Dumbledore's will that these three items were given to you and your friends. Dumbledore's deluminator was left for Ronald Weasley, the storybook for Miss Hermione Granger, and to you Harry Potter the golden snitch that you caught in your very first Quidditch game. P.S., To activate the snitch put your mouth to it. Signed PBP.", he read.

"PBP, that bloke who kept sending you messages before?", Ron said aloud.

"Yes, it's the same signature.", Harry clarified.

"So Dumbledore wanted to us to have these.", Hermione said examining the book. "But, why though?", she pondered.

Harry looked at the golden snitch, and decided to do as the note said. He put the orb to his mouth resulting in a message appearing on the opposite side.

"Harry look something's on the other side.", Ron pointed out.

"I open at the close.", Harry read after he turned the snitch around. "What does that mean?", he asked.

Ron shrugged while Hermione scoffed.

"I don't see why you keep excepting objects from complete strangers. For all we know this could be a trick!", Hermione scolded knocking her new book over by accident.

When the book hit the floor a piece of parchment fell out.

"Hey what's this?", Ron said picking up the stray parchment. "It's a note. This book holds the tale of a myth about three very important objects, read up on your history if you want to get an edge on your enemy.", he read.

"I see, so these gifts are all clues.", Hermione deducted as she picked the old book up from the ground.

"Clues? You mean it will give us a way to defeat Voldemort!", Harry said excitedly.

"No don't say his name!", Ron warned too late.

Suddenly outside of the tent were a small group of death eaters. Thinking on her feet Hermione quickly hit Harry, Ron, and herself with a few hexes to disfigure their faces.

Meanwhile outside, Siliveya was waiting idly by when she saw Greyback along with a few other death eaters appear out of nowhere. Siliveya remained invisible to their eyes so they couldn't see her, and she watched as the death eaters apprehended Harry, Ron, and Hermione.

"Damn, looks like I'll have to do some stalling.", Siliveya thought before apparating out of the area.

Next Time:

In a time of war, suspicions will fade as true colors are shown and loyalty is kept. The brave will stay and fight while the cowardly run screaming. Lives will be lost and loved ones protected. The final battle is about to begin and there's no turning back. See ya soon!

Chapter Eighty Eight- The Assault Of Bellatrix

That night Siliveya returned to Voldemort's side, and reported the information she discovered about the Elder Wand. Pleased with the information, Voldemort left to go retrieve the Elder Wand for himself. Meanwhile Harry, Ron, and Hermione was brought to Malfoy Manor. The spells that Hermione had cast had almost fooled the death eaters, but it wasn't enough. Now they were at their mercy, and the death eaters were trying to summon Voldemort.

However, it was with a stroke of sheer luck that Harry, Ron, and Hermione were able to escape with the aid of a few old friends. When they were first brought to Malfoy Manor the three teens had been dragged down into the dungeons, and were locked up in a cell together. At the time Draco had been ordered to check on the prisoners, and it was at that same moment that Dobby and Ellie had come to the rescue. Together the two elves were creating an escape route for their friends, but Draco caught sight of what was going on and tried to stop them. Harry disarmed Draco, and took his wand to keep the young deatheater from fighting back. Draco called for help, but before any of the other deatheaters could make it to the dungeons Harry, Ron, and Hermione had escaped with Dobby and Ellie.

During this event, Bellatrix, the Malfoys, and Greyback were the only ones there, and were fighting over who had the honor of summoning Voldemort. But, now they were in deep trouble, for they had brought their Dark Lord all this way only to show him *empty hands*. Furious, the Dark Lord put them under house arrest. He summoned Siliveya to him who politely bowed and kneeled before him. This time they weren't having a private meeting for Bellatrix, the Malfoys, Greyback, and a few other death eaters were present.

"You needed me my Lord?", Siliveya asked.

"Yes, with Severus busy at Hogwarts you are the only one left I can rely on.", Voldemort hissed giving a dark glare towards the others in the room making them grow pale with fear. "It seems that these fools had apprehended our number one enemy Harry Potter, but failed to

keep their catch in its net. I want you to hunt down Harry Potter and bring him to me.", he ordered.

"Of course, my Lord.", Siliveya obeyed.

While she spoke, Siliveya had stood and had her arms held behind her back with her fingers crossed. No one took notice of this except for Bellatrix who eyed Siliveya skeptically.

"And make haste my dear, that Potter boy is up to sssomething...and want him taken care of as quickly as possible.", Voldemort added as he clutched Nagini, who was draped around his shoulders, closer to himself.

Siliveya nodded understanding her orders and left the room without another word. Waiting a few seconds, Bellatrix decided to follow the young witch to satisfy her devious curiosity.

Siliveya had walked outside of Malfoy Manor, and was admiring the starlit sky for a brief moment when an owl had flown her way. Siliveya rose her arm and allowed the owl to land on her wrist. She detached the letter from the owl's leg and let fly off into the sky. Siliveya opened the letter and began to read.

Dear Siliveya,

Meet me at Hogsmeade near the shore of the black lake. We have some things we must discuss.

-Snape

"Hogsmeade near the black lake, gotcha.", Siliveya confirmed to herself before apparating to her desired destination.

Little did she know, that Bellatrix was watching her the whole time.

"She's up to something I know it. I might be under house arrest, but if I can catch her...if I can expose that brat for her true self than the Dark Lord will reward me beyond measure.", Bellatrix thought viciously before following her target.

Sometime later Siliveya had appeared in the spot she had been asked. Hogsmeade wasn't far off, but the place was crawling with Dementors. However where she was, Siliveya had a beautiful view of the school. The moonlight was bright and reflected off of the lake. Siliveya glanced up at the sky and saw that the moon was close to being full, very close.

"And here I thought you wouldn't show.", Siliveya heard a familiar voice state behind her.

She turned to see Snape approaching her on the beach.

"What reason would I have not to?", Siliveya slightly laughed. "So what did you want to talk about?", she inquired.

"You must leave. End your mission.", Snape said firmly.

"But, why? I haven't finished what I have to do.", Siliveya asked confused.

"Because, your life is danger, you must return to your friends and stay away from the Dark Lord at all costs.", Snape informed.

"I don't see why I should. I have to keep up my end of the deal. Besides, I'm not afraid of big, bad Moldyvort.", Siliveya replied confidently.

Snape raised an eyebrow to Siliveya's nickname for Voldemort for a brief second but eternally shook it off.

"Listen to reason girl, the Dark Lord is planning to kill you.", Snape warned with a serious expression.

"Kill me?", Siliveya said shocked. "But why Snape? I've done everything he's asked, and he just entrusted me with the task of retrieving Potter. This doesn't make any sense.", she said confused while shaking her head disbelievingly.

"It's because of the wand you helped him retrieve, the Elder Wand. He believes that you are the owner of the wand.", Snape replied.

"But why would he believe that? Unless...", Siliveya said when she remembered what Ollivander had told her.

"But first I must explain to you the properties of wands in general. A wand always chooses its master, but in light of a duel or a battle the victor is capable of claiming a wand for themselves.", Ollivander explained.

"Wha...what do you mean? Are you trying to say that if a person were to disarm the wand from their opponent the fallen wand instantly becomes theirs to use?", Siliveya inquired.

"In a way yes.", Ollivander replied humbly.

The memory flashed in and out of her mind within a second, and Siliveya returned her focus to Snape.

"But this still doesn't make sense.", Siliveya said completely puzzled. "If wands change hands through disarming an opponent in a duel then why does he want to kill me?", she questioned aloud.

"Because the Dark Lord does not know this. He believes that since you were the one who killed the Elder Wand's previous owner, Dumbledore, he will have to do the same to you in order to have the wand for himself.", Snape explained.

"No...no...this is all wrong. That can't be the way it works. Oh no what will I do now?", Siliveya groaned distraughtly as she turned away from Snape and towards the lake. "I know I'll fight him one-on-one myself. I'm the only one who can counterattack the killing curse.", she said determinedly. "Stupid, what are you thinking, he can't be killed until the rest of the remaining horcruxes are destroyed first.", Siliveya thought before sighing defeatedly.

"You are right Siliveya, you must fight the Dark Lord, but not now. Return to your friends and aid them with what you've learned so that you can fight this war together.", Snape answered.

"But what about Moldyvort and the other skull dorks? I can't just change sides without them noticing.", Siliveya asked.

"I've solved that problem.", Snape said as he walked away and brought forth the dead, limp body of Peter Pettigrew.

"You...you killed him?", Siliveya gasped surprised.

"No, I asked for his assistance, but since it involved turning against the Dark Lord...the new hand that Wormtail had received made him strangle himself to death.", Snape explained. "But he will still be of use to us.", he added.

"How so?", Siliveya inquired.

Snape pulled out a vile of liquid and poured it down Pettigrew's open mouth. Despite being dead the liquid caused Pettigrew's body to change until it had the appearance of a dead Siliveya lying on the ground.

"I'll tell the Dark Lord that you committed treachery, and that I killed you in battle.", Snape explained.

"But wait, if Moldyvort believes that you killed me then won't he believe that you are the one he has to kill in order to fully control the elder wand?", Siliveya questioned.

"Yes he will.", Snape confirmed.

"Are you bloody mad?! Thi...this is ludicrous! You can't sacrifice yourself in my place!", Siliveya chastised.

"If it means that it will by you some time then I will.", Snape said sternly.

"Why not let him still think I'm alive. I have more tricks up my sleeves! I'm at the top of my game! Moldyvort can only kill me if he can catch me! In the short time I've been a double agent I've done worse things than this!", Siliveya said desperately. "Please Snape, there has to be another way! I don't want you to die!", she pleaded her eyes slightly tearing up.

There was a moment of silence between the two of them, but it was soon interrupted before either one could get another word out.

"Ah hah! I knew it!!", they heard a shrewd female voice shout.

Siliveya and Snape turned to see Bellatrix standing at the top of a hill right above them. She hadn't heard the whole conversation, nor had she seen the fake, dead Siliveya. Unfortunately, she had showed up just in time to hear Siliveya utter the words double agent. She gazed down at Siliveya as the moon gave her eyes a venomous glow.

"I knew it! The two of you were scheming behind our backs! Blood traitors!!", Bellatrix spat.

"What ever are you going on about, Lestrange?", Snape asked bluntly.

"Don't act innocent!! I knew the two of you were siding with the Order, and now here's the proof!", Bellatrix snapped.

While they were conversing Siliveya was slowly making her way to the lake until she was emerged in the water up to her ankles.

"Bellatrix Lestrange...blind as always.", Siliveya said coolly before rising her hands above the water.

As quickly as possible, Siliveya raised a group of water into the air and strung it around her hands until the liquid streamlined. In one swift motion she whipped the water at Snape's chest sending him flying, and gracefully turned around to swipe Bellatrix under her legs bringing her down to Siliveya's level. Snape was unconscious, but Bellatrix was able to slowly bring herself to her feet with an angered expression drowning her features.

"How dare you!!", Bellatrix shouted furiously.

"How dare I? How dare you! Accusing me of blood treachery!", Siliveya spat.

"You Lie! Do not try and cover up your true self. You and Severus are finished!", Bellatrix threatened.

"No, it is you who is blind. I am true to my blood line, it is only the Dark Lord I despise. Why should he, a mere half-blood get all the

glory and power while I, his pure-blooded relative, a descendant of Slytherin be forced to be his lacky?! No, I should be the ruler of this new era! The Dark Lady who you all fear! And as for Snape, I was merely persuading him over to my side, but he was refusing my proposal. If you hadn't showed up he would have been dead right now...you saved poor Severus' life Bella!", Siliveya explained as she smirked darkly. "However, it seems that you are too attached to your precious Lord as well so I'll have to take care of you right here and now!", she added malevolently. "*Sectumsempra!*", she shouted shooting a beam of light from her hands.

Bellatrix deflected the attack and raised her wand high with murder shining clearly in her eyes.

"*Avada Kedavra!!*", Bellatrix exclaimed.

The fatal green light sped straight toward Siliveya who whipped the water around her body like a shield.

"*Purgo Mortis!!*", Siliveya shouted forcing her right palm forward causing the killing curse to hit a shield of pure light and water fade.

The killing curse faded away at Siliveya's power, and a look of shock and frustration had spread wide on Bellatrix's face in reaction to her young opponents' actions but she quickly recovered and aimed her wand once more. However before she could, Siliveya jumped forward and dealt Bellatrix a punch directly in her face. The vicious witch staggered back and swiped at Siliveya's face with her free hand taking hold of her headdress and ripping it from her forehead.

"Such a pretty heirloom, it doesn't deserve to rest upon a filthy, treacherous head like yours!!", Bellatrix spat.

"I was about to say the same thing.", Siliveya replied slyly as she gathered more water around herself.

Siliveya allowed herself to be engulfed by the water up to her shoulders and out to the very edge of her fingertips. Bellatrix raised her wand to attack once more, but Siliveya shot her left arm forward making the water react like an extension of her arm, and took hold of Bellatrix's left arm. Siliveya proceeded to shoot her right arm forward

in the same manner, and took hold of Bellatrix's right leg causing her to drop her wand. Siliveya lifted her arms further into the air, which caused Bellatrix to be lifted as well, but as soon as Siliveya had her another curse shot through her water arms breaking the connection.

Bellatrix dropped back to the floor, and Siliveya looked in the direction the disturbance came from to see a large group of deatheaters that was being led by Greyback.

"I called for some assistance, just in case. I intend to see that you are thoroughly punished by the Dark Lord himself.", Bellatrix sneered as she brought herself to her feet.

In defense Siliveya brought the water she had left back to her body. In a few fluid motions she made the water surround herself and grow long octopus tentacles all around her form in an attempt to fight all of the deatheaters off at once. By this time, Snape had recovered from his unconscious state and while Siliveya was keeping her defensive form the two of them interlocked eyes for a moment. Siliveya dropped her gaze understanding what he wanted, and powerfully shot her hands pointing up towards the sky making the water around her change to steam so it that fogged the whole entire area. It was so thick that no one could see their hand in front of their face.

"Damn! Don't let her get away!", Bellatrix bellowed.

Hexes and curses went flying throughout within the foggy territory, and that was all that could be seen. A sudden green flash went by, but hit no clarified target. Meanwhile Siliveya had escaped via the black lake. No longer having her headress thanks to Bellatrix, she couldn't apparate and she didn't know how to apparate normally. She had created an small ice platform, and while moving her arms forward in a slow circular motion she surfed her way to the school for the toughest battle of her young life.

From the corner of her eye, Siliveya looked back at the shore where she had left the deatheaters to blinded fight in the fog, and a sad expression grew on her face.

"I bought you some immunity for now. Promise me you'll be safe Profes...I mean Godfather Snape.", Siliveya thought calmly as she disappeared into the darkness of the night.

Chapter Eighty Nine- The Battle At Hogwarts

That same night Siliveya had made it to Hogwarts, but couldn't find a way to get in. Without her headdress there was no way for her to sneak inside of the castle undetected, so she instead she went to the shrieking shack and decided to hide out until morning.

"Damn I'm stranded here, and after that stunt I pulled there's no way I can just waltz into Hogwarts without being apprehended.", Siliveya sighed. "Or...can I?", she said suddenly as smirk crept its way onto her face.

Siliveya walked back outside and examined all of the visible sides of the castle from where she stood.

"The Lake.", Siliveya said to herself.

She walked over to the waters' edge. Raising her hands she brought the water over her head as she slowly walked off the shore, and into the deeper part of the lake. When Siliveya was completely submerged, she was encased in her own air bubble that allowed her to breathe. Siliveya swam deeper into the lake until she found her target. Out of all of the four houses, the Slytherins' common room had a large window facing the lake.

Siliveya approached the glossy wall and banged on it a few times to get a feel of how thick it was. Inside there were a few Slytherins lounging about in the common room, and they quickly took notice of Siliveya's disturbance. One of the Slytherin's inside was Pansy who had been dubbed Head Girl for the school year.

"Who is that?", Pansy said aloud as walked up closer to the window.

Now fully able to see the trespasser, Pansy let out a loud shriek.

"It's Hexington! Alert the Professors now!", Pansy ordered two startled second years.

Meanwhile Siliveya was still trying to figure out a way to break through the glass.

"No doubt that this part of the castle has been heavily enchanted against intruders as well. No matter, let's see how well it holds up against the laws of physics.", Siliveya thought as she pressed both of her palms evenly on the window pane. "*Confringo!*", she shouted in her mind.

A shock-wave erupted from her hands all the way across window's surface. Unfortunately the glass did not break, however there were now numerous inter-webbing cracks that spread to every corner of the window. At the time two of deatheaters that worked in the school, known as the Carrow siblings had entered the Slytherin common room.

"What's the problem? You almost had us punish these two students for no reason!", the Carrow brother demanded.

"Not that we wouldn't have minded.", the Carrow sister cackled.

"It's Hexington! She's trying to break in.", Pansy said pointing to the window.

"Let her try, that traitor will surely drown before she makes a dent.", the Carrow brother laughed.

He couldn't have been more wrong, after making cracks in the glass Siliveya had begun to freeze ice within the cracks to weaken the glass. When everything was full she brought her hands down, and just when they had thought she'd given up Siliveya water punched both of her fists into the ice shattering the glass. The window caved in bringing thousands of galleons of water into the common room. Pansy, the Carrows, and anyone else unlucky enough to be in the common room at that moment were washed over by a large wave.

Siliveya was sucked into the room and the minute she was inside, she froze the entire wave from the floor to the large opening in the wall to stop any more water from flooding the place. Siliveya slid down to floor before coming face to face with three angry glares.

"You! What are YOU doing here?!", Pansy demanded.

"Yeah, traitor, you're very naive to break into the school like that and not believe that you would be captured and brought to the Dark Lord!", the Carrow sister threatened.

"Well you'll be the naive ones when you fail to catch me!", Siliveya smirked as she jumped over them to the part of the common room that wasn't frozen.

She then ran up the stairs and out of the Slytherin entrance. The Carrows chased after her leaving Pansy behind, but had difficulty reaching the door because of all the ice.

With a head start, Siliveya ran out of one corridor to the hall of the moving stairs and ran up each flight to the seventh floor. Along the way the Carrows had caught up to her, but luckily the stairs would change just in time so they could not follow her direct path. However this did not stop them from shooting numerous hexes and curses at her when she was within sight. Once on the seventh floor, Siliveya ran in the direction of the Room of Requirement.

"I need a place to hide where my enemies can't follow me, I need a place to hide where my enemies can't follow me.", Siliveya repeated over and over again in her head.

Suddenly a large door appeared in the wall just ahead of her, and Siliveya quickly entered before the Carrows could find her. Siliveya shut the door knowing very well that it was vanishing on the opposite side. Tired from all of the work she just did, Siliveya put her back to the wall and slid down to the floor.

"That was close.", Siliveya said softly clearly relieved.

"Siliveya?", she heard a familiar voice say.

Siliveya looked up to see three old friends. Neville, Ginny, and Luna were in the room as well.

"Neville...Luna...Ginny?", Siliveya said startled.

"Stay away from us!", Ginny shouted.

"What?", Siliveya said confused.

"You heard her, she said stay away from us!", Neville said pointing his wand threateningly at Siliveya.

"Harry told us all about it. You killed Dumbledore, you're one of them now. A death eater!", Ginny stated hatefully.

"And what are you three supposed to be? The Three Musketeers?", Siliveya said amused as she folded her arms and raised an eyebrow.

"No we are trying to reform what's left of Dumbledore's Army. Now get out of here!", Neville informed not backing down.

"Tsk...tsk. If I really was your enemy guys, first of all I would have attacked you already. Second what ever gave you the impression that I came in this room for you?", Siliveya inquired.

"Well...we", Neville faltered.

"You were running away from someone, right?", Luna finally spoke up.

"Yes, the Carrow siblings. I had to break int here the hard way and they chased me all over this bloody school.", Siliveya replied.

"And why would they be chasing you, aren't you one of them?", Ginny questioned skeptically.

"Because I never was one of them. Two years ago when I left the school with Fred and George, I joined the Order of the Phoenix. In light of the current situation at the time, Dumbledore made me a double agent so that I could spy on Moldyvort and all the other deatheaters.", Siliveya explained.

"But your Dark Mark...you murdered Dumbledore!", Neville corrected.

"The mark came with the job, I had to gain their trust so I had to follow their rules. As for Dumbledore...what happened that night was his plan in order to protect me. He was dying and he didn't care if he sped up the process to help me and everyone else.", Siliveya informed.

"So you're not really...?", Ginny asked.

"No I'm here to help. Harry, Ron, and Hermione are in enough danger as it is, but I don't have a clue where they are.", Siliveya mentioned.

"They're coming here.", Luna answered.

"To the school? Why?", Siliveya said confused.

"They've been searching for a few things, they think that whatever they're searching for might be here in the castle.", Luna replied.

"It most be the Horcruxes. I don't even know where those last few might be so there's no reason for me to bother trying at this point.", Siliveya thought to herself before turning to the others. "So what has been going on here and how can I help?", she asked.

"The deatheaters have completely taken over everything. It's horrible! They torture people left and right, we have to end this war soon.", Ginny said distraught.

"Well it's not doing so well on the outside either. The Ministry is under Moldyvort's control, and anyone who against the mighty Dark Lord is in extreme danger including your family Ginny. ", Siliveya commented.

"So what now, it feels like this war's never gonna end.", Neville stated.

"Maybe...maybe not.", Siliveya said getting lost in a daze.

"Siliveya what's wrong?", Ginny asked.

"Can't you feel it. There's a looming aura of danger over this school. It's so thick and potent it's sickening.", Siliveya answered distastefully. "They're coming here.", she said suddenly.

"Who's coming?", Neville inquired.

"You said Harry is coming here right? Then that means everyone is coming, including my fuddy-duddy cousin.", Siliveya deducted.

"But why?", Ginny asked.

"Because Moldyvort wants Harry's head more than anything else. He will come, and he will bring every ally at his disposal. And I suspect it's soon, the storm clouds are already gathering.", Siliveya answered continuing to stare off into space.

Siliveya happened to be right. The following morning came and it was the beginning of the greatest battle of their lives. The disruption began within the school. The word had spread of Harry Potter's arrival which completely divided the school. The deatheaters including most of Slytherin house were prepared to find and turn in Harry the first chance they got while everyone else were fighting against it.

By evening the castle of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry had become a battlefield. Students were hexing each other left and right. And the older students who were ex-members of the D.A. were taking on the deatheaters who filled the school like a plague. Getting close to night fall, the heroes had finally arrived. Siliveya, Neville, Ginny, and Luna were in the room of requirement when Neville overheard that Harry, Ron, and Hermione were in Hogsmeade. They created an underground tunnel that led from the room of requirement to where their friends were, and Neville went to retrieve them.

Meanwhile Siliveya was taking care of the Carrows. The two siblings had decided to gang up on her, and she quickly accepted the challenge. With her back to the wall Siliveya attempted to fight the two from all sides, but she was weakening fast and wouldn't be able to hold them off for much longer.

"What's wrong, are we too much for you little girl.", the Carrow brother taunted.

Siliveya had her hands out with her fingers pointed at both siblings. Her eyes darted back and forth trying to predict who was going to strike next. The Carrow sister noticed this and waited for Siliveya's eyes to switch to her brother before raising her wand.

"*Stupefy!*", a male voice shouted.

The Carrow sister was knocked to the side and the Carrow brother was struck down right afterwards. Siliveya looked up to see two

familiar men whom she did not recognize. The familiar part was that they looked like they were related to the Weasleys with their trademark red hair and freckles, but she had never seen these two men before. It was then that she remembered that Ron had five older brothers. First was Fred and George, then Percy, then Charlie who Ron always said worked with Dragons, and the last was Bill. She had never met Charlie or Bill before, and wondered if they might be the two eldest Weasley siblings.

"Are you alright?", the shorter of the two men asked.

However, before Siliveya had a chance to answer she saw two red-headed blurs run up to her and tackle her down to the floor. The two blurs happened to be Fred and George who were engulfing Siliveya in one big hug.

"My gem, my darling gem you're alright.", Fred said in a relieved tone.

"Yes, we thought something horrible might have happened. I knew this job was too dangerous for you.", George added worriedly.

"I'm fine...you guys. Just...let go. I...can't...breathe.", Siliveya struggled to say under their intense grip.

"Sorry.", the twins said in unison as they stood and helped Siliveya to her feet.

"So this is the girl you guys kept talking about.", the taller of the other two spoke up.

"Yes. Siliveya these are our older brothers, Charlie.", Fred introduced pointing to the shorter man.

"And Bill.", George finished pointing to the taller man.

"Well it's a pleasure to meet you.", Siliveya greeted politely. "How long have you guys been here?", Siliveya asked.

"Just showed up in time to rescue you.", Fred answered smirking.

It was then that Siliveya had to do a double take at Fred and George. There was something different about the two of them. She stared at them slightly when she saw George turn his head, and she gasped at the sight. George's left ear was taken clean off.

"George, your ear?", Siliveya said shocked.

"Oh right, a little fatality in battle a while back.", George replied sheepishly.

"A little?! Your ear's completely gone.", Siliveya said examining it more closely. "How did it happen, seriously?", she inquired.

"Snape hacked it off with some curse when we were helping Harry leave his house.", Fred explained.

"Right, I wasn't there. But if Snape did it then there's no doubt it's the sectum sempra curse.", Siliveya pondered in realization. "George hold still.", she said putting her right hand over the hole where his ear should be. "*Purgo Vulnus.*", Siliveya whispered softly as a small white light emitted from her hand.

When Siliveya brought her hand back, George's ear had been fully healed. Fred, Bill, and Charlie's jaws dropped at the sight. George lifted his hand felt that it was indeed back and fully functional.

"My ear's back.", George said happily.

"That was amazing...how did she?", Charlie said stunned.

"And that's why she's our little gem. She's a natural she is.", Fred praised giving her another hug.

"Of course, thanks for the quick fix Siliveya.", George said joining in the hug.

"There you are. Arthur they're over here.", they heard Mrs. Weasley's voice call out.

A few seconds afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Ginny had showed up. Harry's eyes instantly fell on

Siliveya, and took out the wand he had gotten from Draco and aimed it at her.

"Hello Potter, long time no see.", Siliveya said simply as she broke out of Fred and George's grip.

"Don't look so smug. You have some nerve showing your face to us.", Harry said venomously.

Siliveya gave a heavy sigh before turning her back to him.

"Where do you think you're going?!", Harry shouted when he realized she was walking away.

"We're in the middle of a war Potter. I have more important things to deal with than getting into a ridiculous argument with you." Siliveya stated firmly.

"Off to kill more innocent people I assume?!", Harry scoffed.

"As usual your mind is one tracked. Like I said I don't have time for childish games, but don't worry our paths will cross again.", Siliveya replied keeping her face drained of all emotions.

Harry watched Siliveya run down the corridor until she was out of sight before turning to the others.

"Why didn't you attack her? She's the enemy!", Harry questioned furiously.

"Because she is not the enemy.", Fred and George defended together.

"What?", Harry said suddenly baffled by their actions.

"We'll explain later Harry.", Ginny said putting a hand on his shoulder. "But first we have to win this war.", she added.

"Not you young lady, you're still underage.", Mrs. Weasley scolded. "I want you to return home and wait for us.", she ordered.

"What and be driven mad, because my family is miles away putting their lives at stake. No, I need to be here!", Ginny argued.

"Come on Harry we have to find Ravenclaw's diadem. We've destroyed most of the Horcruxes we can't stop now.", Hermione said pulling him to the side.

Harry nodded and he, Ron, and Hermione left in the opposite direction to go and find their next target. Meanwhile, Siliveya was making her way to the fourth floor, which was difficult with all of the fighting going on. Outside of the castle, all manner of creatures had started to enter the school, during which many of the younger students had been escorted away for their safety.

As Siliveya was rounding a corner she spotted Draco, Crabbe, and Goyle running down the corridor perpendicular to hers.

"What are they up to now?", Siliveya thought as she slowly followed behind them.

The trio led Siliveya back up to the seventh floor where the room of requirement was. She saw them enter the room, but the door closed before she could reach it. Realizing that it would be a lost cause to try and get in, Siliveya headed down a floor where she saw Fred and George fighting off Pius Thicknesse, the man who Voldemort used as the new Minister, as well as three other death eaters. One of the deatheaters noticed her and shot a curse at Siliveya who blocked it easily.

"*Aguamenti!*", Siliveya shouted sending a stream of water to knock the deatheater off their feet.

"Nice one!", Fred cheered.

"That's not all I got.", Siliveya smirked as she rose the water into the air with her hands and water whipped the deatheater senseless.

Another blast was fired by Fred and George's brother Percy who decided to join the fight. There the small battle went on for awhile when Harry, Ron, and Hermione showed up. They were watching the fight from the sidelines when out of nowhere a giant explosion

tremored the entire area. Everyone fell back onto the floor, and a second explosion erupted that was louder than the first. It was so strong that the stone in the wall and ceiling above them cracked and eventually crumbled. Siliveya was still recovering from the first tremor and had sat up when she noticed that part of the ceiling was about to cave in on her. It was too late for her to try and move, and she braced herself for impact. But it never came, instead she felt someone push her out of the way and she rolled onto another part of the floor.

Dust filled the area, as everyone was briefly out of commission, and the deatheaters they were dueling were completely taken out. Part of the wall beside them had been destroyed creating an exit that lead outside. Harry was the first to come to, and sat up despite the new stinging injury on the side of his face.

"Is everyone alright?", Harry asked.

"I'm fine...but.", he heard Hermione's voice falter.

Instead of more replies the sound of crying graced Harry's ears. When some of the dust cleared, he saw the silhouette of Percy, George, Ron, and Siliveya. Siliveya was crying with her face in her hands, and was kneeling down beside someone on the floor. Ron was kneeling as well, and had a pained expression on his face. Harry walked closer to see what was going on and saw that Fred was lying in Percy's arms...dead.

Next Time:

A life has been lost but there is more left to come. The war is just beginning and no one knows what to expect. See ya soon!

Chapter Ninety- The Last Horcrux Destroyed

"Fred...", Harry said solemnly as he walked up to the rest of the group.
"But how?", he uttered.

"The ceiling was caving in...and he pushed me out of the way. He saved me...oh Fred.", Siliveya sobbed.

"Where did that explosion even come from?", Hermione questioned aloud.

It was then that they heard laughter, and the sound of harsh footsteps on the level above them. Everyone turned their heads to see another death eater, whom Siliveya recognized right away.

"Yaxely.", Siliveya said in an agitated tone.

"I'll take care of him!", Percy spoke up furiously as he immediately jumped up from the floor.

After hearing his name called Yaxely darted off in another direction, and Percy quickly left the group to chase him down. Meanwhile George walked over to his deceased brother and lifted Fred off of the floor by his shoulders.

"I'll take Fred to the Great Hall...you guys go ahead.", George informed with a grim expression on his face.

"I'll help you.", Siliveya said as she wiped the remaining tears from her face and stood up.

Before anymore could done, Voldemort's dark voice filled the air above them.

"Listen to me school of Hogwarts, it is not within my wishes to cause anymore damage that has already been done. Enough magical blood has been spilled and if you desire to save yourselves bring me Harry Potter. You have one hour, otherwise fear for the worst." , Voldemort's voice echoed through the halls.

The five teens paused looking at each other nervously. Harry turned to Siliveya and George with a serious expression on his face.

"It's all right. Just go and take Fred, we'll figure out the rest.", Harry reassured firmly.

They both nodded in reply as Siliveya took Fred by the legs, and together the two of them left for the Great Hall. Meanwhile Harry, Ron, and Hermione stayed behind to plot their next move.

"What are we going to do now?", Ron questioned.

"We'll have to split up.", Harry answered.

"But...why?", Ron asked confused.

"There's...there's something I have to do. You two go out and help everyone else.", Harry ordered.

"All right, we'll be waiting for you mate.", Ron nodded understanding.

"And Harry, just be careful.", Hermione added.

"Okay.", Harry said before walking off on his own.

During this time George and Siliveya had brought Fred to the Great Hall, which had become a hospital for the injured and fatal victims of the war. Siliveya's eyes scanned the whole hall, and she was shocked to see so many fallen, familiar faces that she had met throughout her days at Hogwarts. To her left she passed by a now dead Cho Chang, and at that moment all the resentment she had once felt towards the girl dropped completely. Next to their right, she saw Lupin crying over Tonks' deathly still body. It was just too much of a sad sight that she turned away and focused forward. Finally, Siliveya and George had reached the area where the remaining Weasley's were at. Mrs. Weasley caught sight of them first, and immediately burst into tears as she ran over to her fallen child's corpse. George and Siliveya set Fred's body gently down on the table beside them, and the grieving began. Wanting to give the broken family time to themselves, Siliveya wandered away and gave one last glance at the heartbreakingly sad sight.

"We have to end this war and soon.", Siliveya said softly to herself when she gazed out of one of the Great Halls' window towards the Dark Forest."Voldemort and the others are close by.", she thought.

In the distance, she could feel like there was something going on with the thick nest of trees.

"He's there.", Siliveya realized.

She quickly headed out of the Great Hall, and made her way towards the Dark Forest. When Siliveya reached the forest's edge she heard footsteps not too far ahead of herself. She followed the sound and saw Harry walking by himself.

"Perfect, this is my chance.", Siliveya thought as she casually snuck up behind him.

Harry heard footsteps behind him, and turned to see Siliveya. He immediately pulled out his new wand and pointed it at Siliveya defensively.

"What are you doing here?", Harry asked skeptically.

"For once I'm actually here for you, you should be excited.", Siliveya taunted showing a slight smirk.

"Please, just who's side are you on anyway?!", Harry snapped.

"There's no time to explain, but maybe later you'll understand.", Siliveya said simply as she waved his comment off, and slowly walked up to him. "Don't be afraid, I won't bite.", she laughed when she noticed Harry tense up.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?", Harry asked more sternly as he glared at the girl standing before him.

Siliveya paused and looked down at her feet for second before she looked back at Harry with an unreadable expression in her eyes.

"Did you destroy them all?", Siliveya asked suddenly.

"Destroy what all?", Harry said confused.

"The Horcruxes.", Siliveya clarified.

"What? How do you know about that?", Harry asked surprised.

"I have my sources, just as you have yours.", Siliveya replied simply. "Now I'll ask again. Did you destroy all of them...the ring, the locket, Nagini, the diary...?", she inquired. "It is very important that you make sure Harry.", Siliveya reminded coolly.

"Yes, they are all destroyed including Hufflepuff's cup and Ravenclaw's Diadem.", Harry informed. "You-Know-Who should be vulnerable now.", he added.

"Unfortunately not, from your list it seems like you've missed one.", Siliveya corrected.

"What do you mean?", Harry said looking at her suspiciously.

"Don't remember what Dumbledore told you about your scar?", Siliveya said nonchalantly while examining her fingernails.

"Don't dare say his name! You're have no right to even think about Dumbledore after what you did!", Harry spat aiming his new wand at Siliveya's neck.

"It seems you are missing the point.", Siliveya laughed unnerved by his actions. "Harry you're connected too.", she added.

"What are you going on about now?!", Harry demanded.

"Whilst you were in a day to day fog last year, I was catching up on my research.", Siliveya began to explain. "When you got your scar, Harry, Moldyvort gave you his power...his soul. Because of this you are the missing link to puzzle, and so long as you live he can never be destroyed!", she said harshly as she swatted Harry's wand from his hand causing it to fall into the darkness of the bushes and shrubbery.

"Siliveya...", Harry faltered under her intense gaze.

Suddenly Siliveya opened her arms and enveloped Harry in sorrowful embrace. Harry merely stood there completely baffled from her actions.

"I'm so sorry Harry, but this must be done.", Siliveya said placing her right hand over his heart. "*Avada Kedavra.*", she barely whispered.

Before Harry could react, a green light emitted from Siliveya's hand and engulfed him. Within a second, Harry's eyes grew dull and he fell to ground like a rag doll.

Tears shed from her face, but she quickly wiped them and looked towards the deeper part of the forest.

"*Mobilicorpus.*", Siliveya said pointing her finger at Harry, making his body levitate in the air.

With the spell she cast, Siliveya was able to bring Harry with her as she walked further into the depths of the forest. Soon she reached a clearing, and found her target. A large group of death eaters were crowded there, which included Bellatrix, Narcissa, Lucius, and Greyback. The odd thing was that they appeared to be in a state of panic. Siliveya searched for the source of the commotion, and was shocked at what she witnessed. Voldemort was unconscious on the ground almost as if he had been killed.

"No way, it couldn't have been that simple.", Siliveya thought disbelievingly.

She then boldly walked into the clearing with Harry floating by her side. The first to notice her presence, was Narcissa.

"You! What are you doing here?!", Narcissa questioned sharply when she saw Harry's dead body floating beside her.

Narcissa's jaw dropped, and all the death eaters turned directed their gazes towards her.

"Get out of here you blood traitor!!", Bellatrix bellowed as she turned around showing that she was now wearing Siliveya's headress.

"But I've brought a present. However from what I see, the Dark Lord is in no condition to accept it.", Siliveya joked.

It was then that Voldemort came to and stood up. Siliveya immediately stiffened her expression defensively when he noticed her as well.

"On the contrary dearest cousin.", Voldemort said venomously.

"Clearly. However, as you can see Harry Potter...the famous Boy Who Lived...is now dead.", Siliveya announced placing a hand on Harry's chest.

A gasp of unidentifiable shock filled every nerve of Siliveya's form at that very moment, although she kept a grounded expressionless face on the outside. She focused her senses once more to see if it had only been her imagination, but no, Harry's heart was still beating.

"How is this possible? He died, I'm sure of it.", Siliveya thought confused.

Meanwhile, despite Harry's condition he remained perfectly still. The reasons were unknown, but Siliveya did feel his body slightly tense out of fear.

"...And now that your enemy has finally fallen, my Lord. There is no reason for you to take anymore hostile actions against Hogwarts.", Siliveya added bowing her head slightly.

As she said this she could feel Harry's body relax, and understood what he wanted.

"Excellent than we shall go forth, and show the rebellion that all their hopes and their cause has fallen to the depths from whence they came.", Voldemort ordered, with a hint of sadistic cheerfulness in his tone.

"It seems that he does not realize it yet. With no more horcuxes left, Voldemort is now mortal, and together we can destroy him for good.", Siliveya thought as she held Harry hand and brought her with them.

Next Time:

It's the final showdown against Voldemort. Will the heroes achieve victory or will evil win the day? See ya soon!

Chapter Ninety One- The Demise Of Voldemort

It didn't take long to reach the forest's edge where the battle field was taking place. Curses and hexes were flying every which way, but when Voldemort came forth with his followers suddenly time stood still. Everyone paused to see Harry's dead body lain at Voldemort's feet by Siliveya.

"No...she...", Ron could barely say looking at the horrid sight.

"Harry...", Hermione faltered beside him.

Other wails and cries for Harry's still being were heard amongst the crowd. Voldemort smirked at the immense sadness that overwhelmed his enemies before opening his mouth to speak.

"Silence! Wizards and Witches of the rebellion, as you can see before you...your hero, Harry Potter, has been slain, and by our very own Princess.", Voldemort joyfully announced while gesturing a hand towards Siliveya who shifted her eyes away from the crowd hiding the unknown emotion held within them. "The boy who lies at my feet, your wondrous *Boy Who Lived*, was nothing more than a worthless coward who hid behind those that sacrificed themselves for his survival.", he stated.

"No he's not!!", Siliveya suddenly spoke up.

"What?!", Voldemort snapped.

Everyone's attention was immediately drawn to her sudden outburst. Before opening her mouth to speak again Siliveya's eyes scanned everyone in the crowd until eventually fell upon the death eaters standing around her.

"Harry Potter, is one of the bravest people I know! Despite how inexperienced or weak he may have been at times, he still put himself in the line of danger to protect those he cared about.", Siliveya began to say. "And even now he died for the same reason that the people who loved him sacrificed themselves...so that he...so that we...so that all of us could live another day to fight!!", she finished.

"Hold your tongue brat!! How dare you interrupt the Dark Lord!!", Bellatrix threatened holding up her wand.

"And it is for his sake that I and everyone else here see that you...horrible wretches fail tonight!", Siliveya spat as she side kicked Bellatrix in her rib cage sending her rolling down the hill.

Siliveya chased Bellatrix down the hill and the war issued on. Ron and Neville were fighting off Greyback. Other deatheaters began to battle, and the only ones who didn't seemed to be fighting were Lucius and Narcissa who were desperately calling out for Draco. Voldemort alone dueled against Professor McGongall, Slughorn, and Kingsley. Meanwhile Bellatrix was taking on Siliveya, Hermione, Luna, and Ginny.

"Just whose side are you on?!", Hermione shouted furiously as she knocked Siliveya to the ground while dodging an attack from Bellatrix.

Siliveya stood and side swiped Hermione at her ankles causing her to crash into the Luna.

"You know, Harry asked me the same question before he died, and I think I'll finally answer...!", Siliveya replied as she dealt a right uppercut to Bellatrix's jawline and used her free hand to snatch back her headdress. "...our side.", she stated firmly while she quickly put her headdress back on.

"You slimy little brats!!", Bellatrix snarled sending a curse Siliveya's way.

Siliveya immediately apparated out of the way and turned herself invisible so that she may get an edge in the fight. Bellatrix screeched out of frustration and aimed her wand towards Ginny.

"Avada Kedavra!!", Bellatrix screamed.

Just as Bellatrix shouted the curse Siliveya had pushed her over causing the jet of green light to miss Ginny by a few inches.

"Not my daughter you bitch!!", they heard Mrs. Weasley's voice yell.

Suddenly Hermione, Luna, and Ginny were pushed out of the way so that Mrs. Weasley could fight. Others tried to come to her aid, but she refused their help and continued to duel Bellatrix one on one in a duel to the death. Siliveya also kept her distance as she watched the two major battles in front of her.

"I wonder what your children will do once their precious mummy is gone!", Bellatrix taunted sadistically. "Then again with Freddie gone, I'm sure you'd love to give him some company!!", she added viciously.

"That does it! You...will...never... touch...our...children...again!! *Avada Kedavra!!*", Mrs. Weasley bellowed.

It was a direct hit. Bellatrix took an instant blow to the chest, and was knocked to the ground never to terrorize anyone ever again. Out of nowhere, Voldemort's mournful cry for the vanquish of his most valuable soldier rang through the area. At this moment Siliveya had revealed herself and went to pick up Bellatrix's fallen wand. Voldemort immediately blasted his opponents back and went straight for Siliveya.

"You!!", Voldemort hissed looking at making Siliveya turn around. "Treacherous wench, this is all your doing!", he spat aiming his wand at her.

"And it's all about to become *your* undoing.", Siliveya remarked confidently. "Harry!!", Siliveya shouted throwing Bellatrix's wand towards the hill.

To everyone's shock Harry was standing at the very top of the hill and caught the wand in his hand. Gasps and screams filled the air, and Voldemort looked at Harry's person completely stunned while Siliveya stood behind him smirking in triumph.

"You won't be killing anyone else tonight!", Harry stated boldly. "And I don't want anyone else to try and help. It has to be me!", he declared stepping forward.

"That isn't how it works, is it Potter? Who are you going to use as a shield today?", Voldemort sneered. "Will it be Ms. Hexington behind

me, for she seems to have put her life on the line already?", he inquired.

"Yes, I am Harry's shield. Just as he is my shield. And together we'll send you straight to hell!", Siliveya said getting in a defensive stance.

"Siliveya let me take him.", Harry argued.

"No Harry. We're meant to do this together. You're not the only one with a prophecy to fulfill.", Siliveya informed."A girl will be born with the power of the Dark Lord, and will share the same lineage as he. If she takes the side of the Dark Lord she will...destroy him...", she added reciting the prophecy from her orb.

"Such, incompetence. Do you two really think you can defeat me!", Voldemort laughed.

"We can and we will. There are no more Horcruxes left for you to protect your soul with. You are mortal, Tom Riddle.", Siliveya explained getting under Voldemort's skin.

"You dare...!", Voldemort snapped.

"Yes she does. Because this whole time Riddle you have been tricked from the moment you desired to kill Dumbledore.", Harry informed.

"Tricked indeed.", Voldemort hissed disbelievingly. "The only thing that I have been...is denied of the right to fully wield the Elder Wand! Which reminds me...cousin dearest...it is time for you to serve your purpose. I know that you are the true possessor of the Elder Wand, and this time you don't have Snape to protect you!", he threatened as he turned towards her.

Siliveya's eyes widened in realization. During this whole fiasco she hadn't seen Snape at all since they had gotten separated on the shore near Hogsmeade. Voldemort smirked at Siliveya's reaction and continued.

"You thought the two of you could pull a wool over my eyes, so that I would think Snape killed you and he would take your place. Pathetic,

Bellatrix informed me of everything that had happened and I assure you, cousin dearest, that I made quick work of Severus.", Voldemort explained malevolently.

Siliveya's nerves began to shake as she remained rooted to the ground. The news she was given was too much for her to not at least break down somewhat mentally. Harry noticed this and decided to distract Voldemort's attention.

"Well then your efforts were in vain, because Siliveya isn't the true master of the Elder Wand!", Harry interrupted.

"What nonsense are you going about now?", Voldemort scoffed.

"Killing Siliveya would be pointless, because she is not the master. She did not defeat Dumbledore!", Harry repeated.

"No, she killed...", Voldemort argued before Harry interrupted again.

"Aren't you listening? Dumbledore planned his death from the beginning. He intended to die undefeated, and if all had gone as planned the wand's power would have died with him. Why? Because it was never won from him!", Harry explained.

"But then, Potter, Dumbledore as good as gave me the wand! As soon as Siliveya told me the location as I order her to, I stole the wand from its master's tomb.", Voldemort deduced.

"You still don't get it Riddle, do you? Possessing the wand isn't enough. The wand chooses its master, and on that night, the Elder Wand recognized a new master before Dumbledore died. Someone who never laid a hand on it...Draco Malfoy.", Harry informed.

"But what does it matter? Even if you are right, once I've disposed of you and Hexington I'll go after the Malfoy brat.", Voldemort hissed.

"But you're too late. You've missed your chance. I overpowered Draco weeks ago, I took his wand from him.", Harry replied firmly. "Does the wand in your hand know that its master was Disarmed? Because if it does...I am the true master of the Elder Wand!", Harry said readying himself for battle.

During this time Siliveya just stood grounded in her spot as her rage increased by the second.

"No...it can't be...he killed him. Snape...my Godfather...", Siliveya thought as she lifted her head with an intense glare of hatred in her eyes.

Placing her hands out in front of her, Siliveya spun in a circle draining all of the water out from the grass and plants around her. In one swift motion, she whipped the water around Voldemort's ankle and tripped him onto the floor. Voldemort quickly recovered as he stood once more, and hissed in Siliveya's direction.

"Your fight is with me you bastard!!", Siliveya snapped.

Before this point everyone else in the distance had ceased their fighting to watch the epic battle between good and evil. Siliveya whirled the water around her and Voldemort cutting off his reach to Harry.

"You had so much potential, my dear. You disappoint me.", Voldemort taunted giving her a dark smirk.

"You were going to kill me in order to become stronger, I don't believe you valued me that much!", Siliveya spat.

"Avada Kedavra!", Voldemort bellowed.

"*Purgo Mortis!!*", Siliveya shouted releasing her power over the water so that she could block the killing curse.

Immediately afterwards jolted her hands sideways making the water she had sidewind Voldemort onto the ground. Buying some time, Siliveya lifted her hands elevating the water into a column of ice. The minute Voldemort stood to attack once again, she quickly swept her hands over the ice creating thin, sharp discs that were sent straight at Voldemort who blocked and dodged all but the last disc that came extremely close to beheading him.

"There's so much rage in your eyes, do I detect a sense of mourning for your late Godfather.", Voldemort teased.

"Yes *Moldyvort!* And it is because of him that I'm able to do this!", Siliveya said as she brought her hands down towards the two puddles on either side of her. "*Sectumsempra!!*", Siliveya shouted as she jumped into the air and struck both of her arms forward.

The puddles beside her were in turn bended upward and shot forth like razor sharp blades, which were intensified by the white light from Siliveya's curse shining within them. Voldemort blocked the water blade attacking his left, but underestimated the speed and angle of the blade to his right. So instead it struck him hard against the shoulder nearly cutting all the way through.

Because of this Voldemort weakened his grip on the Elder Wand and Harry took this as his chance.

"*Expelliarmus!*", Harry yelled pointing Bellatrix's wand at Voldemort's hand.

He successfully disarmed Voldemort causing the Elder Wand to go flying into the air and land in Harry's hands. Voldemort was now disarmed as he clutched his shoulder glaring at Siliveya. Unknowing to him, Harry and Siliveya had shared one confirming glance before nodding to each other in agreement.

"*Neither can live while the other survives.*", the voice of the prophecy echoed in Harry's mind as he aimed his wand at Voldemort.

"*There can only be one ruler of darkness.*", the same voice echoed in Siliveya's mind as she put herself into an offensive stance.

Voldemort glanced to either side of himself seeing both teens circle him like hawks. But it was far too late for him to defend himself.

"*Avada Kedavra!!*", Harry and Siliveya shouted in unison.

Two jets of bright green light hit Voldemort from both sides at the same time. Suddenly the world stood still, as the great Dark Lord, the evil sorcerer the whole wizarding world had come to fear, fell to the ground...dead.

Next Time:

Victory is theirs! But the story is not over yet, so hang tight for the unpredictable and worth the wait ending to *Harry Potter and The Girl Who Lived*. See ya soon!!

QueenofNobodies: "Oh, and one quick poll/question. What is your opinion of Lucius Malfoy so far in the story? I would love a few answers. Thanks so much!"

Chapter Ninety Two- The Power Of A Princess

And there he lied, face down with his body twisted in a sickly way. The Great Lord Voldemort was now nothing more than a rag doll lying in the grass. Both Harry and Siliveya were panting heavily as their adrenaline from the fight slowed down. Siliveya walked over to Voldemort's dead body, and turned him over so that she could see his drained, frozen face. Feeling a stinging sensation in her skin, she looked at her left arm where her dark mark was , and saw that it had vanished. All that was left in its place was a small scar.

"Goodbye, cousin dearest.", Siliveya spat glaring at him.

At the sound Harry and Siliveya turned towards the cheers and clapping that erupted throughout the area at the wonderful news. The war was finally over and the powerful Dark Lord had finally been vanquished for good. In their celebration everyone scattered to different sections of the school, most of course returned to the Great Hall.

Inside families were grouped together either mourning for their dearly departed members or happily reunited with those who had survived. However among the rejoicing and merriment, two figures stood outside of the Great Hall's doors, for they were reluctant to walk inside. After being the famous Boy Who Lived for seven years, Harry had had enough praise for the rest of his life and did not desire anymore. Siliveya on the other hand was not in the mood for a long Q and A session from her friends, and dreaded the idea of walking into the Great Hall to receive more attention.

"I'm just gonna take a walk around the school to clear my head.", Harry said as he took out his invisibility cloak.

"Fine, but you'll have to go in there sometime.", Siliveya stated smirking while she raised her hand to her headdress.

Caressing the silver serpent within the emerald she turned herself invisible, and proceeded to walk into the Great Hall. Being hidden from everyone's eyes, Siliveya was able to freely examine everyone in the room without having anyone jumping in her face.

As she scanned the room she saw some of the Professors caring for the injured as she passed by Lucius and Narcissa who had found Draco, and were nervously huddled together. Siliveya then came across the Weasley family who were melancholy. They were happy that the war was over, but the loss of Fred dropped their spirits.

Siliveya strode over to where Fred's body laid on the table to the left of her. She put hand on his forehead and stared at him with an unreadable expression in her eyes. She noticed that there were goblets of water on the tables around her, and strung the liquid from their homes until the water fully covered both of her hands. Putting her hands on either side of Fred's head, Siliveya closed her eyes and focused on the water causing it to glow.

"Hey what's going on?", Ron said completely startled.

He was the first that noticed, but after Ron's outburst the rest of the family took note of it as well. From their perspective instead of seeing Siliveya standing in front of Fred's body they saw a glowing stream of water flow from the tip of Fred's head to his torso, arms, and legs. They were shocked and confused as to what was actually transpiring, so they merely watched.

Meanwhile Siliveya brought her hands back and dropped the water to the floor. She looked at her hands and paused in thought.

"Oh Fred my dearest friend, if it wasn't for you I would have died during that explosion. But you saved me, I wish there was a way I could undo this...", Siliveya thought. "...I wonder...", she said softly aloud as she directed her gaze towards Fred's form.

A look of determination crossed her features as she placed both of her hands at the top of Fred's forehead.

"*Purgo Excessum!*", she shouted although her words were hidden from all of those close by.

A pure light, which was a mixture of white and blue, emitted from Siliveya's hands and began to enter Fred's body. Out of nowhere a violent wind began to pick up around the entire hall, and everyone's attention was drawn to the event.

"Bloody Hell, what's happening?!", Ron shouted jumping away.

"I don't know.", Hermione replied backing away as well.

During this time, Siliveya stood rooted to the ground as the light had spread halfway through Fred's body. The wind around her continued to pick up as the resistance of her magic increased. Suddenly within the depths of the enchanted ceiling, a swirl of white light began to form in the dark starlit sky. Everyone watched as a circle emblem formed creating a blue light that formed three curves like waves, and a green lit serpent slid down concaving the right side of the circle and appeared like it was a crescent moon.

By this time the whole Weasley family, including Hermione had backed away at the event. But the true toll the event was taking was on Siliveya. As the light had nearly finished spreading through Fred's body, large cuts began to rip their way down Siliveya's arms from the tips of her fingers to her elbows. Siliveya flinched in pain, but kept her focus. When Fred's body was completely full of light, it gave one last shine before fading away. The wind died down to it was nothing but flat air, and the emblem in the sky vanished.

Everyone walked over to Fred's body as his chest began to rise and fall in even breaths.

"Fred?", Mr. Weasley called out.

As they examined him closer Fred's eyes shot open and were staring out in daze. Ron jumped back until he fall on the floor from fright while the others kept their ground. Soon Fred's eyes began to focus as he looked towards his family.

"What's everyone staring at?", Fred said confused as he blinked a few times.

"Fred!!", all of the Weasleys' and Hermione shouted.

"Oh, Fred, my darling boy!", Mrs. Weasley cried as she ran over to hug him.

Everyone followed suit in her actions right afterward. Meanwhile Siliveya, who had been standing in front of the group walked away and headed for the exit. She passed by the Malfoys before finally reaching the door. Unknowing to her, Lucius, who had watched Fred's revival with a look of shock, had turned around and noticed large drops of blood on the floor. Upon second realization he saw that they were freshly being dropped as the path continued to go right past him and his family. It was then that he saw who it was, at the very edge of the door leading out of the Great Hall stood Siliveya who was looking at the Weasley family with a satisfying smile. A frown made its way onto Lucius' face as he watched her leave, and he slowly stood from his seat.

"Lucius, what are you doing?", Narcissa questioned.

"I'll be right back. I just need to...", he paused staring back at the spot where Siliveya had recently stood. "...Take care of something.", he finished with a far off look in his eye.

During this time after the Weasleys' were done welcoming Fred back, the question of his resurrection began.

"Glad, to have you back, mate. It would have been dreadful if I had to run the Joke shop all by myself.", George laughed.

"But how...Fred died. This doesn't make any sense.", Hermione commented.

"Don't tell me you were faking your death?", Ron suggested earning a slap in the back of the head from Mrs. Weasley.

"Ronald don't say such things.", Mrs Weasley scolded.

"Yeah ickle Ronnie, even I wouldn't stoop to such a lowly prank.", Fred smirked. "So did we win?", he suddenly asked.

"Yes, Harry and Siliveya destroyed Voldemort together! You should've seen it!", George answered.

"But that still doesn't change the fact that you were resurrected out of nowhere.", Percy reminded.

"Yeah, you've been dead for quite a while, and then suddenly your body started glowing...the wind picked up...and...", Charlie began to say when Bill interrupted.

"Hey what's all this blood doing on the floor?!", Bill shouted standing in front of the spot where Fred was.

They looked down and examined the spot Bill was pointing at, and saw a large puddle of blood covering the floor right under where Fred was sitting. Inside the puddle where some of the blood thinned out and dried, were footprints that lead away from puddle followed by a path of smaller drops of blood.

"Where did all of this come from?", Ginny questioned.

Fred scanned his eyes over the bloodstained floor, and followed the path as far as he could see it.

"There's only one way to find out.", Fred said aloud.

Meanwhile Siliveya was slowly treading the trashed and fully damaged corridors of the school. At the moment she was walking right by one of the courtyards. Parts of the ceiling above her had been blown away leaving medium sized holes for the moonlight to shine through. As she passed by each stream of light, one could see the drops of blood that she continuously left behind. Siliveya spotted a puddle of water that had gathered together in all of the debris, and walked over to it.

Sighing deeply with a cringe of pain that crossed her face, Siliveya painfully pulled back her sleeves revealing two blood-soaked arms. The cuts in her arms had grown from her actions, and it was a surprise that she didn't die of blood loss. Slowly Siliveya placed her hands into the murky puddle, dying it pure red. The water began to illuminate around her arms, and fully healed her broken skin. When she was done, Siliveya pulled her arms out of the puddle and examined them to make sure they were completely healed.

It was then that Siliveya heard footsteps smacking against the moist stone floor behind her. She was about to turn around when the sound stopped only a few feet away from where she was kneeling.

"Having trouble, Ms. Hexington?", the sneering voice of Lucius graced her ears.

"What do you want, Lucius?", Siliveya asked sternly keeping her back to him. "Shouldn't you be cowering in a corner with your wife and son?", she added gazing at him from the corner of her eye.

"You worthless, insolent brat!", Lucius snapped. "How dare you mock us!", he added.

"I don't believe you are in any position to make such accusations. You're at the bottom of the chain now. The war is over and this time you won't be able to hide behind the system to escape punishment for your crimes.", Siliveya said as she finally turned to face him.

In that instant, Lucius' expression grew fierce, and before Siliveya knew what to expect she felt a solid force collide with the left side of her face making her fall to the ground. Siliveya put a hand to the spot she was slapped and glared up at Lucius who was looming over her form.

"You reckless bitch!!", Lucius spat as he roughly grabbed hold of Siliveya's neck and slammed her into the wall behind her. "It is because of you that all of this misfortune was brought to my family! If it wasn't for your meddling I would have had the prophecy to bring to the Dark Lord, and we would have never fallen from his grace!! I should've killed the moment I saw you!!", he snarled viciously.

"Heh...that day...I remember it well...", Siliveya gasped trying to breathe although she retained her smirk as she spoke.

That day when I was still known as Makko...

Siliveya's thoughts floated back in time to a small canoe in the middle of an ice filled ocean. Within the muscle boat was her old self, a seventeen year old Makko, who was examined a small necklace in her hands. It was silver, and the pendant at the end bore a green letter H. Makko turned the necklace over to see if there was anything on the other side. What she found on the back of the necklace was the name Siliveya engraved into the slick metal.

"In one day everything has changed so much. Oh, I just want to find my true home. I wish I could returned to where I truly belong.", Makko said as she lied down from exhaustion in the canoe.

Suddenly the small necklace she held in her hand began to glow, and the light it created engulfed her body. In a flash, Makko had vanished leaving behind an empty canoe, and a world she would never see again.

"What's happening? I don't understand...", Makko thought confused as she succumbed to the floating sensation around her.

Meanwhile in London groups of Muggles were living out their normal lives, while being completely unaware of the activity that occurred right underneath their feet. But at this moment what was beneath them wasn't the biggest problem, it was what was in the sky above. Like the flicker of a bright star, the whole Muggle world and anyone else who could've possibly been present watched as a large comet came cascading down towards their world. Panic erupted from the crowds and mayhem easily spread throughout the area as the bright light increased greatly.

Finally the large stream of light hit rock bottom, but instead of creating a large crater in the middle of the city it went straight though into another crowded area, the Ministry of Magic. Yes magic, a world where wizards and witches were indeed a reality and were kept secret from Muggle eyes and ears. However their simple day to day life was disrupted when the large beam of light from the ground above crashed into the large statue fountain at the center of the Ministry lobby.

Crowds of people jumped back completely frightened as water, light, and debris flew every which way leaving behind a thick cloud of dust. Authorities were called and were brought forth to the situation while the citizens stood back and watched. The smoke cleared around the fountain allowing them to see the damage. The statue had been completely destroyed with parts lying all over the floor. Water was spouting and spilling everywhere and within all of the destruction, the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, spotted Makko's limp body lying unconsciously on the statue's stump.

"What is all this...?", the Minister said confused as he walked closer and realized that it was a young girl. "Hurry and get the healers! It's a girl!", he ordered.

The Minister had walked up to Makko's body to examine her closer, and noticed something silver in her hand glimmer in the light. He reached over and picked up the small necklace from her hand and observed it. The emblem on the pendant surprised him, and he looked over at Makko suspiciously.

One day had passed since that moment. Makko was taken to St. Mungo's and ended up being uninjured and in full health. However, within that time a rumor had spread that she was the lost daughter of the Hexington family. Everyone knew that the family had died out during the war against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, but the Minister and half of the Wizengamot was completely convinced. At this time, Siliveya had been brought to the Minister of Magic's office and was sitting in a chair waiting for him to arrive. She remained in her Water Tribe attire, although she shredded to her thinner layer of clothing due to the warmer weather.

To say the least, Makko was completely confused by the whole event. She had been dragged every which way, and only learned very few things. One was that there was something odd about the people around who lived in this place, although she hadn't figured out what. And two she definitely wasn't in the south pole anymore. The door opened behind her, and she turned around to see the Minister of Magic standing before her.

"Good Evening, young lady. I am the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge.", he introduced.

"Are you the one in charge? Where am I? What's going on?", Makko asked suddenly.

"Well that's exactly what we're trying to figure out...Ms...um?", Fudge inquired as he sat down at his desk.

"Makko.", she replied.

"And how old are you?", Fudge asked again.

"Seventeen.", Makko answered.

"I see.", Fudge paused. "Very well then, Ms. Makko, that was an incredible amount of magic you were using, and at your age you should surely...", Fudge began to explain when he was interrupted.

"Magic?!", Makko blurted. "Having you been hitting cactus juice or something? There's no such thing as magic!", she argued.

"Hmm, are you trying to tell me that you are not a witch?", Fudge questioned.

"What a horrible thing to say! How dare you!", Makko said jumping from her seat. "Listen, I'm not trying to be rude, but no I do not believe in magic, and I'm not a witch. I'm a water bender from the Southern Water Tribe.", she informed firmly when she noticed the quill on the Minister's desk.

She had not caught site of it before, but the quill was writing papers own its own without any input from Fudge. A bit weirded out, Makko sat back down with her eyes fixated on the quill.

"How...?", she barely gasped.

"Like I was saying this world is the world of Wizards and Witches, and you Ms. Makko had just crash landed into the Ministry of Magic's lobby one day ago.", Fudge explained. "And we believe that you are in fact one of our own, a witch.", he added.

"What? That's impossibl...", Makko faltered remembering what happened before hand. "That's right my STEP-family.", she thought.

"We found this with you.", Fudge continued as he held up her small necklace. "Do you know what this is, my dear?", he asked.

"Yes, my step-mother gave it to me. She said I was wearing it when she found me as a baby.", Makko answered.

"Well, Ms. Makko, this just happens to be the crest of an ancient wizarding family that had been believed to have died off...until now.

We believe that you are the daughter, the sole heir to the Hexington family.", Fudge informed.

"But how could this be? I know what I am, and I know what I'm not, and I can't be a witch. I am a water bender.", Makko stated stubbornly.

"Yes, from the Southern Water Tribe correct? I fear you may have hit your head too hard when you landed.", Fudge said disbelievingly.

"You don't believe me do you? I'll prove it...hand me something with water in it.", Makko demanded.

"I believe I've heard enough.", Fudge declared silencing her. "Wait, here Ms. Makko, I think this interrogation requires some additional assistance.", he said as he sat up and left the room.

"This is so confusing.", Makko sighed slumping back into her chair.

Her eyes scanned the room, and noticed many differences in the decor compared to what she was used to back home. It was then that she saw a goblet on the table, and there was no doubt in her mind that it wasn't filled with some type of liquid. Meanwhile Fudge was returning to his office with none other than Lucius Malfoy by his side.

"Forgive me Minister, but surely you must be mistaken. The Hexington family was murdered by He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.", Lucius argued.

"Yes Lucius, but you and I both know that Kai and Sapphire's daughter's body had never been found, plus this girl carries the family crest.", Fudge concluded.

"But you've also stated that this girl is seventeen. If it was true that the Hexington girl was still alive, she should be no older than my son.", Lucius stated as Fudge opened the door.

What they saw inside however surprised them to no end. With her back turned to them, Makko was streaming the water from the goblet in the air with her hands.

"My word!!!", Fudge blurted out.

Startled by the noise, Makko lost her concentration dropping the water she had onto the floor. She turned around to face the two wizards, and when she did Lucius' expression grew grim.

"Her face...she has Sapphire's face.", Lucius thought shocked.

"That...what was that?", Fudge said flabbergasted.

"I told you I'm a water bender!", Makko replied firmly while putting her hands on her hips.

"A what?", Lucius questioned said confused.

"Lucius if I may speak with you in private...", Fudge said. "Excuse us.", he said looking towards Makko who nodded still just as baffled as ever.

Fudge closed the door behind her before turning to Lucius.

"I'm so sorry, I guess you were right Lucius. She isn't the one.", Fudge apologized.

"No, Minister she is. Her face, she looks exactly like Sapphire did at that age.", Lucius corrected.

"But you said it yourself, she is not the correct age to match. It must be a coincidence. Just look at the display this girl has put on, she is beyond mental.", Fudge stated.

Lucius paused in his thoughts before speaking again.

"Let me talk to the girl. I'm sure after spending some time with her when she's cooled down I'll be able to get more information from her.", Lucius suggested.

"Very well.", Fudge agreed.

He reopened the door to find Makko lazily leaning against the left wall.

"Hello miss, my name is Malfoy, Lucius Malfoy.", Lucius introduced.

"Makko.", she replied.

"And your surname?", Lucius inquired.

"Watertribe.", Makko added shrugging.

"I see.", Lucius stated frowning a bit. "Minister, I'll will report to you tomorrow. Good day.", he said nodded towards Fudge. "Come with me my dear.", Lucius said headed down the hall.

Makko followed behind him and was still a little unsure about the current situation.

"So where are you from, the Muggle world I presume?", Lucius questioned distastefully.

"No, I'm from the Southern Water Tribe. It's located in the South Pole. And speaking of that, I know this is some kind of wizard world, but where exactly are we cause this is definitely not the Earth Kingdom or the Fire Nation.", Makko asked.

"Hmm.", Lucius paused while taking in the odd information that was given to him. "We are in London, England. And I have never heard of such places that you have mentioned, are you ill?", he inquired.

"You know for a world full of magic, you people seemed to have a hard time on accepting other realities.", Makko stated frowning.

"Forgive me for my rudeness, but your story seemed rather odd.", Lucius apologized. "Ah here we are.", he said as they stopped in front of a fire place.

"Oh no not those things again.", Makko sighed eternally.

"You are familiar with Floo powder, yes?", Lucius asked receiving a nod. "Good, we'll be going to my Manor.", he informed.

Through the fire place Makko and Lucius appeared in the living room of a refined estate. Makko stepped out dizzily for she was still not used to such strange transportation.

"Welcome to my home, Ms. Makko. I'm sorry to say that my wife and son are gone for they day, but no matter.", Lucius explained.

"Your home is very nice.", Makko complemented.

"Why thank you, however I'm sure that this is much more elegant than what you're used to.", Lucius commented. "Dobby!", he called out.

Suddenly the small house elf appeared in front of them and politely bowed.

"Welcome home Master, and guest.", Dobby greeted.

"Dobby prepare a lunch for me and my guest.", Lucius ordered.

"Of course Master, Dobby will prepare it right away.", Dobby obeyed vanishing from sight.

"That was your servant?", Makko questioned raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, house elves are quite common in this world.", Lucius replied. "Now tell me about yourself.", he asked.

"Well for starters I grew up in palace that was fairly larger than this, so you better watch how you insult me.", Makko replied in a sweet tone.

"A palace. Your family must have been quite important.", Lucius stated ignoring her second comment.

"Yes, except for they weren't my real family. I was adopted. I'm actually trying to find my real family. The Minister suggested that I'm possibly a witch like everyone else here. I've been doubting his words, but the more I do the more they seem to make sense. Perhaps you can help me?", Makko suggested as she walked over to a couch and sat down.

"And why do think that you might be a witch?", Lucius asked.

"Well, even though I consider myself a water bender now, I wasn't always that way. Where I come from it's either you can bend or you can't bend, and there's no in between. When was little I was farther from any type of bender than anyone else in our tribe. Instead I would always have these...accidents. Whenever I would get angry or upset I

caused strange things to happen, and throughout my life no one ever had an explanation for what it was.", Makko explained.

"Makko, my dear you are a witch. And a pure-blooded one at that.", Lucius informed smiling.

"What do you mean?", Makko questioned.

"I don't know how, but the Minister has appeared to be right. You are the sole heir to the Hexington family.", Lucius answered.

"You mean...then I've finally found my family!", Makko said excitedly. "But wait...the Minister said that my family had...died out?", she thought aloud confused.

"Yes, I'm afraid to say Ms. Hexington, that your family including your parents died in a war that occurred eleven years ago. You are the only one left, which is why we were so critical in finding out the truth.", Lucius explained.

Makko froze in her spot. She had finally found her real family, and they were dead? Makko sighed heavily in defeated although she was crying on the inside.

"So it is true...eleven years later and this girl turns up again at the worst possible moment. Nonsense, she is clearly oblivious to ways of this world, and regardless of her parents she comes from noble stock and should exist as such. If only she weren't of age, I could take her under my wing, and mold her into the proper pure-blood witch that would do our society proud. Unless...", Lucius plotted in his thoughts. "Ms. Hexington, I'm truly am sorry for your loss.", he said walking up to her. "Please come with me to the kitchens and we'll discuss the arrangements we must make for you.", Lucius offered.

Makko nodded as she got up to follow him. Unfortunately for her, she didn't realize that confiding in him was a big mistake. Unknowing to her, Lucius had Dobby put a special dark aging potion in her food which she ended up eating all of. It was getting late, and Lucius had Makko stay in one of their many rooms until the next day when she would be brought back to the Ministry. The next morning, however was a definite shock for poor water tribe girl. A large high pitched

scream filled her room as Makko looked at herself in the mirror. Makko's appearance had changed drastically from the day before. She was shorter, thinner, completely under-developed, and lacked any kind of curve possible for an eleven-year-old girl.

"Oh my god, what the hell has happened to me?! I'm a little kid again!", Makko panicked as she stood in front of the mirror with clothes that were twice her size and hung on her like a tent. "I know I'll go find Lucius.", she thought as she ran to her door only to find Lucius standing in front of it.

From that moment on everything seemed to go by in a flash, and the next thing Makko knew, she was standing trial in front of the entire Wizengamot. The Minister was sitting before her in the highest chair, and Lucius was standing to her right side. Meanwhile Makko just sat still completely nervous under all of the piercing eyes around her.

"So then my assumptions were correct then?", Fudge inquired.

"Yes, this girl is the lost heir to the Hexington family.", Lucius announced.

"But the change in her appearance? What has happened?", Fudge asked causing the other members of the court to murmur amongst themselves.

"This girl, Minister was under the influence of an aging potion, she is truly eleven-years-old.", Lucius explained causing Makko to choke at his words.

"That is not true! I don't even know what an aging potion is!", Makko shouted out.

"She lies Minister. I don't know when she truly stumbled into our world from the Muggles', but she has been disguising herself for reasons unknown.", Lucius persuaded.

"I see. But what about this...Water Tribe nonsense?", Fudge asked directing his gaze towards her.

"Clearly this girl has been living an uncivilized and broken life, why else would she make up such childish stories.", Lucius declared.

"No, he's the one that's lying! How could I have possibly have created an aging potion when I don't even know how to do magic!", Makko argued.

"There are plenty of shops you could have easily stolen from, besides how do explain that water display of yours from the day before?", Lucius inquired smirking.

"I told you I was waterbending!!", Makko answered getting frustrated.

"Enough!!", Fudge bellowed silencing the room.

"What's going on? Why is Lucius doing this?", Makko thought as she slumped back into her chair defeatedly.

"In light of this new information, Ms. Hexington I revoking you of punishment for you are only a child. However considering that you are underage, you will be placed under Lucius Malfoy's custody until you truly turn seventeen. And all of your family's major assets will be inaccessible to you without your guardian's permission, which includes Hexington Manor and the family vault." Fudge announced.
"All those against the conviction?", he inquired.

Makko watched as very few hands were raised into the air.

"All those in favor...?", Fudge said again.

This time Makko watched in horror as most of the Ministry voted against her.

"In favor of conviction. Meeting is adjourned.", Fudge declared.

The rows of wizards and witches cleared out, and Makko glared up at Lucius who smirked.

"Looks like your mine now Ms. Makko.", Lucius said low enough that only she could hear.

"Siliveya.", Makko spat darkly looking away from him.

"What?", Lucius inquired.

"My name...my name is Siliveya.", Makko repeated staring him straight in the eye.

...To Miss Siliveya Hexington, Basement of Malfoy Manor, London. We are pleased to inform you, that you have been accepted into Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry...

The memory flashed in and out of Siliveya's mind as she was close to loosing all of the oxygen in her body.

"You're mistake for not getting rid of me when you still has the chance.", Siliveya gasped smirking at Lucius.

"I have the chance now, you will pay for your crimes!!", Lucius snapped tightening his grip around her neck. "Any last words?", he added darkly.

Siliveya was losing consciousness fast, and had to figure out a way to get out of her predicament. She tilted her head towards the sky, and saw the moon through one of the holes in the ceiling. That night the moon was full.

"You know...Lucius...the moon has strange...and mysterious powers. It was...the first water bender...and a whole nation of people watched how...it pushed and pulled the tides...and learned how to do it themselves.", Siliveya said in-between gasps. "And from that power they were able to bend many things like water...ice...steam...even...blood.", she added saying the last part darkly.

Suddenly Lucius lost control of his arms and he was blown backwards into the wall behind him. Being free to fully stand, Siliveya brought had raised her hands and Lucius' reacted in the same manner as if he were a puppet.

"What is this magic?" Lucius demanded as the very veins in his body constricted to Siliveya's movements.

"It's not magic, it's waterbending! And with it I can control every vein, every muscle in your pathetic body! You try to kill me for problems you and your family brought upon yourselves!! You are nothing but a backstabbing, murdering, bastard!!", Siliveya spat furiously as she crossed her arms making Lucius' hands clamp around his neck.

Siliveya clenched her hands slightly causing Lucius' hands to grip harder around his neck.

"Because of you my parents are dead, because of you I had to endure seven long years of torture from you, your wife, and your worthless son, and because of you I had to grow up never knowing my real family!! If anyone is going to pay for their crimes it's going to be you, you sick, twisted, asshole!!", Siliveya shouted enraged closing her fists tighter.

"Heh...your wretched father got what coming to him, his family was nothing but one large black spot on pure-blooded society! And your mother...I loved her dearly, but she left me for that fool! Your parents knew the consequences..and yet they chose their fates!", Lucius choked.

"And you have chosen yours!!", Siliveya said fiercely as she tightly closed her fists.

Lucius' body froze and shook at the same time as he was strangled to death by his own hands. Within a second, his body stopped moving completely and he flew to the floor. His eyes were open and reduced to empty black voids, he face expressionless, and his body relaxed. Siliveya had released her hold over him and dropped to the floor in a kneeling position. Her head was in her hands, and when she lifted her face up to the ceiling one could see fresh streams of tears flowing from her eyes.

"It's over...it's finally over.", Siliveya cried to herself.

Chapter Ninety Three- The Love Triangle 5: Siliveya's True Love

In the middle of the whole event that took place no one took notice of the extra pair of eyes that had been watching. Finished with her sobbing, Siliveya was wiping her eyes when she heard footsteps approach her. She quickly turned to see who it was, but it was a little bit difficult for they were hidden within the shadows of the corridor allowing her to only see their silhouette.

"Who's there?", Siliveya demanded defensively.

"A friendly face.", a familiar voice answered.

"G...george?", Siliveya stammered still a bit tearful.

"Close.", the figure said stepping into the light a little bit more.

"Fred? What are you doing here? You shouldn't be walking around yet.", Siliveya replied.

"It was hard not to follow, considering the noticeable trail you left behind.", Fred commented pointing towards the drops of blood on the floor.

Fred's eyes then turned towards Lucius' dead body causing Siliveya to panic. What if he saw what happened? What would he think of her? And how was this effect the others?

"Fred I can explain...", Siliveya said nervously.

"It's alright gem, I saw what happened.", Fred replied simply.

"What? For how long?", Siliveya gasped surprised.

"Long enough to see him with his hands around your neck.", Fred answered. "I was about to jump in, but you seemed to have taken care of the matter on your own.", he added.

"Lucius murdered my parents. He was the reason they're dead.", Siliveya said aloud as she stared off into space. "He's done so much

to me that I can't keep it locked inside anymore.", she said as she began crying again.

Fred rushed over to where Siliveya was and knelt by her side. She tried to hide her face in her hands again, but Fred stopped her and began to wipe her tears with his free hand.

"Don't cry gem, it's all over with now. There's no reason to be sad.", Fred reassured.

"Why? Why did you follow me? Why isn't anyone else with you?", Siliveya questioned looking at him.

"Well after I got my mum to finally stop hugging me for the hundred thousandth time, I snuck away to find the girl who saved my life.", Fred explained smiling.

"How do you know it was me?", Siliveya inquired.

"You mean other than the trail or the footprints from your shoes...", Fred said glancing behind her at the bottom of her shoes, which were covered in dried blood.

"I guess that would pretty much give me away.", Siliveya sighed.

"I want to thank you, Siliveya.", Fred said.

"It was nothing really...I mean you were the one who saved me when we were fighting inside of the school. It was the least I could...", Siliveya began to say when Fred's lips crashed onto hers.

She was too shocked to do anything, but the kiss only lasted for a few seconds before Fred pulled away.

"...do.", Siliveya gasped finishing her sentence as she looked up at Fred with wide eyes.

"I'm sorry. That was so stupid of me...you and Harry probably got back together already.", Fred apologized while mentally smacking himself on the forehead.

"No me and Harry are not together anymore, and we never will be...ever.", Siliveya replied instantly after the wave of shock left her body. "Why did kiss me if you still thought that?", she asked.

"Well the two of you were always so...serious, and even after you guys broke up two years ago it just seemed like...", Fred replied sheepishly.

"No Harry blew his chance, and it will never be given back again.", Siliveya informed.

"That's a relief, wouldn't want to offend ickle Ronnie's best mate.", Fred said gaining a happier expression on his face. "Siliveya...the truth is...I've sorta...admired you from a far.", he admitted.

"You mean all this time?", Siliveya questioned.

"Yes, you are the most amazing girl I've ever met, but it seemed that you were always occupied by someone else before I could even get to you.", Fred commented.

"Of course, but sure you find me interesting only because I'm a rebellious Slytherin who doesn't act like all the other girls, or possibly because I just happened to be on the right side and as long as I stay innocent and flawless you'll like me?", Siliveya scoffed defensively.

"No. I like you, because even though you're a bit of a bookworm you still know how to have fun. I like you, because you're a daring risk taker who doesn't mind breaking a few rules. I like you, because you aren't like the other girls. You're one of a kind and I wouldn't have you any other way.", Fred explained taking her hands in his. "And if that doesn't prove to you that I care...maybe this will.", he said taking out his wand. "*Expecto Patronum!*", he shouted as a white light floated from his wand and changed into silver serpent.

"So your patronus is a serpent. What does that have to do with me?", Siliveya questioned.

"It is said that a patronus can represent a person's feelings for another and will take the shape of something that represents the one they love." Fred answered.

"Fred, did you really mean what you said?", Siliveya said.

"Every word of it, gem.", Fred replied bringing his face closer to hers.

"I still don't understand, why don't you feel some type of grudge against me like everyone else does?", Siliveya stated doubtfully.

"What do you mean?", Fred replied.

"Ever since I promised to be a double agent for Dumbledore when I joined the Order, everyone pretty much turned on me.", Siliveya sighed. "I mean come on, I was the one who killed Dumbledore and Harry. I'm just a murderer like all the other death eaters.", she added depressingly.

"You are not a murderer, Siliveya. You told George and I before about what happened with Dumbledore, and it couldn't be helped. It all had to happen.", Fred comforted.

"Hmm. I guess I really should be thanking Lucius.", Siliveya commented with a small smile as she looked over at his body.

"For what? Causing you pain your whole life?", Fred said confused.

"No. Even if I could do this all over again in a way I would still want things to happen exactly the way that they did. If it wasn't for Lucius I never would have learned my extra powers, and if it wasn't for him chances are I might not have even met you guys.", Siliveya answered.

"I don't think I follow you.", Fred said.

"Seventeen years ago, when Lucius killed my parents, our house elf Ellie rescued me and sent away to another world where I would safe. From there I grew up in world that was capable of bending elements. Being a witch however, I was completely out of place, but I eventually adapted which is why I now use my magic without a wand. At the time I thought that my step-family was my real one, until I turned seventeen and over-heard my step-mother admitting that I wasn't really theirs. From there I decided that I wanted to find my real family and home, and I set off for a long journey.", Siliveya began to explain.

"Fred do remember the comet that hit the Ministry seven years ago?", she asked.

"Yes, I remember dad bringing it up and he mentioned them finding the daughter to one of the families that died in the first war. Wasn't it you?", Fred answered.

"Yes, I came here by accident and was immediately taken in and interrogated by Fudge. However at the time he didn't believe my story and everything was so frustrating and confusing to me at the time. And that's when I met Lucius. Then I didn't think he was a bad person, but I was wrong. Within the next few days, Lucius used a dark, aging potion on me that made me eleven-years-old. Then he convinced the entire Ministry of Magic that it was me who was disguising myself with an aging potion and pretending to be seventeen. And...well...you pretty much know the rest.", Siliveya sighed as she finished telling her tale.

"So wait if you were under a spell...then...you were really seventeen years old when you first came to Hogwarts.", Fred said shocked.

"Yes, during first year I was really out of place and I was sure that my mannerisms would give me away. But afterwards, when I made friends with Harry, Ron, Hermione, and the others for the first time in my life I felt like I fit in. When I was growing up with my step-family I never fit in with the rest of the crowd, because of my accidental magic. But when I was here, everything was so normal and I didn't want to give that up." Siliveya replied.

"But why didn't you say something before?", Fred asked.

"I was afraid that if you guys found out about my true self the word would spread to the Professors and everything would be ruined. But now it doesn't matter, everything is over and done with. I don't have to hide anymore.", Siliveya commented.

"Well you truly are one of a kind. It's a shame that no one else could see it.", Fred laughed.

"Not exactly. There were some...Luna, and George, and even Draco despite the fact that he was a big jerk about it.", Siliveya laughed as well.

"And what about me? I spill out my heart to you, and I don't even get an honorable mention.", Fred whined giving her a fake pout.

"Of course, and most importantly you, Fred. You never judged me because I was different. But then again neither did your twin.", Siliveya corrected.

"Close enough.", Fred laughed giving her another kiss.

Chapter Ninety Four- The Bitter Sweet End

The sunlight was peaking the horizon in the distance starting a brand new day for a new era in the wizarding world. Fred and Siliveya had left from the corridor they were in and were wandering the halls hand in hand.

"Man this place is place going to have to undergo some serious repairs.", Siliveya commented looking at all the damage.

"It's a good thing this a magical school isn't it.", Fred replied when they heard footsteps coming the opposite way.

However when the couple looked ahead they didn't see anyone, but the consistent smacking against the wet stone floor remained. Fred and Siliveya nodded to each other knowingly before walking up to the sound. In one fluid motion they grabbed hold of an invisibility cloak to reveal a startled Harry.

"Seven years later, and sneaking around still isn't your strong point.", Siliveya joked.

"Yeah, I didn't give you the Marauder's map for no reason.", Fred added.

"I know...um...Siliveya I need to talk to you...alone.", Harry said before glancing at Fred.

"Um Fred could you...?", Siliveya asked.

"Of course, I'll be waiting in the Great Hall. And Harry just make sure you don't get too serious with my girl.", Fred winked before walking away.

"His girl?", Harry questioned.

"Yes, we're together now, and personally I don't think you have a right to interrogate me.", Siliveya said sternly.

A few moments later, Siliveya and Harry were standing outside by the Black Lake watching the sunrise. No words were shared between

them and they just stood next to each other in silence. Siliveya eyes were scanning over the scenery when her eyes fell on Hogsmeade and a rush of thoughts flowed through her mind.

"Sil...", Harry began to say before Siliveya interrupted him.

"Is he dead? Is Snape really...?", Siliveya blurted out with her eyes still focused on the view in front of them.

"Yes...by Nagini. I accidentally stumbled upon the event and everything happened so suddenly...I'm really sorry Siliveya.", Harry comforted.

"It's okay. By the way how did you know about Dumbledore staging his death?", Siliveya asked.

"When Snape died, he gave me a penseve that allowed me to see into his memories. Also, right after Nagini killed him, you're snake, Cleo I think, suddenly attacked Nagini and killed her. Unfortunately, right afterwards Voldemort struck Cleo down in revenge.", Harry explained.

"I see. Cleo knew about the Horcruxes as well, she must have decided to do that on her own...if I had known I would've stopped her.", Siliveya commented as her eyes swelled with tears. "What about Ellie?", she inquired.

"She's safe. Her, Dobby, Winky, and Kreacher left to hide at your manor after they helped us escape the death eaters at the Malfoys'.", Harry answered.

"Good at least she's safe.", Siliveya sighed with relief.

"Siliveya I'm sorry for before when I was accusing you of betraying us.", Harry apologized.

"It's okay you didn't know. And even though I was on the death eaters side, I still tried to help. Who do you think sent you all of those notes?", Siliveya replied slyly.

"You! You're PBP! But I thought it was the Pure-Blooded Prince!", Harry said shocked.

"Well it was your fault for being sexist, I'm the Princess.", Siliveya smirked.

"Another thing I've been meaning to ask. How did you create a counter curse for the killing curse?", Harry inquired.

"Remember during fourth year when the fake Moody was teaching us how to resist the Unforgivable curses? Well, I had him give me extra lessons after classes, and the power developed over time.", Siliveya explained. "And I'm really sorry about killing you Harry, but it had to be done in order to release the last part of Moldyvort's soul.", she added.

"It's alright, I understand now. To be quite honest with you, I was relieved when I found out that you were just working as a double agent. For a while I was convinced that you were doing all this to get revenge on me for Cho.", Harry commented.

A deathly silence struck from Siliveya as an aura of rage radiated around her form. Her smile changed into a frown as she glared at Harry.

"So that's what you think huh?", Siliveya said sharply.

The next thing Harry knew, he was hanging upside down by his ankle over the Black Lake with nothing but his boxers on. Siliveya was standing on the shore with an evil smirk on her face as she held Harry's clothes in her arms.

"Siliveya please let me down! Can't we talk about this?!", Harry shouted.

"No, but if you want to blame someone for your predicament look at your reflection in the water. And thanks for reminding me about this Harry, I had almost forgotten you deceitful, cheating manslut!!", Siliveya shouted back.

"Fine I'll just get myself down!", Harry yelled frustratedly.

"With what?!", Siliveya laughed holding up both Harry's wand and the Elder Wand, and waving them in the air.

"Give those back!! Siliveya please!!", Harry pleaded.

"I could do that, I should do that, but...Nah!!", Siliveya said sticking her tongue out at him before she started to walk away.

"Dammit Siliveya, don't you leave me out here!!", Harry screamed after her.

"Just consider this my revenge for Cho! And don't worry you won't be out here for long! I'll be sure to have Draco come and fetch you later tonight!!", Siliveya laughed as she continued to walk away.

"No Siliveya, I'm sorry!! Please don't leave me out here!! SILIVEYA!!", Harry called out at the top of his lungs until Siliveya was out of sight.

Inside the castle, Siliveya dropped Harry's things in a random corridor and proceeded to the Great Hall only to find Fred waiting for her at the doors.

"Have you been waiting here all this time?", Siliveya asked.

"Yeah, where's Harry?", Fred questioned noticing he was missing.

"Oh he's just...hanging around.", Siliveya replied smiling with a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Well in that case...shall we?", Fred said offering her a hand.

"Of course.", Siliveya replied placing her hand in his.

They entered the Great Hall together and on the way back to their family and friends they passed Narcissa and Draco who were idly waiting for Lucius to return. Siliveya glanced towards them and ended up making eye contact with Draco, but she quickly looked away. Too much drama had been going on for the longest and she just didn't have to the heart to say anything.

Meanwhile the Weasleys, including Hermione, Fleur, Luna, Neville, and Lupin were conversing amongst each other when Fred and Siliveya walked up to them. George was the first to notice and gave the new couple a smirk.

"Oh bloody hell Fred you move fast, I didn't even get one chance at the girl.", George joked.

"Don't tell me you two are dating now?", Ron said turning towards them.

"Hey watch it little brother, this could be your sister-in-law your scolding.", Fred teased making many of the people around him choke on his words.

"He's just joking, you guys can breathe now.", Siliveya reassured.

"Okay, but you have a lot of explaining to do.", Hermione said as she folded her arms and glared at her.

"All in due time, right now I'm extremely tired.", Siliveya yawned as she lied down on the table and shut her eyes.

"Don't you dare go to sleep, Siliveya! I said I want explanation! You've been dodging me for seven years!", Hermione chastised.

"Exactly, but my goal is actually fourteen years so I guess you'll have to wait.", Siliveya smirked opening her eyes.

"Hey where's Harry, surely he couldn't have been hiding out this whole time.", Ron questioned.

"Oh he's hanging by the lake.", Siliveya answered smirking. "And speaking of relationships, are you going to admit your feelings to a certain muggle-bred, over-achieving bookworm, Ronald?", she inquired with a devilish grin as she changed the subject.

"I don't know what you are talking about.", Ron denied while blushing as red as his hair.

"Fine, have it your way.", Siliveya said as she gave Hermione a gentle push in the *right* direction.

Suddenly Hermione went crashing into Ron and their lips touched the second they collided. Both of them pulled away blushing like mad, and glared in Siliveya's direction.

"What? You two have been hesitant for seven years, I had to speed things up. And nothing does it better than a little *divine* intervention.", Siliveya defended herself smirking.

"Isn't she just a gem.", Fred complimented putting his arm around her.

"Yeah, a real diamond in the rough.", Ron groaned as he held his glare.

"And you wouldn't have me any other way.", Siliveya winked.

-The End-

Well that's the end of the epic tale of *Harry Potter and the Girl Who Lived*. I hope you all enjoyed. As a short disclaimer as you all know full credit goes to J. K. Rowling, creator of the Harry Potter Series, and the creators of Avatar the Last Airbender. I only own Siliveya, Makko, Cleo, Ellie, Sapphire, Kai, the Hexington family, the Phoenix family, Sapphire's diary, Slytherin's headsress, and the spells *Purgo Mortis* (Purify Mortality), *Purgo Vulnus* (Purify Injury), and *Purgo Excessum* (Purify Death).

And I'd also like to thank all of you readers who supported me throughout this series.

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Thanks again and stay tuned for I might start a third generation series.
See ya next time!!